THE
Juvenile Adventures
OF
David Ranger, Esq;
FROM
An original MANUSCRIPT found in the COLLECTIONS of a late Noble LORD.

All the World's a Stage! SHAKESPEAR.

Hence, for the choiceſt Spirits flow Champaign,
Whoſe ſparkling Atoms ſhoot thro' ev'ry Vein;
Hence, flow, for martial Minds, Potations ſtrong,
And ſweet Love Potions, for the Fair and Young.
For you, my Hearts of Oak, *for your Regale,*
Here's good Old Engliſh Stingo *mild and ſtale.*

GARRICK.

In TWO VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

MY author has in ſo many places humouroufly ſpoken of himſelf, and the nature of his work, that little remains to be ſaid of ſuch a various entertainment, by way of preface. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with informing the world how it came into my poſſeſſion, and the motives that led to its publication.

Being employed in looking over and aſſorting the numerous manuſcripts of a nobleman, ſometime ſince deceaſed, who was as remarkable for his wit as his learning and humanity, amongſt others the ADVENTURES *of* DAVID RANGER, *which, by a memorandum annexed, was declared to be written at his lordſhip's deſire, came to hand, and finding they had been intended for the preſs, I was curious enough to peruſe them, and was ſo pleaſed and delighted with*

with the wit, the good humour, and the moral design of the writer, that I perſuaded the poſſeſſors to give them to the world, to which they very readily conſented. They required no manner of alteration, and if they gain the favour of the public, it will abundantly anſwer the expectations of

The EDITOR.

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THE

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OF

David Ranger, Esq;

CHAP. I.

Invocation, by way of exordium.—*A word or two from the author to his brethren of the quill, by way of* supplication.—*The birth and parentage of* Davy.—*Prosperous signs and tokens at his entrance into the world.*—*A notable gossiping scene.*

OH! comic genius, oh! inspirer of the inimitable *Cervantes* of the facetious *Scarron*, of the thrice renowned *Sage*, deign to shed thy influence on thy humble votary, now setting forth, now just on the point of brandishing his goose quill, for the recapitulation of things *yet unat-*

tempted, or in proſe or rhime. Give a pleaſing turn to his conceptions, deverſify his expreſſion, and lend to his narrative ſuch a various hue, that the grave, the wiſe may admire and approve, the joyous, and the gay be excited to repeated peals of mirth; and, in ſhort, that every claſs of readers may riſe from the feaſt ſpread before them, thoroughly delighted and improved! And oh! thou muddy, unamiable, thou unſociable demon, thou demon of *dullneſs*; thou whom the unparallel'd *Butler* once invok'd.—Thou,

Who with ale, or viler liquors,
Inſpiredſt Withers, Prynn *and* Vicars!

thou, who haſt ſo remarkably preſided in theſe our days over the regions of romance, —Avaunt—begone,—Nor dare to hag-ride my underſtanding, with thy baleful depreſſive ſway!

But, come thou goddeſs, fair and free,
In heaven y' clep'd Euphroſyne,
And by men, heart eaſing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, *at a birth,*
With two ſiſter graces more,
To ivy crowned Bacchus *bore!*

Come, with all thy

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed ſmiles;

Such as hang on Hebe's *cheek,*
And love to live in dimple ſleek;

and pour all thy ſoft, thy bewitchingly agreeable jollity and complacency, over my ſoul! And oh! *ye ſcriblers poor that write to eat*, ye cloiſter'd garretteers, who immure yourſelves five ſtories high under the multangular roofing, next the azure ſky! Ye who take your ideas of battles, from the nocturnal ſkirmiſhes of the feline prowlers, your torrents and inundations, from the rain and hail that patters over your heads, and your purling rills, and guggling ſtreams, from the harmonious cadence of the circumjacent gutters and ſpouts; your thunder, from the ſtentorian voices of your incens'd impatient landladies, and your lightnings from the glimmering flaſhes of your expiring farthing tapers!—Wreck not your ſpite on me!—Oh! *liſt, liſt—liſt—I could a tale unfold*;—but compaſſion ſtifles in me the knowledge of your machinations; compaſſion of your wants, your dire neceſſities under the oppreſſive gripes of poverty and bookſellers, who,

Force you, as it were, in ſpight,
Of nature and your ſtars to write;

whip and ſpur ye on, to be poets, *ſans* genius; critics, *ſans* judgment; hiſtorians, *ſans* moderation; novelliſts, *ſans* invention; and politicians, without either brains, ambition, intereſt or any thing elſe!—I ſay, my dear brethren of the quill, whether your *Parnaſſus* be ſituated, in *Grub-ſtreet*, erſt fam'd ſeat of the muſes, in *Broad St. Giles*'s, or *Hockley in the Hole*, ſpare this my firſt attempt!—Nor nibble, with your criticiſms, or conſtructions, to the depreſſion of my riſing renown: And, whether ye look on me as an impartial hiſtorian and biographer or a libeller; let not my ſucceſs draw on me the loads of ſcandal, or the ſtings of envy, with which I know ye are fraught! So ſhall ye, in ſilence, for me, write memoirs of your own lives, of ladies of pleaſure, of pariſh girls, and fortunate foundlings; to the great profit and advantage of the publick in general; the improvement of chambermaids, footmen, milliners and mantua-makers, and to the vaſt emolument of yourſelves, and your very merciful employers.

AND thus having, I hope, ſecured *inſpiration*, and the friendſhip of my brother authors, I may in ſafety begin as rare a ſeries of adventures as ever intereſted the publick, who having approv'd and patroniz'd my hero

hero, will no doubt take his memoirs under the wings of their protection: And to them, therefore, that impartial publick, whoſe voice makes the ſtouteſt author tremble, I dedicate them; at the feet of that awful tribunal, the *Town*, I lay the enſuing ſheets, and expect at leaſt to be treated with the ſame favour with which they have ſmiled on my cotemporaries, the univerſal Dr. ——, the multiloquacious *Henry F*——,or that poetical, critical, phyſical, political novelliſt Dr.——.

Not at *Dublin* itſelf; but at that hoſpitable city, from whence, ſtrength diſpenſing beef, and ſalutiferous pork is ſent to all parts of the world, ſupportive of the ſtrength and courage of our brave and intrepid ſeamen, and of the ſpirits of our remoteſt garriſons, namely, in the hoſpitable and antient city of *Cork*, dwelt one Mr. *Richard Ranger*, a gentleman not only diſtinguiſhed by his extenſive dealings in the mercantile way; but by his honeſty, probity and humanity; nay and by his honour too, if my noble readers will permit me to ſay ſo of one concerned in traffick. To no mean education he had joined a great knowledge of mankind, and a fund of obſervations gathered from the beſt authors, with whom he had been very converſant. He may be

ſuppoſed at the time my memoirs commence to be turned of thirty-ſix years of age, to which period he had met with uninterrupted ſucceſs, and to have laudably raiſed no inconſiderable fortune; ſo that he not only held the chief rank, in *Playhouſe-ſtreet*, the place of his reſidence, but was reckoned amongſt the principal men of the whole city.

HIS lady, Mrs. *Penelope Ranger*, was as good and as notable a matron as moſt are, ſincere in her attachment to her huſband, prudent in the management of family concerns, tender of her children, of whom ſhe had numbered five, one of which only was living, and charitable even to an exceſs to the poor. She was a native of the county of *Limerick*, as was alſo her ſpouſe, and the daughter of an old knight who, in her teens, had immured her in his antique moated houſe, and confined her to plays and romances for her entertainment, till Mr. *Ranger* captivated her heart and fairly ſcaled the walls to releaſe her, and to confine her in the ſofter bonds of matrimony; for which exploit he was, even after fifteen years enjoyment, ſtill under the diſpleaſure of his father-in-law. But his good ſenſe ſuffered him not to repine at this, as he had tried every reaſonable way to make up the

the breach. In ſhort, he had only two things that made him at all uneaſy, the one was a certain romantic turn of brain that his lady had acquired, which made her ſometimes ſtrut and ſpeak the tragic queen, and give orders in heroics to her ſervants; and the want of a ſon, his only ſurviving child being of the other gender, and named *Lydia*, then about four years old, and her mamma was near eight and twenty. This we'll ſuppoſe to be the ſtate of the family in the year 1714, and a year afterwards providence bleſſed them by the gift of a male child, which was uſhered into the world with the utmoſt rejoicing. Mrs. *Needham*, an experienced midwife and Mrs. *Ruth O'Carrol*, the nurſe, a woman of deep ſkill in marks, moles, and every diſtinction upon the human body, exclaimed, the minute he came to town, that he'd be rich and happy, as he kept his fiſt cloſe clenched, and they warranted he'd hold faſt, and the former added—ſee what a back my dear honey has—well—well—he'll be after being a brave fellow for the girls—I'll warrant him! Arra! returns *Ruth*, and I'll never ſtir from the room for fear the fairies ſhould change him—ſee what an eye he has—well my maſter never drew ſuch a picture of himſelf before.—No, no, the fairies

ſhall never have him I vow, and put one of their half form'd idiots in his room.—The caudle went merrily round after their ceſſation of fatigue, in getting the good woman to bed, and to compoſe her to reſt a *Babylonian* confuſion of ſounds was heard, on all ſides. Mrs. *Merrywag*, proteſted—that ſhe never herſelf had had ſo good a time which was owing to her not doing as Madam *Ranger* had done, who, laſt ſacrament day, ſlipped a bit of the ſacramental bread into her pocket—people might laugh at ſuch things; but ſhe knew nothing was better than mouldy croſs-bun to cure children of the chin-cough; and as to her part ſhe was no more ſuperſtitious than her neighbours; but what nurſe ſaid was very right, for ſhe was once at a labour, and after the delivery, they ſaw the child lifted out of bed by inviſible hands, and notwithſtanding all their ſcreaming, it was carried quite away, and another child was found in the bed, by the mother, but far different from her own, who was beautiful, fat, and well favoured, whereas the changeling was a poor, lean, withered creature, quite naked, and the cloaths of the baby it was exchanged for, lay wrapped up with it in the bed.—And I do aſſure you this changeling lived with them eleven years,

in

in all which time it would never eat any thing except a few herbs, and never went to ſtool or voided any thing but water. It could neither, ſtand, go, or ſpeak; was never ſeen to ſmile, and when he was called a *Fairy Elf*, he would frown and look one through almoſt; whenever he was left alone in the room, he was found laughing at our return, and if he was left dirty he was always clean, and his head nicely combed, ſo that to be ſure he had better company came to him than that of mortals—thus the goſſip run on with exhauſted lungs, when Mrs. *Ranger*, tired with the inceſſant gabble called the good *Ruth* with an uneaſy tone of voice—upon which the whole company ſtarted up full of their whimſical ideas, crying out one and all—O Lord bleſs us! The Fairies—the fairies—ſnatch away the child—Oh! the fairies have been at him—to be ſure—and ſo forceably took the poor infant to the fire ſide, to doſe it plentifully with pap, and ſuch ſlops as were enough to ſend it into the kind hand of its Creator; and mother *Needham*, with the aſſiſtance of the good *Ruth*, tyed about its arm a piece of croſs-bun, made fourteen years, which was a fine protection not only for the chin-cough, but againſt the fairies or any other baleful influence or malicious

incantation. In ſhort, had the poor infant been conſcious of what paſſed, and whence his pains aroſe every day, he would have rejoiced at the end of the month, and his mother's upriſing, which diſperſed the goſſipping train, who had been playing pranks with him hitherto, and by their ſolicitudes leaſt any thing ſhould offend him, had dreſſed and undreſſed, bound and unbound him, and gave him many a ſore prick with pins, in order to preſerve him from the hands of the wicked and the diabolical.

HOWEVER, *Davy* throve amain under their hands and received his name from *Parſon Fitzgerald*, the incumbent of the Pariſh, without whimpering, which was reckoned a very good omen, and the doctor ſaid he was born with a natural reverence for the church, which was plain from his having undergone the ſacred ceremony without diſturbing its peace. So ready are a certain order of people to find the ſupernatural in what flows from mere accident, of time or other circumſtance.

THE Father received this bleſſing with thanks and praiſes to heaven; the mother was in raptures when ever ſhe looked into 'its dear little face—; nay, the old Knightly grandfather, when he heard there was a male child born to them, declared, that if

he

he became a careful, thrifty man he ſhould be heir to all his poſſeſſions, and have all he had, when—he was called hence and could uſe them no more—ſo exceſſive generous he was!

CHAP. II.

Davy *grows up.— Is put to ſchool.— His forward genius, and early progreſs in letters.—* Mr. Birch's *prophetic ſpeech of him.— Falls in love with Miſs* Sophia Birch.— *Event of his paſſion.— returns home.— Takes a comical revenge.*

THE infancy of our hero paſſed without any thing very remarkable occurring to him, or his parents, who took a moſt tender and laudable care, to form his mind, to ſentiments of virtue and good ſenſe, and, as few bad examples came within his view, which it ſhould ever be the ſtudy of parents to avoid, he ſhowed a very towardly and hopeful diſpoſition, and it was remarked of him that he was extremely quick of apprehenſion, and moſt apt at imitation, the firſt paſſion, if I may ſo call it, of a child. Mr. *Ranger*, wiſely aware of

of that, ſuffered him to be very little amongſt the lower ſort of his family, and his ſiſter *Lydia* became his chief companion; for many a noble and genteel houſe, has been debaſed, by the ill effects of ſuffering their children or heirs to be converſant with the domeſticks, whoſe manners, behaviour, and language are generally low and vulgar, and who have their reaſons for pampering up, flattering and making friends of theſe little folks, thereby diſguiſing, to the heedleſs of eyes their ſuperiors, many an indiſcretion and many a theft: Whilſt the young lord or lady, maſter or miſs, being uſed to indulgence in all their wayward humours ſhun the more rigid company of ſuperiors, and equals, who have been more fortunately educated, and contract a meanneſs of behaviour, and conceptions of a plebeian caſt; and hence we behold lordly footmen, ſenatorial jockeys, genteel ſharpers, and women of quality under the diſguiſe of mantua-makers, chambermaids and women of the town. And hence it reſults, that in this city, ſo odd is the jumble of appearances, few perſons are really what they ſeem to be; accoſt a nobleman and you ſhall encounter the language and ſcurrillity of a porter, whilſt from the haberdaſher or taylor you

you meet with the affected airs of the lord. Madam, in her *pet en l'air* will belch bawdry in your face, whilſt the home ſpun joan, ſimpers and dimples, and is as delicate as if the air never before blew in her face. And thus the valet, being a moſt polite and pretty gentleman, runs away with the young lady; whilſt Sir *John*, pleaſed with the facility of his conqueſt, drives out of town and couples with his mamma's chambermaid. And the conſequence is generally fighting, ſcratching, and brawling for life.—A moſt delightful cataſtrophe, and well deſcrib'd, ſome years ſince, by a truly poetical friend of mine.

Sir John, *to large eſtate the only heir,*
His mamma's hope, her darling, and her care:
Not ſuffer'd from his mamma's ſight to roam,
But kept to novels, and to plays at home,—
Fir'd with romantic love, began to ſigh,
Thought he muſt love; but knew not what—
nor why.
What ſhould he do, alone, without a fair?
Juſt at that nick of time, with wond'rous air,
Suſan, *with broom, was ſweeping down her*
ſtair.
Sir John *was ſmitten, with a pleas'd ſurprize,*
And ſaw imaginary charms ariſe;

New

New beauties, at each look, themſelves diſcloſe,
Here the white lilly—there the bluſhing roſe.
In ſhort, to Suſan *he reveal'd his love,*
Which the coy, cunning gipſy did improve,
'Till, by degrees, he ſtole the fatal curſe,
To Sukey *ty'd,* for better and for worſe.
Soon marry'd, the ſucceeding honey-moon,
As it is often wont, was over ſoon:
He view'd his wife, not as he view'd his maid,
The lillies vaniſh, and the roſes fade;
Diſcord, as diſcord will in marriage riſe,
From morn to e'en, perplex the houſe with noiſe;
Her ladyſhip, to hinder wars to come,
Renews the operation of the broom;
The knight, too late convinc'd, by aching ſide,
She who could bruſh his ſtairs—can bruſh his hide.

BUT to return from this long, tho' not unneceſſary digreſſion; *Davy* thus, with innocence and happineſs, reach'd his twelfth year, and by that time could read tolerably well, from the inſtruction of his mother, who had alſo learn'd him to ſcribble; and his dancing maſter, of whom he had received the rudiments of genteel deportment, pronounced him a miracle of fine addreſs. And indeed, tho' his ſtature was not of the moſt elevated, yet the ſymmetry and proportion of his limbs and features,

and

and the eaſy *je ne ſçay quoy* politeneſs of his behaviour, ſuffer'd that diſadvantage to ſlip the obſervation of all thoſe who ſaw him.

One effect of his mamma's bent of mind, it was not poſſible to guard him againſt; ſhe had not only read plays before him, but had initiated her ſon into the tragick ſtile and manner. Already he pronounced the word *farewell* in the accent and with the emphaſis of the ſtage, could ſoliloquy with *Hamlet*, and ſtab himſelf with *Cato*, and what the good gentlewoman ſeem'd only to ſuffer him to be diverted with, ſoon became the paſſion of his ſoul. In dying agonies he had already meaſured every carpet in the houſe, and, young as he was, was become a finiſh'd lover, which his innocent ſiſter had often experienced in a tender embrace, and every glaſs had witneſs'd *attitudes* that were ſurprizingly perfect for his years; if he call'd for a ſervant, it was, *who waits without there!* If his father or mother requeſted his attendance, it was, *I wait your commands, Madam; I attend your call, Sir*, and, *I fly to obey you.* When his ſiſter accoſted him, he cry'd out, *my lovely* Lydia, *what are thy deſires.—My charming fair I burn to greet thy wiſhes.* Mr. *Ranger* imagin'd that theſe forms of ſpeech would

ſoon

ſoon be baniſh'd, when he came under ſchool diſcipline, and mingled with boys of his own age, in their learning, and in their ſports, and therefore only ſmil'd at theſe little theatric ſallies; whilſt his lady hugg'd herſelf in the thought of his early proficiency in a language, which ſhe verily look'd upon as the moſt polite and finiſh'd in the world. Often had he woed his ſiſter, *Monimia*, with all the melting ſoftneſs of *Caſtalio*, as often transform'd himſelf into the enamour'd *Juba*, and had out axalla'd *Axalla* himſelf; when his father agreed to ſend him to grammatical exerciſes, under the inſpection of the Rev. Mr. *Birch*, a gentleman, then the chief pedagogue in the city, and head maſter of the free ſchool, and ſo prevailed upon Mrs. *Ranger* as to let him board with his inſtructor, that his proficiency might meet with no impediment.

MR. *Birch* was a widower, and was poſſeſſed of one only daughter, much about *Davy*'s age, nam'd *Sophia*, as fair as *Hebe*, and as ſoft as *Venus*; who with one maid ſervant was the whole of his family. He was not only learned, but a humane man, and a moſt excellent tutor, highly reſpected by every one; and, as well from friendſhip to the father, as from duty and tenderneſs to

the

the ſon, exerted himſelf in improving his young plant, who yielded him moſt agreeable fruits for his labour, and in leſs than a year made a proficiency that was even aſtoniſhing. The good man quite ſtruck with the daily proofs of the ability, and orderly diſpoſition of his charge, one day, clapping him upon the head, broke out into the following ejaculation. Gracious Heaven! is it poſſible! that in one ſo young, ſo many good qualities ſhould be reſident! My dear child, whoever lives to ſee it, thou wilt one day ſhine in a ſphere, that thy genius, knowledge, merit and appearance ſo remarkably fit thee for; yes, I prophecy thou'lt be a very extraordinary ornament to thy country and family. Miſs *Sophia*, who ſtood by, ſeem'd greatly touch'd with this extempore ejaculation of her father, and her eyes gliſtened with pleaſure; for already the perfections of young *David* had made an impreſſion in her inexperienced heart; nor was *Davy* inſenſible to the blooming graces of the amiable *Sophia*. They were turn'd of fourteen years of age, a period of life when the ſoft paſſions begin to play about the human heart with conſiderable force; they had been play-mates together now, for ſometime, and, agreeable to both their tempers,

pers, had ſtudy'd to oblige each other in every little concern that came before them; ſhe had been tenderly received in Mr. *Ranger*'s family, where ſhe often viſited with *Davy*, as well from a regard to the worth of her father, as to her own good qualities, and the liking they perceived the young gentleman had taken for her; and whenever *Davy* diverted his mamma, with the ſoftneſs of *Romeo*, *Sophia* was now the *Juliet* to whom he addreſs'd his amorous tale; ſhe was his *Monimia*, his *Marcia*, his *Caliſta*, and had ſo profited by the inſtructions of Mrs. *Ranger*; that ſhe even top'd her parts in all thoſe characters. However, little imagining, how ſoon natural deſires are created by the converſe of two young perſons of different ſexes, the parents ſuſpected nothing would ariſe between them, but childiſh gratifications, and therefore ſmil'd upon theſe little effects of their familiarity, with abundance of complacency; notwithſtanding they diverted themſelves with ſummer walks, in the garden Mr. *Birch* had behind his houſe, which was a very beautiful and ſhady one, and were ſometimes abſent from him a whole evening, and were obſerv'd frequently to return hand in hand, into the houſe. In theſe ſweet moments, they had encreas'd their mutual

mutual affection, and opportunity had already afforded, melting kiſſes, wanton toyings, and burning proteſtations of conſtancy and truth. But the time was arrived, when *Davy* was to endure the firſt diſpleaſure that perhaps he had ever ſenſibly felt. *Margaret*, Mr. *Birch*'s ſervant maid, was one of thoſe antiquated virgins who had ſurviv'd even the hope of altering her ſingle ſtate, to which ſhe had unluckily been doom'd, by one of the moſt forbidding faces that ever peep'd from the ſhoulders of a female form, and as curs'd a diſpoſition as ever made family perpetually uneaſy. Never rejoic'd, never having communicated joy; ſhe was now, at forty-ſix, become the moſt unamiable, unſociable, ſuſpicious, envious creature, that perhaps ever exiſted. Her prying eye had already pervaded the retreats of love, and her gloomy heart had taken the alarm, leſt any body ſhould be happier than herſelf had been: Already, ſhe ſaw fornication under every look and geſture of the young folks, and took upon her to lecture Miſs *Sophy*, on the many curſes attending the forfeiture of chaſtity; a jewel, ſays ſhe, that now, I bleſs my God, for ſix and forty years, that I have never blemiſh'd: No, I never gave myſelf any uneaſineſs about thoſe filthy creatures men,

and

and (in that ſhe ſpoke truth) was never peſter'd with any of their nonſenſe. Prithee, reply'd the charming maid, don't carry your conſtructions of my actions to ſuch a length; for fear I ſhould look upon that to be downright envy, which otherwiſe would paſs for an affectionate concern for my welfare. I never had a thought that could prejudice the purity of the chaſteſt mind, and I muſt plainly tell you, that, if all mankind are like maſter *David*, you have been ſuperlatively unhappy in having had no commerce with them. Out upon it, Miſs, return'd the old hag—out upon it—well--well, I can ſee as far into a millſtone as another.—I can ſee—I can ſee—God help my poor maſter, he'll have a fine kettle of fiſh by and by—yes—yes truly—women are very forward now a-days—women, did I ſay, girls I mean.—I remember, odſbodlikins—at your age, the ſight of a man, at a hundred yards from me, would have ſent me into a ſwoon—but you can,—well it is better in than out—when 'tis in, 'tis my own—when 'tis out, 'tis every-body's—no—no—mum for that! *Sophy* conſcious of having done nothing that ſhe thought deſerv'd blame, though a little nettled, ſaid no more; but the firſt opportunity ſhe had, told *Davy* of the converſation,

tion, at which they both ſmil'd, but determin'd to be upon their guard, ſo cunning love had already made them. Unfortunately, tho', one evening, *Davy* ſitting with his miſtreſs in the ſummer houſe, at the bottom of the garden, which was ſhaded by a kind of grove from the obſervation of the houſe; old *Meduſa* ſkulk'd down a back alley to eaves-dop the two lovers, which had been her practice ſeveral times before, and ſtanding perdue, under a ſycamore tree of the age of herſelf, heard the following dialogue:

DAVY. My dear *Sophia*, my ideas are ſo full of your excellencies, that every thing elſe is inſipid—books no more yield me any delight—I dwell on the thoughts of your perfections with inexpreſſible rapture, and am never myſelf when abſent from you; but ah! whither will this tend? I am not ſo blind to my paſſion, but I can perceive my danger—and yours—yet am determin'd to love on, tho' all the world ſhould oppoſe our future union. Ah! my *Sophy* (and here he caught her in his arms) were I lord of the univerſe, no other fair ſhould ſhare this embrace.

SOPHIA. My much lov'd *Davy*, my affection for you begins ſo to over-power my reaſon, that I fear to ſee you, and yet die when

when you are away and yet, with you, I perceive all the abſurdities we commit. Your parents are rich, mine has nothing but his knowledge and integrity to boaſt of; nor would I diſturb the ſerenity of his days for the empire of the world. Let us therefore contrive to conquer a paſſion, that reaſon and our years contradicts, and that prudence will never approve. For me are hoarded up deſpair and eternal anguiſh—nor ſhall any other youth ever move this heart, (and here the lovely maid wept) and reclin'd her head upon his boſom. A ſilence of ſome minutes ſucceeded, which afforded the envious *Peg*, an opportunity to form ſuch conjectures as were very much to their prejudice. She fancy'd ſhe heard ſhort breathings, ſighings, and would have taken her bible-oath that ſhe ſaw them claſp'd in each others arms, and acting all the rites of love. She growl'd to herſelf, like an angry cur who ſees a bone in the poſſeſſion of another, and in a fury turn'd towards the houſe, with this ſoliloquy. Rat your wickedneſs, you young devils—here's your *high-go-lively*'s truly—out upon it!—how fond they are!—then ſhe ſtood ſtill a moment, and pictured the amourous couple in all thoſe tender attitudes, which ſhe had ſo many years wiſh'd in vain to experience:

rience:—Again ſhe mov'd onwards—repeating—hugging!—kiſſing!—heaving!—panting!—Oh lord! oh lord! I'm out of breath I vow, with the thoughts of ſuch vile lewdneſs—oh! God, what devils the men are—well I thank my God—I was never treated ſo—no—never—never!—At this word, and the reflection it melancholily occaſioned, poor *Margaret* wept,—then her fury kindling a-freſh, ſhe began to gallop onwards; but unfortunately her gown tail caught one of the gooſeberry buſhes, upon which, *Peg*, who was abundantly ſuperſtitious and fearful, without looking back, ſcream'd out and fell down, imagining at firſt that ſome ſpirit or apparition had faſten'd upon her, or, again, that *Davy* was behind her endeavouring to knock out her brains; but he and his laſs had heard her ruſtling before, and had, conceiving her errand, fairly decamp'd and got into the houſe, by the direct avenue to it. *Peg*, continued bellowing however, nor dared to look about her, crying, Oh! Lord Jeſus have mercy on me! Chriſt ſave me! why ye young toads would you murder me? Devils begone, our Father which art in heaven, hal—al—al—ow—in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt—what art—whence came you? Oh forgive

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give me my ſins!—oh! I've been a wicked wretch indeed!——By this time her reverend maſter, who had heard her ſcreams in his ſtudy, was come to the ſpot attended with *Davy* and *Sophy*, nor could either of them forbear hearty laughing, to behold the diſmay'd proſtration of the terrified *Margery*. What, what, are you mad, woman? ſays Mr. *Birch*, here's nothing offends you—ſure you are bewitch'd? What's the meaning of this terrible outcry? If you are frightened at your own ſhadow, why do you go into the garden of an evening? Come, come, get up and compoſe yourſelf, here's no body but me, your young miſtreſs and maſter *Ranger!*—And now perceiving her gown entangled he could not refrain from redoubling his mirth, in which he was join'd by *Davy* and his daughter, the former of whom whiſpered to the latter,—this verifies the old proverb, Miſs, *harm watch, harm catch.* At length, however, madam had courage enough to look up, with a mortify'd and diſmay'd countenance, and follow'd them ſorely chagrin'd, into the houſe, where ſhe was brought to account, about her adventure; but ſhame and rage ſo overpowered her, that ſhe could not utter a word. Upon which Mr. *Birch* ſaid to *Davy*, my dear do you know for what

what purpoſe *Margaret* was ſo late in the garden? The arch *Davy*, was reſolv'd, upon ſo fair an opening, to revenge himſelf of the duenna and anſwered, to the ſurprize of miſs, why, Sir, you muſt know that *Margaret* practiſes, frequently, certain nocturnal incantations, in order to bring her maidenhead to a fair market. We have often caught her at them, and this night followed her down the garden, out of curioſity to diſcover her myſteries; but returned before that demon that inhabits the gooſberry buſh had laid hold of her. There was *Margaret*, upon the lower graſs plot, whipping her bare breech with oſier twigs, and jumping over croſs ſticks, and repeating for ſome moments.

Tho' you make me twinge like fire,
Yet my true love comes ſtill nigher;
Madoc, Manoc, *fairy elves,*
As you've got good wives yourſelves,
Titup, Andra, Lyſandrana,
Tho' I now am in ſuch pain, ah!
You ſhall ſoon, to eaſe my ſmart,
Send a man to ſhare my heart!

THEN ſhe laid on again, thick and threefold, with ſuch force, that, ſaving your preſence, Sir, if ſhe would but turn up, I'm ſure ſhe's in a gore blood. In ſhort we could bear the ſight of the poor

whimſical creature no longer, and ſo came in doors. This whole account was given with ſuch ſtrokes of humour, that the parſon was near falling from his chair with laughing, and miſs could hardly ſupport herſelf from the abundant exerciſe of riſibility it occaſioned; but with poor *Peg*, the caſe was very different, her hideous features were quite diſtorted with fury, ſhe flew upon *Davy*, roaring out—Now all the devils of hell reward thee for a damn'd liar—I'll tear out your heart's blood—I will—I will—oh! Sir—ſo abuſed—ſo wronged—by that imp of hell—oh! oh! oh!—ſhe could go no farther—the tears that ſucceeded and the riſing choler ſtopped her breath. Her attack upon *Davy*, tho' furious was impotent, and only ſerved to encreaſe their mirth. Mr. *Birch*, who was a facetious man, was willing to keep up the matter, though he perceived *Davy* had exaggerated things, and ſaid, but pray, *Margaret*, why oſier twigs above any other upon this occaſion? Before ſhe could reply, *Davy* again anſwered—why that, Sir, ſhe imparted to me, long ago; you muſt know that oſiers make baſkets-and, child-getting is called baſket—making—*ergo*, the beſt rods upon this occaſion are oſier twigs. A very good concluſion indeed, returned Mr. *Birch*;

but, more ſeriouſly, I thought *Margery* you had lived long enough to have ſhed all your colt's teeth, and that you had too firm a truſt in providence to practice ſuch ridiculous whimſies. In ſhort, ſhe was ſo roaſted on all hands, that at length ſhe run up, crying, into her chamber, leaving the young couple maſters of the field of battle, and Mr. *Birch* full of wonder at the ſimplicity of his houſe-keeper; for as to the main matter he believed *Davy*'s ſtory, tho' he thought he had dreſſed it up with a few of his own ornaments.

But, next morning the ſcene was ſomewhat changed; for *Margery* took an opportunity to accoſt her maſter, alone, when he was in his cloſet, and, falling upon her knees, vowed and proteſted that what maſter *Davy* had told him, of her diſciplining herſelf, was all falſe from beginning to end; that ſhe had not been in the garden ſo late, but to ſhew her affection to ſo worthy and kind a maſter; but ſince her zeal was ſo miſtaken, and had produced ſuch conſequences, ſhe would bury all ſhe knew in her own boſom, and would never reveal it;—and was going on with a great deal to the ſame purpoſe, when Mr. *Birch* ſtopped her ſhort, by ſaying, You ſpeak ſo enigmatically, *Margaret*, that I

profeſs I don't know what you mean; the narrative given by *Davy* ſeemed very probable, and the poſture we found you in, and your behaviour, greatly confirmed it; therefore if you cannot give a better relation of your being in the garden ſo late; the account I heard firſt, will ſtand with me as authentick; and as to your concealments I don't trouble my head with them; however, if you know any thing that it concerns me to be informed of; as you know it is your duty, ſo I charge you to make me acquainted with it, or elſe you'll incur my diſpleaſure. After ſome ſobbing, and a flow of tears, *Margaret* thought proper, upon further conſideration, to inform her maſter, every thing ſhe had obſerved, between *Davy* and *Sophy*, exaggerating all to which ſhe had been witneſs to the greateſt degree, and maliciouſly adding many circumſtances that fancy alone could have ſupplyed: By all which, ſhe would have inſinuated to her maſter, that the two young folks were too forward, and that ſhe ſuſpected miſchief might happen, if proper meaſures were not taken to keep them a ſunder—if, ſhe concluded, which God forbid, nothing has happened already. Mr. *Birch*, with all his prudence and good ſenſe, was ſomewhat ſhocked at what he heard; but, endeavouring

deavouring to conceal his emotions from his ſervant, diſmiſſed her, by calling her ſurmizes idle whims and ſuſpicions, and bidding her mind her buſineſs; told her he thought himſelf capable of managing his daughter, without being inſtructed, and ordered her never again to harbour ſuch ideas. However, what ſhe ſaid, made a deep impreſſion upon his mind, he had made many obſervations on the fondneſs of the young folks for each other, and he had flattered himſelf, with ſome warmth of ſentiment, that a future union between them, might not be impoſſible; but then again, he blamed himſelf for expoſing his daughter too much to the power of a youth who was ſufficiently forward, and now turned of fifteen, and, concluded, a lad that could off hand contrive ſuch a ſtory of *Margaret*, might have more in his head than what the innocence and ſimplicity of his years, and his behaviour ſeemed to promiſe. He ſighed, nay he wept at the reflection, and though he loved him ſecond to no one but his daughter, began to think it proper to remove them at a greater diſtance from each other. At firſt, he took a reſolution to ſend *Sophy* into the country; but then again, found it would be impoſſible to deny himſelf the comfort

of her endearing ſociety, who was the pleaſure of his life and the prop of his age. Therefore, upon the whole, as he was an enemy to all deceit, he came to a reſolve to talk fairly to them both, of his fears, and to impart them alſo to Mr. *Ranger*, and, tho' it was doing great violence to himſelf, to beg of him to take *Davy* from his houſe, ſtill allowing him the liberty of inſtruction at ſchool hours. Theſe ſchemes were ſcarcely formed, before *Davy* and *Sophy*, as was their conſtant cuſtom, entered his cloſet to pay their duty to him, and wiſh him a good morrow. They found him in a muſing poſture, and, indeed, he was ſo wrapped up in cogitation, that he hardly perceived their approach, and, after returning the ſalute with an eager embrace, he deſired them to ſit down, and then addreſſed them in the following terms. My dear children, I am not going to chide you—I am too well acquainted with the goodneſs of your hearts to think I have the leaſt occaſion;—but the poor creature we laughed at ſo much laſt night, has made me a little uneaſy, and I won't diſguiſe it from you—ſhe has given me reaſon to think, I may be too preſumptuous in ſuffering you to be ſo conſtantly together; but (ſeeing them look very much aſtoniſhed) don't

don't be frightened, I am not going to tell you that I yield an implicit belief to every thing ſhe would have inſinuated. No, far from it—I know that weak and vulgar minds are apt to ſtretch their conjectures too far.—You love each other, I believe, and indeed I have often obſerv'd it with pleaſure; but then I fear it tranſcends thoſe bounds of affection, that ſhould diſtinguiſh a brother and ſiſter: For in that relation I have ever fondly endeavoured to conſider you. And, therefore, I think my duty to you both, and my regard to your parents, Sir, renders it neceſſary to conſult your reputation, and the eaſe of my own mind, by ſeparating you from each other. I tell you, my dears, I am not angry, don't be ſo much diſturb'd, (for the tears ſtood in their eyes) I don't mean to deprive you of the pleaſure of ſeeing each other, at proper times; but ſhall deſire my friend Mr. *Ranger* to board you at home, allowing you the liberty of coming to me for further inſtruction, if he thinks it neceſſary. If providence deſigns you for each other, it will work its own purpoſes, and let its will be done!—I can ſay nothing of future contingencies; but for your ſake, for *Sophy*'s ſake, I think it prudence to avoid the eye of ſuſpicion, the tongue of ſlander, and

the traducements of malice, tho' ſore againſt my will.—I have liv'd many years with reputation and credit, and I'm ſure you would neither of you contribute to load my declining years, with diſcomfort and ſorrow. *Davy*, whoſe preſence of mind, and whoſe gratitude, were not the leaſt of his perfections, was ſtruck to the heart with this concluſion, and, firſt looking tenderly at his *Sophy*, and then flinging himſelf on his knees before her father, cry'd—Oh! Sir, how unhappy you make us!—But your ſatiſaction and eaſe ſhall ever be conſulted by us.—I do own that I have a ſuperior affection to that dear maid, than I bear to my ſiſter or any one elſe in the world, and, ſince you have given me ſuch flattering hopes, will ſtudy all my future life to deſerve her! Oh! Sir, let us not make you uneaſy, we never have, nor ever will give you cauſe for tears, and, tho' it cuts me to the heart to think of leaving your houſe, yet, when my obedience will be productive of ſo great a bleſſing, as now and then gazing on thoſe dear features, I ſhall without heſitation conſent: Only, Sir, permit me to bring this removal about with my father and mother; for if you were to be the propoſer, and to tell the reaſon, I fear it might ſtill deprive me more of happi-

neſs,

neſs, and make them think it neceſſary to remove me ſtill further from all I ſhall ever adore. No, Sir, I ſhall never be diſturb'd at your prudential behaviour, ſince you think the reputation of your *Sophy* may ſuffer, which to preſerve ſhall ever be my end and aim. *Sophy*'s heart was too full to ſpeak, but ſhe wept, and kneeling by *Davy*, kiſs'd her father's hand, and bath'd it with tears. The old gentleman, quite overcome, wept likewiſe, and taking them in his arms, hugg'd them to his boſom, and told *Davy* that he agreed to all he ſaid. Ah! my children, reſuming himſelf, I look on you, and hear you with pride and admiration; never let theſe excellent qualities you poſſeſs, be the cauſe of grief to an old man, that finds he can't live without you!

They ſtaid for ſometime in the cloſet, to recover their looks and ſpirits, and then went down to breakfaſt, behaving as uſual to *Margaret*, who look'd aſkance at them, every now and then, and particularly at her maſter, in a kind of envious deſpair that her project had not had the ſucceſs ſhe wiſh'd it might.

The next day the young couple paid a viſit to Mrs *Ranger* and Miſs *Lydy*, who ſincerely lov'd *Sophy*, and us'd merrily to

call her ſiſter, and whilſt they entertain'd her, *Davy* ſought his father, whom he found in his compting-houſe, and who received him with the ſame joy his appearance always communicated, and, upon his telling him he deſired a word or two with him in private, immediately follow'd him into another room. There *Davy* told him that he hop'd his maſter had given him a good character as to his learning, and that, as the immediate preſence of Mr. *Birch* was now, he hop'd, not conſtantly neceſſary to promote his ſtudies, he ſhould be greatly obliged to him if he would let him return to board at home, only going to his maſter at ſchool hours. Mr. *Ranger*, ſmil'd, and kiſſing his ſon, ſaid, ay, to be ſure child; but what will poor *Sophy* do? Why lad you'll make her uneaſy, won't you—you can't live aſunder? This was ſuch an opening that *Davy* was reſolv'd to lay hold of, to try how his father's pulſe beat. Why, Sir, then, he return'd, 'tis becauſe it gives me ſo much uneaſineſs to think of parting with *Sophy*, that I deſire to do it. You know, Sir, *Sophy* is handſome and has every charm of mind, and really I love her ſo well, that I fear, if I ſee her ſo much as I us'd to do, I ſhall begin to love her too well for your peace and my own. Say you

ſo

ſo, my good *Davy*, the father reply'd, I muſt take care of that—'faith you're quite right, I commend your prudence; for tho' I love *Sophy*, yet we muſt look out for wives elſewhere, I can tell ye—or elſe we ſhall never ſecure your grandfather's eſtate in the family.—Well, well, come home to-morrow then—and, my dear, ſince I have ſuch a remarkable proof of your prudence and regard to me, I ſhall not lay any reſtraints upon your behaviour—but d'ye hear, be very grateful to my friend *Birch*, and behave tenderly to my pretty *Sophy*; for you owe 'em too much to encourage a contrary behaviour, and, ſo ſaying, put his hand into his pocket and gave him five guineas, ſo much his good ſenſe had delighted him. And, as to *Davy*, he was in tip top ſpirits, he perceived with pleaſure the regard his father had for *Sophia*, and that nothing but his grandfather's eſtate and mother's pride, would be the remora to a marriage with her; ſince he was ſure his father's good ſenſe would ſoon incline him to favour ſuch a project, were thoſe objections out of the queſtion. Therefore, he determin'd to love on, and leave the iſſue to time, and as he was from diſpoſition an œconomiſt, already plann'd out a reconciliation with the old knight,

knight, and already enjoy'd his eſtate in imagination.

As they went home, he imparted all that had paſt to *Sophy*, without reſerve, and as a proof of his love, gave her charge of the five guineas, telling her, jocularly, that if ſhe'd have but a little patience he'd make her no diſpiſable fortune.

THE old gentleman waited their return with impatience, and they went into the parlour to him, where he ſat reading, and, at the ſame inſtant *Sophy* threw her arms about his neck and *Davy* kiſſing his hand, cry'd out, Oh! Sir, I have ſucceeded, even beyond my wiſhes! My father, yielded to my coming home, and this will be the laſt night of your uneaſineſs. He then related all that paſs'd, except his father's ſpeech about matrimony, which tho' he had imparted to *Sophia*, he conceal'd from Mr. *Birch*; who was highly delighted, and they ſpent the evening with great chearfulneſs, only *Margaret* being uneaſy of the family, and ſhe was nettled to the quick, at obſerving ſo much talk and privacy between her maſter and the young folks, which ſhe thought involv'd ſome myſteries, ſhe long'd to be a partaker of: However, *Davy* and *Sophy* behav'd to her with their wonted freedom and good temper, in return to which

ſhe

ſhe was oblig'd, outwardly, to carry a fair face and a contented look, tho' her heart was fill'd with ſpleen and diſquiet. After the hour that call'd to bed, the young pair of lovers found means to ſteal to their bower, and to repeat a thouſand tender vows and proteſtations of eternal truth and conſtancy, and it was ſettled, where and how they were to meet for the future, and in what manner they ſhould ſtill love without prejudice to the purity and virtue of their ſouls, and without drawing upon them the ſuſpicions and reproaches of their parents. For which purpoſe it was agreed on both ſides to wear looks of perpetual gaity, never to be particular before company, and to leave the iſſue of their affection to time and providence.

THE next morning Mr. *Ranger* waited on Mr. *Birch*, paid him generouſly what was due for his ſon's education and board, made a handſome preſent to *Sophia*, and alſo to *Margery*, gave a genteel turn to his ſon's being call'd home to board, and all parties parted mutually pleas'd with each other, and applauding themſelves for their penetration and diſcretion. Even *Margaret* now was ſatisfy'd, imagining this alteration had been brought about by the intelligence ſhe had given to her maſter, and

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conſequently again hugg'd herſelf in her own importance.

AND now, *Davy* came to Mr. *Birch*'s only at the hours of inſtruction; but, by the viſits *Sophy* made frequently to Miſs *Lydia*, he had near as many opportunities of entertaining her as before, without being ſubject to cenſure, and nothing remain'd to his perfect ſatisfaction, but an opportunity to wreck his reſentment on *Margaret*, who he conſidered as an incendiary, and an enemy to his happineſs: Not that *Davy* had any thing of the gloom of a revengeful mind about him; but long'd only to make a ſportful example of an old wretch, whoſe diſpoſition he thought of the very worſt caſt.

FOR the means to this purpoſe he long caſt about in his mind, and at length reſolv'd to found his retaliation upon her extreme fanciful diſpoſition, which render'd her credulous and ſuperſtitious even to the laſt degree.

AT the bottom of the garden, to the right of the ſummer houſe, was a deep ditch that divided Mr. *Birch*'s from the garden of a houſe which, on account of a diſputed title, had been long untenanted, and was pretty much ruinated; for houſeleek and moſs even grew in the interſtices of

of the brick-work, and the beds and walks were overgrown with weeds and graſs, to a great height, whilſt the outhouſes were untiled and tumbling down on every ſide, ſo as to preſent upon the whole all the marks of gloom and deſolation. And in this ſcene, *Davy* had devoted *Margaret* to all the horrors that he thought it in his power to afflict her with. For this end, he dealt with an old female *Sidrophel*, who was a great favourite of *Margaret*'s, had read her frequent good luck, and many huſbands, and much riches, from her ſkill in thoſe hieroglyphicks that wantonly cling to the bottom of the coffee-cups, and are ſo replete with evidences of good or bad fortune in life. Nay ſhe was an adept in palmiſtry too, and could ſolve every paradox of a dream, as well as *Artimedorus* himſelf. By a litile flattery, and the application of a whole crown to the line of life, *Davy* brought this reverend ſage in petticoats into his ſcheme, for frightning the old houſekeeper out of the few ſenſes ſhe poſſeſs'd. Accordingly, the next viſit ſhe paid her, after a conſiderable deal of enquiry and confabulation, about the buſineſs of their neighbours, the *Arabian* berry was reduc'd to powder, and after being properly infus'd, the oracular cup was whirl'd

whirl'd round and whelmed upon the ſaw-cer, with all the ſecrets of fate with which it was intruſted, and then taken up by the propheteſs with a look of diſturbance and phrenzy, whilſt *Margaret*, who on theſe occaſions always bolted the kitchen door, attended with impatient dread the interpretation of her inſpired gueſt.

AT length, after a pauſe and a ſigh, denoting wiſely the difficulty ſhe had in reading her diabolical characters, ſhe opened as follows—Here's good luck for you, Mrs. *Margaret* I'll aſſure you—but—will require ſome pains to ſecure it.—I don't know what to make of this old houſe—to be ſure it muſt be that at next door.—And then, here's a ditch with a bridge over it—have you one near you? Oh! yes, yes, anſwers *Margaret*.—Very well, replies the *Sybil*—we're right then—in the garret of this houſe—I'm ſure of it—juſt behind the door—aye its behind the door, I ſee—is a large ſum hid—it has laid there for many years—in a hole in the wall—I ſee you have got it here—it's a great deal. Oh gemini, God, crys the houſe-keeper—how happy am I—I'll go there the firſt opportunity—but mum, let's keep it to ourſelves—you ſhall have half—I've heard ſay indeed that a rich old miſer lived there a great

great many years ago—he muſt have hid it—I'll go tomorrow morning before our family are up.—I ſee, returns the propheteſs, that if you'd poſſeſs the treaſure you muſt go after the evening duſk, and alone.—Rat me if I do tho'—why there are a great many ſpirits about the houſe—how do I know but the old miſer may have hanged himſelf there, and if I diſturb his hoard—the devil or he may tear me to pieces or fly away with me! That ſhan't be, anſwers Mrs. *Pry*, for that was our fortune-teller's name, for ſince this money ſeems reſerved for you—I'll give you a charm that ſhall effectually preſerve you from all the ſpirits that ſatan can raiſe—here take this—giving her an *Agnus Dei*—and go tomorrow night, for if you defer it any longer, I can ſee ſome body elſe will be before hand with you. After a great deal of reluctance *Margaret* took the charm, promiſed to obey all her directions and added—God if I do but find it, I'll go to my own town and live as well as the beſt of 'em, and a fig for work, ſay I.—She would have gone on, but her maſter ringing the bell, ſhe was obliged to ſend away her familiar, not forgetting to thruſt part of a joint of meat and ſome bread and cheeſe into her lap and to ſlip ſixpence, the uſual

fee,

fee, into her hand, as ſhe left the kitchen.

ON the morrow the impatient old maiden walked down the garden, to take a ſurvey of the premiſes ſhe was to attack, and finding a board laid acroſs the ditch, gave a cry of joy at the ſight, as having been foretold by her directreſs, in the coffee dregs, by the name of a bridge. So viſible a mark of the certainty of her propheteſs's ſkill (for *Davy* had laid it the night before) baniſhed all fear and ſcruple, and ſhe returned home, fully ſatisfied that ſhe ſhould become poſſeſſed of the enchanted pelf, and, tho' none but *Davy* and *Sophia* knew the reaſon, ſhe wore all the enſuing day ſuch an air of pride and importance as had been very unuſual with her, at which they hugged themſelves in the conceit of the conſequences. Nine o'clock came, and, fortunately as ſhe thought, Mr. *Birch* and her young miſtreſs ſupped that night at Mr. *Ranger*'s, and left her, to all appearance a clear coaſt for the execution of her project. And, now, behold the covetous creature trudging, with great circumſpection, towards the ditch, and, after repeating the Lord's prayer, belief, and ten commandments, venturing to put one foot upon the bridge—and then ſhe ſtood pauſing; for ſome minutes, whilſt

whilſt the whiſpering zephyrs (for it was the midſt of *June*) ruſtling in the adjacent trees and buſhes gave her a ſudden trepidation, and even made her ſend forth a cry of aſtoniſhment. At length ſhe aſſumed courage ſufficient to move on; but oh! woeful! getting to the midſt of the board, it ſuddenly (for indeed it had been ſawed on purpoſe) broke, and down fell *Margery* floundering in the filthieſt mud and water that ever became nauſeous by ſtagnation: And there ſhe would have floundered her laſt, had not two ready familiars (*Davy* and a ſervant of his father's dreſſed in uncouth and antick guiſe, and bearing torches in their hands—their faces all blacked and afterwards flowered) appeared to her relief, from a neighbouring outhouſe, and with the aſſiſtance of a rake and a long pole dragged her out of her delicious neſt, almoſt ſuffocated and quite ſenſeleſs. To bring her to herſelf they plentifully drench'd her with pails of water, and at length, ſhivering, and crying piteouſly, ſhe came to herſelf; but looking about, and diſcovering her hideous attendants, ſhe was near ſwooning again, and the teeth chattered in her head; tho' ſhe was ſo overcome that ſhe could not exclaim as ſhe endeavoured to do, imagining ſhe was really in the infernal manſions, and

that

that ſhe was under torture for all the ſins of her life, particularly for her laſt great offence of coveting hidden pelf. It was indeed well for her, that this ſouſing in the ditch had rendered her further progreſs impoſſible, for ſo many engines of terror had been provided in the old houſe, that muſt in earneſt have deprived her of her ſenſes. And *Davy* began to be glad of it likewiſe, and thought her preſent pickle and terror was puniſhment enough; and therefore prepared to put the final ſtroke to it. For that purpoſe when he found her a little recovered he roared out in a dreadful tone of voice——

Wretch! whoſe crimes are foul and grievous,
Hear—attend us, and believe us!
We from lakes of blueſt fire,
Came here to puniſh thee—a lyar,
Vile traducer—beauty's foe,
And give thee cauſe of bitt'reſt woe;
But heaven, in pity to thy ſoul,
At preſent does our rage controul.
Return, in ſafety, back again,
Get yourſelf clean'd, and eaſe your pain,
But know, if ever, lye or ſlander,
From your bad heart or lips ſhould wander;
If e'er, in innocence deſpight,
You eaves-drop lovers in the night;

Or

Or e'er tell tales, or brawl and wrangle,
Or deadly coffee cup ſhall handle—;
Or covet others goods, or pry
After what's hid with curious eye;
Then—then—oh! then, thy blacken'd ſoul,
In ſulph'rous flames ſhall tortur'd roul;
Whilſt thy vile carcaſe fiends ſhall tear,
And ſcatter thro' the duſky air—.

[*Then ſwiftly turning round—he continued, at the ſame time putting out their torches.*]

Aſmodeus, *Moloc*, pow'rs of hell,
Quick we attend your eager yell!
From theſe cool ſhades—lo down we go,
To fiery flames that rage below.

At which concluſion they ran off, ſwiftly, to their hiding place; but poor diſmayed *Margaret* imagined verily ſhe ſaw them vaniſh out of her ſight, inſtantaneouſly, and that the ſmell of brimſtone was in her noſe. At length up ſhe roſe—praying very fervently, and returning thanks to heaven for her deliverance, and would have retreated over the ditch; but alas! no friendly board lay ready for her conveyance. What to do ſhe could not deviſe; but, caſting her eyes abroad ſhe perceived an old plank at ſome diſtance from her, for which ſhe thanked heaven, and laying it acroſs, notwithſtanding

ſtanding what had juſt occurred, had the boldneſs, tho' trembling at every ſtep, to paſs it into her own garden, where the minute ſhe arrived ſhe fell on her knees, and continued in that poſture for a conſiderable time, returning the ſincereſt praiſes for her eſcape: And then, looking back every minute, ſhe meaſured the garden and got into the houſe, and, as neceſſity has no law, ſet to cleaning herſelf before the family came in, who luckily were not returned from their viſit, with a hearty reſolution to follow the advice that had been given her by the aforeſaid poetical demon, who ſhe found was acquainted with every foible of her heart. *Davy* had enjoyed the whole with the higheſt ſatisfaction, and by this time having got rid of his diabolical weeds, had diverted *Sophy* and his ſiſter with a detail of the whole, and, waiting upon Mr. *Birch* and his daughter home, was witneſs to the ſudden reformation it had occaſioned; for *Margery* accoſted them in the moſt humble and ſubmiſſive manner, and ſeemed more aſſiduous to pleaſe then ever her nature would ſuffer her before. She, in ſhort, it was obſerved, in a little time, was totally reformed, became ſociable and complaiſant, and proved that nothing but the devil or his repreſentative could

ould ever work good nature into the ſouls f this forlorn, neglected tribe.

CHAP. III.

Davy's *perſon and character.—A terrible misfortune.—How borne by our hero.—A ſtill more dreadful occurrence.—His deſpair and a reſolution in conſequence of it.—He leaves* Cork.—*Viſits* Dublin.—*Goes to ſee his grandfather.—Encounters with captain* Dennis M'Kenſie.—*Exhibits his talents before him.—His rapture.—Who the honourable captain is and his profeſſion.—Arrival, and, droll picture of his company.—A terrible uproar.—Our ſtudent takes part with his new acquaintance.—A word or two on* great *men and* little *men—The adage,* Fronti nulla fides *explained.*

DAVY had by this time reached his ſixteenth year, and had acquired, a knowledge of the *Latin* tongue, and ſpoke *French* fluently, he had read a number of the politeſt authors, and had been particularly converſant in dramatick performances, and was a perfect idolizer of *Shakeſpear*, many of whoſe productions he had ſeen exhibited, alſo, by a company of no mean performers, who frequently came from *Dublin*

to

to divert the inhabitants of his native city. When they were in town, Mrs. *Ranger*, her ſon and daughter, and *Sophia*, ſeldom miſſed one exhibition; and *Davy*, having a poetical genius, had wrote many occaſional prologues and epilogues for the company, who conſidered him in the light of a friend and patron, and let him into all the myſteries of the drama. To theſe diverſions he had, from his infancy had a great reliſh, and, indeed, as before obſerv'd, the love of the ſtage was ſo predominant in him, that it gave place to nothing but his affection for the amiable *Sophia*. His temper was naturally mild; though oppoſition to any favourite humour would ſoon work him up to a paſſion, and as to his heart it was all over of that caſt that tended to his own and others happineſs, for he was humane, ſincere, and generous in his thoughts and actions, and had yet never harboured a wiſh that was not conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt rules of virtue and good ſenſe, as far as the knowledge of his years would permit. If he profeſſed love, he felt that ſoft paſſion; if he ſaid he reſpected a perſon he really did ſo, and had not learned to look and ſpeak one thing, and think another. His perſon was of the middling ſize, but moſt delicately formed and as harmonious,

monious, in its due proportion of parts as was his ſoul in its conceptions. No wonder, then, if *Davy* was not only the idol of his parents, his ſiſter, of Mr. *Birch* and his daughter; but alſo the talk of the whole town, and the admiration of every one that knew him.

ABOUT this time he loſt his amiable ſiſter, who ſickened of a fever and dyed the ſeventh day after the firſt attack, of the diſtemper: *Davy* and *Sophy* were ever by her bedſide, and as they moſt tenderly loved her, were moſt intimately afflicted at her loſs, which made ſuch an impreſſion upon poor Mrs. *Ranger*, that ſhe was ſeized with the ſame diſtemper, which, likewiſe, in three days time, deprived him of a moſt affectionate and indulgent mother. Theſe ſad loſſes as they quite diſtracted the father, ſo they laid heavy upon the heart of the ſon, who could feel with the utmoſt ſenſibility theſe calamities ſo incident to this frail ſtate of exiſtence. On this occaſion he gave a publick proof not only of his affection for the deceaſed, but alſo of that genius which has ſince been ſo much admired, by writing the following lines, which were printed and diſtributed into all parts of the kingdom.

On the DEATH *of a beloved* MOTHER *and* SISTER.

IF ever filial or fraternal love,
Relentleſs powers could to compaſſion move;
Nor vain had prov'd my tears, my ſuppliant moan,
Nor this dear pair had our embraces flown;
But heaven its own omnipotence to prove,
Defeats our cares, and wafts their ſouls above!
If ever wiſdom ſat in beauty's throne,
Wiſdom here ever made that ſeat her own;
And this bright pair, form'd like the *Cyprian* Queen,
Were ever lovely, prudent, mild, ſerene.
Oh! Mother! Siſter! names for ever dear,
Now ceaſe in pleaſing ſounds to greet my ear;
No more the ſoftneſs of your voices charm,
Which care, and pain, and grief could ſo diſarm:
To all that's tender, kind, we bid adieu,
All, all inhum'd in one ſmall grave with you.
Oh! *Lydia*, *Lydia*, lovely hapleſs fair!
For thee, thy *Sophy* proves the laſt deſpair;
Beats her fair boſom, heaves the piteous ſigh,
Whilſt floods of ſorrow, iſſue from her eye.
Oh! honour'd Sire! fain would I comfort lend,
To your ſad heart, which tort'ring paſſions rend,

Paſſions

Paſſions which ever reign and ever flow,
And more then double all my weight of woe.
Oh! heaven, in pity, lull his ſoul to reſt,
Impart ſoft ſoothing calmneſs to his breaſt;
Grant that we patient, meet your ſtern decree,
And bear our loſs with due humility,
Bow to your high beheſts, nor murm'ring ſtrive
To keep this bitterneſs of ſoul alive.
The eye of faith, that wonders can diſplay,
Beholds them wing to God their eager way;
Bleſs'd in his ſight, where joys celeſtial dwell,
They bid all earthly, ſordid cares farewell.
Enlarg'd, their minds can all his works ſurvey,
To glorious bodies chang'd their mortal clay.
Oh! faireſt, lovelieſt daughters of the ſky!
May we at length, your concert join on high;
Where bliſs perpetual worldly ſtrife repays,
" One tide of glory, one eternal blaze.

BUT, as if fate was determined to try our hero at his firſt ſetting out in life, and as if providence was reſolved to remove every impediment to the way of life to which it deſtined *Davy*; poor *Sophy*, grieved to the

heart, and quite caſt down at the loſs of her intended ſiſter-in-law, was taken ill, about ten days after her interment, where ſhe attended as chief mourner; at firſt her fatigue and grief were alone ſuppoſed to be the temporary occaſion of her diſeaſe; but when all the ſymptoms of a malignant fever were diſcovered, her father was quite inconſolable. Poor *Davy*, who was never to be removed from her bedſide, wept inceſſantly, and could take no repoſe, and even Mr. *Ranger* was affected with an increaſe of ſorrow, for, like all tender parents, he made his ſon's grief his own, and, one evening coming to ſee how ſhe did and ſuſpecting the reaſon of his ſon's abſence from home, the lovely maid told him, ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould do well; but if otherwiſe, beg'd him to do all he could to conſole her dear father, who would be left deſtitute of her neceſſary attendance. Oh! broke out the ſincere and yet untainted *Davy*—Oh! my father,—what—what anſwer can you make to this dear creature—the pattern of all perfection?—Oh! Sir, kneeling before him,—I have deceived you—I love, I adore her! If ſhe dies—you will—you muſt loſe your ſon! Dear Sir—all artifice is ſtrange to us; but, Sir, hear me and promiſe me, in this diſtreſs, that

that if my *Sophy* recovers, I for the future may have the care, the enchanting care of her precious health, and life! —a flood of tears ſucceeded which hindered further ſpeech. Mr. *Ranger*, who knew human nature, who had ſo lately ſeen the vanity of all earthly enjoyments—who lov'd the two perſons preſent—who deſpis'd riches, further than they contributed to the happineſs of the poſſeſſors—gently carry'd his handkerchief to his eyes, and, without further premeditation, riſing and claſping his arms round *Sophy*'s neck, anſwer'd—My dear child! my lovely girl—endeavour to live—no conſideration ſhall induce me to make two ſuch excellent perſons unhappy. —No—again wiping his eyes—I know too well what I have felt myſelf—riſe, my ſon, —let us endeavour to recal your *Sophy* to life, that I may have the ſupreme felicity of beholding her in your arms, and rejoicing in ſuch a daughter. At this concluſion he left the room, unable to contain himſelf within the bounds of moderation. *Sophy* was ſo overcome that ſhe fainted—*Davy* purſuing him with his eyes—cry'd out—Oh! more than father—oh friend of my heart!—Oh! how ſhall I diſplay my duty to you ſufficiently!—my exalted ſenſe of your goodneſs! Then turning to the charmer

mer of his heart, he flung himſelf by her, and wak'd her to life with his warmth of embrace—my dear, my charmer; thou choice of my reaſon—thou approbation of my ſoul—doſt hear to what happineſs thou art reſerv'd?—reſerv'd for me, who will brighten every future moment of thy life! The weaken'd, overcome fair, caſt her arms round his neck, and for ſome minutes a trance of love ſucceeded—'twas, in a mortal ſtate, perhaps a ſatisfaction that equal'd even that enjoy'd by the inhabitants of the bleſſed regions! During this period of delight, Mr. *Ranger* had ſtep'd into Mr. *Birch*'s cloſet, and knowing well what a tender parent muſt feel, from very, very late experience, accoſted him by ſaying, my worthy friend, I have been witneſs to a ſcene that has almoſt unman'd me—*Davy* and *Sophy*—but I am incapable to repeat what I ſaw, and what I felt. I have given them my promiſe, and hope you will not deny yours, that they ſhall be united together. Oh! Mr. *Birch*, the loſſes I have lately ſuſtain'd have made me fearful of encreaſing my unhappineſs, by a denial—excellent young creatures as they both are!—They were made for each other, and if God is pleas'd to reſtore our *Sophy*, ſhe ſhall fill my dear *Lydy*'s place in my heart!

Mr.

Mr. *Birch*, to whom this declaration was quite unexpected, and moſt extremely agreeable, was of too milky a diſpoſition to meet it, without being greatly affected—Indeed he ſhed tears,—and, embracing his friend, cry'd—Dear, Sir, your regard to my poor girl, gives me the moſt ſincere pleaſure! Oh! *Sophy*, *Sophy*, I truſt in God thou wilt live to be grateful for ſo much condeſcenſion!—I have now liv'd long enough—providence has fill'd up the meaſure of my earthly happineſs, and I am content to reſign my breath—oh! gracious heaven hear my prayer!—May this dear couple continue to deſerve your protection! May they live in uninterrupted happineſs, and reward us for all the care and pains we have taken in their nurture and education!—He could proceed no further, and, claſping each other in their arms,—broken accents told the reſt:——But from this dream of bliſs they were ſoon awakened, by the cries of the diſtracted *Margaret*, who, running into the room, without any caution, cry'd out, oh! Sir—miſs *Sophy*—and fell into a chair, unable to ſpeak what ſhe intended.—The two gentlemen could ſcarce ſupport themſelves; but at length, the maid beginning to come to herſelf, aſk'd her with trembling voice the meaning of

her outcry—oh! ſhe reply'd—maſter *Ranger* and miſs *Sophy* are—are—no more! The voice of a cannon burſting into the room could not have fill'd them with ſuch terror—the blood forſook their cheeks and Mr. *Birch* ſwoon'd away, whilſt Mr. *Ranger* fell back in a chair—his boſom heaving with unutterable ſwellings of ſorrow; and fatal it had been to them both, had not the apothecary juſt then enter'd the room, and by breathing a vein in the arm of each, in ſome meaſure reduc'd to moderation their diſturb'd blood. He ſoon underſtood the reaſon of this terrible ſcene, and walking up ſtairs found real cauſe for all theſe emotions ſo burthenſome and deſtructive to nature. Poor *Sophy* overcome with the view of her promis'd felicity—her ſenſes all wandering and wild—her body all weakened with her diſorder—*Oh! pity, pity, all ye chaſte and faithful lovers*—expir'd in *Davy*'s embrace, with her dear arm round his neck—and ſighing forth his name in broken accents. *Davy*—the deſpairing *Davy*, too ſenſible of this, lay motionleſs by her ſide deeply plung'd in a ſwoon of grief and ſurprize!—In ſhort the view was ſo ſhocking that, for ſome moments even the phyſical miniſter ſtood aghaſt; but as ſoon as he recover'd himſelf, at the ſame time that he attempted

ed to bleed them, had preſence of mind ſufficient to bid the nurſe go to the unhappy parents, and let them know that he hop'd to give them a good account of his patients, and when ſhe return'd, order'd her to faſten the door. The unhappy *Davy* bled freely and ſoon came to life; but the lovely *Sophia* was gone for ever.—In her, joy had put a period to a life of innocence and truth. *Davy* ſoon recollected himſelf, and all the miſery to which he was reſerv'd, and notwithſtanding the preſence of the apothecary and nurſe, flung his arms round the beautiful corpſe, and, once more, uttering moſt pathetic lamentations, fell inſenſible by its ſide. Nothing could be more touching than this mournful ſcene, which was ſoon heightened by the two fathers breaking into the apartment, and becoming thoroughly convinc'd of their wretchedneſs. Sad, ſad reverſe! Thoſe who but now were rejoicing in making each other happy, were reduc'd from every pleaſing reflection to a ſtate worſe than death. Oh *Sophy! Sophy!* oh dear daughter! excellent, ill fated maid! was heard on every ſide, and it was as much as the attendants could do to ſecure 'em from feeling and acting all the moſt violent effects of deſpair: Whilſt the charming angel alone was at peace, and a

ſmile imprinted upon her countenance, and perhaps her departed ſpirit hovering over the mourners, and compaſſionating theſe proofs of their ſenſibility and affection. The poor old father fainted ſeveral times; but at length was got away and carry'd to bed; tho' it was the greateſt taſk imaginable to get the paſſionate *Davy* from the hapleſs ſpot. He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair, crying! Oh! my *Sophy*, my dear *Sophy!* I am not able to teach myſelf to live without thee! Dear to my heart and eyes, as you have ever been—how is life to be ſupported whilſt your inſpiring voice is never, never more to be heard!—Oh why did not I expire with you, and join our excellent mothers, and that amiable ſiſter we have ſo lately felt the loſs of! Oh *Sophy! Sophy!* now an angel in the regions of bliſs, look down upon me, and calm the violent motions of my ſoul!—Then turning to his father who ſat in an inſenſible poſture, weeping beſide the bed—and, oh! my dear father—kiſſing his hand! what a freſh load of anguiſh is this? Was it for this that your goodneſs conſented to bleſs us? Is this the event of your unparallel'd kindneſs to your ſon? Oh! light ceaſe to ſhine upon a wretch doom'd to be ever unhappy!

MR.

Mr. *Ranger*, had, by this time, recovered in ſome meaſure his ſenſes, and now began to reaſon with his ſon, aſſiſted by the apothecary, who was a very ſenſible man; but it was all in vain, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that, at length, they dragg'd him from the melancholy ſcene, and carry'd him home, where the tranſports of both father and ſon, were renew'd with freſh violence, nor did nature yield at all to the calls of that reviving cordial ſleep during the whole night. But, alas! this was not the completion of this deeply tragic event; for next morning, they were ſent for, and deſired to haſten to poor Mr. *Birch*, who was ſo extremely ill as to render his life uncertain. His loſs, and the violent commotions it had occaſioned in his whole frame, were too ſevere for a perſon of his years and tender nature to bear, and, quite ſpent and exhauſted of ſpirits and tears, he ſeem'd ſwiftly fleeting to join his lovely daughter. Tho' nothing elſe would at this time have mov'd either father or ſon; yet the moment the latter was made to underſtand the dear man's requeſt, he cry'd, Come, my father, let us go to the theatre of death—and may providence make me happy by not ſuffering me to leave

leave it 'till I am releas'd and ſent to join my angelic maid!

WHEN they came to the good man's bed ſide, he ſtretch'd out both his hands, which they bedew'd with tears, and in a tremulous tone of voice, ſaid, my dear friend, and my ever dear ſon—for ſuch I ever held you in my eſtimation—words can't expreſs with what eagerneſs I am preparing to quit this mortal ſtage, ſo clouded with ills and misfortunes—a ſure indication of another and better ſtate of exiſtence. To convince us of this, how has heaven dealt with us? —But yeſterday, for ſome minutes, what fond ideas we indulg'd of future happineſs; but behold it all vaniſh'd as a dream, and, in one fatal moment, ſee us hurry'd to the depth of deſpair. But, oh! I feel that, with every effort that reaſon can make uſe of, with all the precepts of religion, of chriſtianity, to aid theſe efforts, I am merely a man and a father.—Here the tears ſtopp'd his utterance for ſome moments—at length reſuming himſelf, he continued—after a life of labour and toil I am now, my dear friends, I am ſure, upon the verge of eternity, and going to reſign myſelf into the merciful hands of my Creator—the laſt of my unfortunate family. To you, my dear

dear ſon, I bequeath (and here he had order'd the apothecary and nurſe to be call'd in as witneſſes of his verbal teſtament) every thing I may die poſſeſs'd of, and deſire your father would take the trouble to ſee my bequeſt performed; and I beſeech you, as you will find I have not dy'd in bad circumſtances, that you would take care that poor *Margaret* is ſupported for the remainder of her life, and that her wages may be paid her, and ſhe may have mourning, and theſe are all the requeſts, I ſhall trouble you with; for I find already that further ſpeech is impoſſible!—God bleſs and preſerve you both, and may we meet in a ſtate of endleſs happineſs, and rejoice in the preſence of the righteous Being, the judge of all the earth! Oh! *Sophy*, *Sophy!* one ſmall ſpot will ſoon encloſe us together —and we ſhall be at reſt. Mr. *Ranger* was melted to the laſt degree, and as to *Davy*, kneeling by the bed-ſide, he lean'd his face upon his clammy hand, and cry'd, Oh my dear father, this is ſtill repeated torture!—Oh how I ſhould have diſplay'd, for the few remaining days of my life, my ineſtimable love for my *Sophy*'s memory, by cheriſhing your declining years, with all the tenderneſs of filial duty!—Oh! may diſtraction

ſtraction not ſeize me, 'till I ſee all your dear commands perform'd, and then may we join you in thoſe bliſsful plains, where the juſt ſhall ever reſide. The apothecary, and a phyſician who had been call'd in, thinking it neceſſary that their patient ſhould be left to his repoſe, the two gentlemen were with difficulty prevail'd upon to leave the chamber; but, however, *Davy* could not be forc'd to leave the houſe, where the remains of his departed fair and her dying father were, by all the arguments that his father could uſe, and in about two hours after they were inform'd by the attendants that Mr. *Birch* had breath'd his laſt, expiring with a calm and ſerenity, that can only be obtain'd at this dreadful period, by the conſciouſneſs of a life well ſpent, of integrity and innocence.

AND now, at length, grief and tears were overpowered by the natural calls of reſt and ſleep, and *Davy* was conſtrain'd to yield to them, leaving *Margaret* and the nurſe in charge of the houſe, and having given neceſſary orders in regard to the remains of the departed.

POOR *Margaret*, moſt ſincerely felt theſe ſtrokes, and, as her late adventure had made great alteration in her temper, ſo ſhe partici-

pated

pated in her young maſter's grief for the loſs of her maſter and miſtreſs, with abundance of affection. As Mr. *Ranger* was reſolved that his ſon ſhould be as little as poſſible in the houſe before the interment, which he ordered with a great deal of decency and generoſity, he forbore looking over the effects, contenting himſelf to take a ſurvey of the houſe, and to lock up, or give charge of ſuch places, as were not uſed, to the two women. They were buried in the ſame ſpot with Mrs. *Birch*, long ſince departed, *Davy* attending as chief mourner, and all the principal citizens following as a teſtimony of their laſt reſpect to ſo excellent a man. And every one joined with poor *Davy* in his grief, who twice fainted at the grave, his mind was ſo overcome with a ſenſe of his great and irretrievable loſs. *Margaret* was now received into Mr. *Ranger*'s family; for that gentleman had reſolved to maintain her for the reſidue of her days, in a ſtate of eaſe, let Mr. *Birch*'s effects ſtand as they would, and *Davy*, who bore all the marks of extreme ſorrow, conſidering how many years ſhe attended his *Sophy*, treated her with the utmoſt affection and was reſolved ever to continue it: And in a convenient

time

time he had a fine monument raiſed over her grave, with the following inſcription.

Stay Paſſenger!
In this ſpot is interred,
All that was
Mortal,
Of the Rev. and Learned
Mr. *George Birch*;
Of
Mrs. *Editha Birch*, his wife,
And of
Miſs *Sophia Birch* his deſerving
And excellent Daughter.
So much virtue!
So much goodneſs!
Such beauty!
Such ſweetneſs!
Never ſure were conſigned to one grave together!
The father, was aged 59,
The mother 38,
The lovely daughter ſixteen years and four months.
Oh! Reader,
Canſt thou imagine what grief,
What anxiety,
Muſt fill the boſom of the unhappy youth
Betrothed to ſo much excellency?
Words are too faint

To depicture his forlorn, his miſerable ſituation.
To their memories, the mourning
David Ranger,
An intended ſon-in-law and huſband,
Has erected this monument;
And, at the age of ſeventeen,
Experiences all the bitterneſs of this frail
And tranſitory life.

Oh! ever dear, and much lov'd maid adieu!
Thy fleeting image fondly I purſue!
Thy image, which no time can e'er eraſe,
Thy charms of mind, thy ſoft endearing face,
That tongue, whence ſounds harmonious us'd to flow;
Sounds that would chear the ſadned brow of woe:
Too good for earth, heaven ſnatch'd thee ſoon away,
To bleſſed manſions of eternal day. D. R.

THE whole town was taken with this teſtimony of affection and the misfortune of *Davy* univerſally bewailed.

THE late Mr. *Birch* had left behind him, in caſh, near 600 pounds and his books and effects, and the monies owing him, amounted to about 250*l.* more, without the demand of a ſingle creditor; ſo that, when funeral expences and all other incidents were

were diſcharged, there remained to *Davy* upwards of 700 pounds, and in his dear *Sophy*'s box he found above twenty guineas, which the deſerving maid had in her hands as his caſh keeper. The firſt thing he did was to pay an half year's wages due to *Margaret*, and then he prevailed on his father to ſettle on her in proper hands, twenty pounds *per annum*, during her life; for which ſhe gratefully returned abundance of thanks, and continued to live in Mr. *Ranger*'s family in peace and plenty. Mr. *Ranger* became ſomewhat calm, in ſome conſiderable time after his irreparable loſſes; but *Davy*, notwithſtanding his youth and natural vivacity, could ſcarce get over his affliction ſo as to endure life; he was every day muſing and ruminating upon his loſs, calling his late happineſs to mind, dwelling perpetually upon the beauty, the ſweetneſs and worth of the object of his affection, and in theſe moods the tears were every minute ſeen to ſtart from his eyes, ſo that his father apprehended the ill conſequences of ſo fixed and ſettled a ſorrow, and feared it might hurt his mind. He intended him for trade, and therefore had no thoughts of ſending him to the univerſity, and as he had finiſhed a ſchool education with great advantages, he reſolved to put him

him apprentice to ſome mercantile friend, as ſoon as his grief was a little overcome; for as to himſelf he was endeavouring to contract his affairs and intended to leave off buſineſs, as he had now only himſelf and his ſon to care for, and was ſufficiently bleſſed with the goods of fortune. He had a brother at *Dublin*, whom he propoſed to *Davy* to pay a viſit to, and alſo adviſed him to go and wait on the knight his grandfather, who was yet living; but very old and infirm, and he underſtood, had been greatly touched with the news of the loſs of his daughter, which had however been too ſudden to admit of an interview or reconciliation, which he underſtood the old knight began very much to deſire. *Davy* was not diſpleaſed with his father's propoſal; he hated the very name of *Cork*, and had long ſilently wiſhed for the happineſs of an opportunity of quitting it, as he looked upon it as the grave of all his happineſs. All things were therefore got ready, and he took a tender farewell of his father, and ſet out, attended by one ſervant, upon the firſt long journey he ever went, bearing letters to his uncle and the reſt of his father's friends at *Dublin*, which he reached in five days, taking up a good deal of time

in

in viewing the country as he rode along, which did ſo much ſervice in taking off his mind from the late melancholy occurrences, that he began to ſmile, and to converſe with more freedom, and bid fair to get rid of the ſharpneſs of his torture. He was received at *Dublin*, with very great affection by his uncle, and uncommon marks of diſtinction by his father's friends, who not only carryed him to the caſtle, and to all publick places, but aſſociated him in many diverſions and entertainments, particularly thoſe of the theatres, which revived a diſpoſition that, from his loſſes and misfortunes, had been very nearly obliterated from his mind. At *Dublin* he continued two months, conſtantly writing to his father, who with pleaſure obſerved, by the ſtile of his letters that his mind was in a ſtate of more eaſe and compoſure. However his griefs followed him ſtill with great violence, and often the ſtarting tear would moiſten his eye, and the heaving ſigh burſt from his boſom.

AND now, taking leave of all his friends, he ſet out for his grandfather's, and in two days arrived, without any accident, at *Maryborough*, and in two days after at *Tulla*, near which his grandfather's ſeat was, about eight miles from the town.

His

His appearance ſoon procured him a good reception in the place, not very greatly reſorted to but by the neighbouring nobility and gentry, and after ſome little refreſhment he ſet out, the very morning of his arrival to wait upon his grandfather, who was now in his ninety-firſt year, and yet alive and well. The old manſion houſe ſtood in the centre of a kind of grove, whoſe age ſeemed to vye with that of the earth itſelf, and a moat of ſome feet wide ſurrounded the whole, over which nothing but a draw-bridge admitted ſuch viſiters as were ſuffer'd to enter the purlieus of this retreat; for his honour was ſo extremely ſuſpicious, and ſo remarkably covetous, that he had ſeldom other company than his old maid, of near his own ſtanding, and two men ſervants, that had rather the look of partriarchs, then of domeſticks to a gentleman. His *Raps*, as the *Iriſh* peaſants are there call'd, were, to a man, his ſlaves; as indeed is too much the caſe in ſome parts of *Ireland*, and trembled even at his voice; and, when *Davy* aſk'd ſeveral of them, as he rode along, how far he had to go, to ſuch an houſe, they would anſwer—Arra, by my ſhoul—and if you had but no more to the devil, you'd ſoon be there—and not much worſe off neither.

How-

However *Davy* was not to be diſcourag'd, though he pictur'd to himſelf, perhaps, as odd a reception as it was poſſible for him to meet with. The family intelligencer, or houſe-bell, was ſuſpended on two poſts, within about five yards of the moat, which he had no ſooner rang, then a hoarſe voice, like that of a centinel in a garriſon, cry'd —Who's there?—what d'ye want? *Davy*, was at firſt determin'd, as he ſaw no body; not to anſwer; but, however, not willing to be a tranſgreſſor, he holla'd out—pray tell me, is Sir *Patrick Dillon* within?—if he is, tell him my name is *Ranger*, a very near relation of his, and I ſhould be very glad to wait upon him.—*Ranger*, replied the voice, I'll go and tell him—perhaps if he knows you, you may ſee him, if he's at leiſure. 'Twas a full half hour, before the envoy return'd, when the draw bridge was let down, and an old fellow in a very tarniſh'd livery, which diſplayed the loſs of its lace many years ſince, ſallied forth over it, and told the young gentleman that Sir *Patrick* expected him in his apartment. Three or four maſtiffs who growl'd like the many headed *Cerberus*, eſcorted the viſitor, and ſeem'd, as he thought famiſhed and fierce enough to have devour'd him and his ſervant, who, with ſome difficulty he alſo got

got admitted with him, tho' the old menial had not before ſeen him, and conſequently could not poſſibly inform his lord of him. *Davy* thought he had got into an enchanted caſtle, he was carry'd through ſo many ſerpentine walks and mazy alleys, ſo over grown with weeds and crowded with wood, that it brought to his mind the bower of *Robinſon Cruſoe*, ſo well deſcrib'd by the elaborate *Daniel Defoe*, which in his infancy he had read of, in that delectable hiſtory. After about ten minutes walk, they came to a range of ſtabling, which had long ago loſt all their contents, of ſtalls, mangers, *&c.* the former of which were ſupply'd by a large baſket and a hog trough, and here they tether'd up their horſes, between whom their conductor generouſly offered to divide a lock of hay; but the beaſts had been too well fed at *Tulla* not to refuſe ſuch uſuage. In about five minutes afterwards, they got ſight of the manſion, which had more timber about it than two firſt rate men of war, and the windows had the appearance rather of loop holes then caſements, and were exceſſively full of the chaſms of time and accident. The portal to this huge antique fabrick was ſmall, a very apt emblem of the generoſity of the poſſeſſor, who though his eſtate was up-

upwards of five hundred pounds a year, had never been known to ſpend the fifth part of it. Diſtreſs had never mov'd his flinty boſom to compaſſion; griping poverty never had the power to open his hard clench'd fiſt to its relief, and, though a widower for many years, with one foot in the grave, he continued incorrigibly deaf to every call of humanity, and every paſſion, but that for which the famous *Craſſus* received ſo juſt and remarkable a puniſhment. His whole time, ſave his ſcanty meal times, was taken up in turning over and diſpoſing in his iron or other cheſts, the pelf, every penny almoſt of which had been purloin'd from, or deny'd to, the repeated cries of nature and conſcience. And who was this wretch, thus mortifying himſelf for? As to relation, but *Davy* and his father, he had none, and it could not be from kindneſs to them, ſince he never would look upon his daughter, and perhaps never thought of her 'till he heard of her death. It muſt then ariſe from a curſed *habit*, which alike foſters many abſurdities in life, of placing his chief felicity in the ſurvey of his full bags. This might ſpring at firſt, from a laudable principle of care and œconomy, and providing, by frugality and parſimory, for the future calls of life; but,

but, at length, contemplating upon the encreaſe of fortune growing into *habit*, the means or inſtrument to happineſs, came to be thought happineſs itſelf, and the god *Plutus* was worſhip'd for his own intrinſick weight and value, without regard to the felicities and reaſonable gratifications and uſes of life, he was intended to ſecure. This becoming a fix'd principle, ſhut out every other; honour, honeſty, humanity, the tender ties of blood, nay which is ſtranger, even the ſupport of that life which ſhould ſeem to be valu'd only for its poſſeſſion of the ſhining ore, are now neglected and no more. And, indeed, the fitteſt puniſhment that could be inflicted on a miſer, would be that of being deſerted by all mankind and immur'd with his caſh, there to ſtarve away the remainder of a miſerable life. But to proceed.

THEY enter'd a kind of wilderneſs place call'd a hall, when they were order'd, once more, to halt 'till their conductor inform'd his lord of their near approach; but he would not venture to leave them alone, and therefore call'd out old *Mopſa* to keep them in her eye, 'till his return, tho' there was nothing to ſteal but a few ruſty firelocks and ſwords, a long table, ſome reverend benches, and a large pair of ſtags antlers,

which adorn'd the upper end of this ſuperb antichamber. Never was *Davy* more ſurpriz'd and diverted than when the conductor return'd, accompany'd with his fellow ſervants, both arm'd with blunderbuſſes; for the old knight had enquired into their appearance, and, underſtanding they were robuſt, ſtout made young fellows, guarded, in that manner, againſt any aſſault that might be made upon his darling treaſure. When they mov'd on, one of the muſquetiers led the van, and the other brought up the rear, and thus proceeding, thro' a range of antique apartments, and up a wide ſtaircaſe; at length they arrived at the door of a little apartment, which, upon ringing a bell, was open'd by a moſt extraordinary figure—a half ſtarv'd creature, tall and lean, bowing under the weight of years, with a face, in which all the diſagreeable and unſociable traits of anger, ſuſpicion, jealouſy, were ſtrongly mark'd. He was clad in a night-gown, which, by its many patches denoted *variety of wretchedneſs*, and his ſtock ngs, ſlippers and tarniſh'd velvet cap, ſeem'd of the ſame age with his gown. He ſtar'd, wildly, at *Davy*, and his man, for ſon e time, and, at length, with a tremulous voice aſk'd him to walk in, which he had no ſooner done, than he abruptly

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ſhut the door, leaving his guards and attendant without. The room was clutter'd up with cheſts, boxes and trunks, and litter'd with papers and parchments, ſome of which lay on a table before him, and the gloom of the cobweb'd windows was ſuch, that a man of leſs courage than *Davy* would have been in as much fear as if he had been before a *Portugueſe* inquiſitor.—What's your name? ſays the old fellow—ſourly. *Ranger*, Sir, he reply'd, and gave him a letter which contain'd only theſe few lines.

Honoured Sir,

THE bearer is my only ſon, and the ſon of your dear departed daughter, who died in my arms, and with her laſt breath remembered you in her prayers. He was glad to take an opportunity to ſee you and pay his duty to you, which I approv'd of his doing, and, as he is now the only heir male of our families, and I am ſure is poſſeſſed of every good quality that can adorn a man, I hope you will be kind enough to receive him in a tender manner, which will oblige highly, honoured Sir,

Your moſt dutiful and affectionate
Son and humble Servant,
RICHARD RANGER.

WHEN he had read it over, which took up ſome time, as every moment his eyes were taken off to ſee that his gueſt purloin'd or laid his hands upon nothing about him, he ſaid, Well, Sir, I am glad to ſee you—I hope you'll behave well—but I have no lodging for you—no bed that has any furniture but thoſe us'd by my family! How long d'ye intend to ſtay? Oh! Sir, *Davy* reply'd, ſmoking the old man's diſpoſition, I ſhall not be inclin'd to ſtay many days—but juſt to look about me—for my father expects me ſoon home, as I am going into a gentleman's compting-houſe at *Cork*—and I long to be at buſineſs, for I think a man would hardly deſerve to live, unleſs he made ſure of every opportunity of turning the penny, and of keeping it too. And as to living—I believe it has not coſt me above ten ſhillings, upon the road from *Dublin* to your houſe. Inns are very extravagant, and therefore I have in general quartered at ſuch houſes, where, tho' I waited on myſelf, I was ſure to come off cheaply in my reckonings. The knight, during this recommendation to his favour, ey'd him from head to foot, with an approving look, and when he had concluded his ſpeech, return'd.—Why my lad—I ſee thou underſtandeſt how to live—I have not, for

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the ſelf-ſame reaſon, been near an inn or tavern for forty years. I'm glad thou haſt ſome of my blood in thee—I verily am; but thy father was an idle extravagant young fellow—did not know his own intereſt—had he pleas'd me and ſettled at *Limerick*, we ſhould, by this time, have had all the eſtates in the county in our hands—there are the writings of twenty of them upon that ſhelf—of eſtates belonging to young ſpendthrift fellows, that don't like you and I, know the value of money.—Come, I ſuppoſe you are dry, I'll ring for a cup of ale, for I never keep wine in the houſe—it would be a temptation to ſervants to rob me of it, and then get drunk and rob me of ſomething more valuable. I never drink wine, returns *Davy*,—ale is my liquor—'tis cheap, and is alſo meat drink and cloth to one—Well ſaid again, boy, returns the knight—I'm of your mind—what think'ſt of a cruſt of bread and cheeſe—for I ſeldom eat any thing elſe for dinner. Why, Sir, ſays *Davy*, again, I am very like you in theſe matters—moſt of the diſorders of the human body are occaſioned by too great repletion, and mankind are corrupted by luxury and exceſs—commend me to thoſe happy times, when the ſupport of nature did not occaſion ſuch a waſte

of time; when the date or the almond was a regale, and the ſalubrious ſtreams of the full udder, or the chryſtal rivulet, afforded health and refreſhment: But now, the care of the belly, takes up ſo much of our lives, that every other more valuable conſideration is neglected. The old man was ready to jump from his chair for joy of what he heard, and, going to the door, ordered all the three attendants down into the buttery, bid them feed the footman, and bring up ſome bread and cheeſe and ale for him and his child, ſo much was he overcome as to uſe that epithet. He even, now, whilſt they were munching their meal, aſk'd him ſeveral queſtions about his late mother, and about his father, who *Davy* deſcrib'd as very rich and frugal, and told him the ſtory of Mr. *Birch*'s having left him a legacy, which adds he, has, by prudent lending out, gain'd a ſcore ſince I had it, and thank God is at work for me ſtill. Aye, aye, ſays Sir *Patrick*, that's the only way—as to my part all my money is out; but a little current caſh; I keep none of it to moulder away at home, no, no, I know better by far. I am glad our tempers are ſo alike. 'Twould, I own, be a great mortification to me to leave a penny to a man that did not know the value of money,

which

which no one can ſo well do as he that has had the trouble of getting it, and the care of preſerving it. Well, young man, ſhaking him by the hand, you may ſtay with me a day or two, we have got ſome fowling pieces and dogs, and you'll find ſport, without going over the moat. I have a large extent of ground, within myſelf, which thou'lt have by and by, if I continue to like thee as well as I do at this firſt interview.—Yes, I'll ſee if my houſekeeper can make up a bed for thee, and as to thy man—who I hope is honeſt, he ſhall lye with my fellows—or with her, ha! ha! if ſhe'll let him, for I believe he can hardly do her much harm; thou ſhalt lye in' thy mother's chamber—poor girl—ſhe almoſt broke my heart; but its now over, and I'm glad ſhe has left ſuch a ſon. By this diſcourſe, it was plain *Davy*'s diſcourſe and the ale, which was very ſtrong, had exhilerated his ſpirits, and he reſolv'd to put on a coat and walk with his grandſon, to ſhew him all parts of his houſe. *Davy*, ever attendant to ingratiate himſelf, as they were going out of the room, perceived a cruſt of bread that was left, which he took up, very ſoberly, and put it into his pocket, ſaying, there's no fooling, Sir, on a march—we may be hungry when we are out

—and I can't bear to ſee any thing waſted. This action and theſe words were rewarded by the kindeſt look imaginable, and abundance of applauſe, and the old knight even hugg'd himſelf in the ſimilarity of their two tempers, and as they went out, he ſtepp'd into the kitchen, and ſoftly order'd his old woman, *Dorothy*, to hang on the pot, with a fowl and a piece of bacon, which made her ſtare at him, the pot hooks ſcarce having ſupported ſuch fare above once in a twelvemonth.

THEY each of them bore a fowling piece, and, in their ramble, *Davy* ſhot a brace of partridges, upon which his ſire call'd him a lucky man, and obſerving to him that his ſtables, barns, and ſo forth, were much out of repair, told him now he had ſeen and lik'd his heir, perhaps he might repair 'em—tho' repairs coſt a great deal of money!—But, now, I ſhall inſiſt upon ſeeing thee every year, and mayhap I may intruſt thee with ſome of my little affairs. By this time they had finiſh'd their round of this wilderneſs, and dinner might be ſuppoſed to be near done enough, therefore the old gentleman obſerv'd that he had order'd a little matter hot to regale them after their fatigue, and by their watches it muſt be almoſt ready for the table. With his hand upon

upon his grandſon's ſhoulder, he trudg'd along homewards, and arriv'd juſt as *Dorothy* was going to ſend in purſuit of them, being puffing and blowing in the door-way, with, lord, Sir, your honour has tarried ſo long, that the fowl muſt be boil'd to pieces almoſt, tho' I took the pot off ſeveral times. Well, well, *Dorothy*, now let's have it, we are ready for it, and I think my walk has got me a ſtomach—Have you laid the cloth in the beſt parlour as I bid you? Yes and't pleaſe your honour, ſhe return'd; upon which he cry'd out, come along, boy, if my judgment is right, you'll eat part of as fine a barn door fowl as ever was twiſted between the teeth. The beſt parlour was indeed the beſt furniſh'd apartment in the whole houſe, and ſhone with a profuſion of old faſhioned *Japan* cabinets and glaſſes, and a load of china that no doubt had been handed down in the family from the days of good queen *Beſs*. In ſhort, they ſat down and fed heartily, and, as the fowl, and the bacon, and the ale were excellent, *Davy*, without ſtraining for a compliment, gave them their due, and they concluded their meal with a glaſs of uſquebaugh, which was with great caution drawn from a ſecret locker, that, as the knight ſaid, had not been look'd into for five or

ſix years before. The ſervants were now call'd in to take their repaſt, whilſt the old gentile undertook to teach his grandſon to play at cheſs at the other end of the room, which he would not remove from 'till the ſervants had din'd, when he turn'd 'em out, bag and baggage, and locking and bolting the door, ſecur'd the contents of the room, and march'd up ſtairs with his gueſt, into his old apartment, about which, when he enter'd, he pry'd very curiouſly, fearful of its having been invaded in his abſence, tho' the devil himſelf could hardly have got in, it was ſo ſecur'd with double locks, bars and bolts, at his leaving it. The knight then told his heir that he had liv'd more luxuriouſly that day, and had eat more than he had done for ſome years, having twice din'd, as he ſaid, which was owing to his good company, and his obſervation that he was very much like him in his diſpoſition. They talk'd over family ſtories, for he grew very narrative, 'till bed-time, when they conſigned themſelves to their repoſe, after the knight had patrol'd thro' the houſe, ſeen every door and window faſten'd, and, goaler like, had the keys brought up and laid on his table before him: And truly, his houſhold always kept garriſon hours, ſeldom being ſuffer'd to ſit

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up after nine o'clock, either in winter or ſummer. *Davy* ſlept very well, and went to reſt pleas'd with the adventures of the preceeding day, and with his having managed matters ſo ſwimmingly with his grandfather, whoſe regard he had thus attracted by innocently humouring his ruling foible, The next day they again went out with their pieces, and kill'd a hare, which, with the birds *Davy* knock'd down the day before, made them a fine regale at dinner, and the remainder ſupp'd them plentifully, and at night the heart of Sir *Patrick* being open, he told him, that 200*l.* a year ſhould be his, at his death, and that, over and above, he would leave him and his father ſome caſh; but that as to the reſt of his fortune, which was of his own acquiring, he had reſolv'd to diſpoſe of it elſewhere, whenever God ſhould take him to himſelf. This ſtartled *Davy*, as needing ſome explanation; but he dared not, he thought, take upon himſelf to move for it, at this firſt viſit, and moſt thankfully took two *Jacobus's*, which the knight gave him as pocket pieces, to keep for his ſake, telling him if he ſhew'd them to him next time he came, he would then double his preſent. Nay, the favour he had gain'd extended ſo far, that he would ſee him ſafe to *Tulla*, where he parted

parted with *Davy* with great affection, and ſent even his kind love by him to his father.

THIS diverting and extraordinary viſit did great ſervice to *Davy*'s mind, as it contributed to keep him from poring upon the loſs of his *Sophy*, which ſtill haunted him with conſiderable violence. He arrived in four days at *Kildare*, from whence he ſtruck acroſs the country towards *Cork*, and came ſafe to *Clonmel*, little more than a day's journey from *Cork*, where he put up at the *King*'s *Head*, the beſt inn in the town, and was eſcorted by the landlord into an handſome apartment, where, by the fire, ſat a tall well looking man, who attracted the regard of Mr. *Ranger* at firſt ſight, by a certain ſuperiority of aſpect to that of the common ſort of people, which, at the ſame time that it ſtrikes us with reſpect, pleaſes us. The landlord, who was an *Engliſhman*, addreſſing himſelf to his new gueſt, ſaid, Sir, I hope you'll excuſe my introducing you into the company of this gentleman; but indeed I could not avoid it, unleſs I had carry'd you into a room that I thought inferior to your appearance, and I hope, captain, directing himſelf to the other, you'll pardon me on the ſame ſcore. The captain, as we ſhall call him, by this time had

reſpectfully got up and bow'd to Mr. *Ranger*, who return'd his ſalute with great politeneſs, and reply'd, I ſhall be greatly deceiv'd in that gentleman's countenance, if you have not made me very happy in promoting this interview, and for my part, return'd the ſtranger, you have already ſo impreſs'd my mind with a regard for you, Sir, that I believe I ſhall look upon this meeting as a very fortunate one, and will ſpare no pains to render myſelf agreeable to you. More complements of the ſame kind paſt, which ſoon admitted of a truce, by their ſitting down oppoſite to each other, and the calling for a bottle of wine, which being come, they drank each other's healths, with great politeneſs, and the diſcourſe fell, as uſual in ſuch caſes, upon the condition of the roads, the fatigues and pleaſures of travelling, and whence they came, and whether they were bound, and other ſuch important matters, which generally fill up the vacancies of time, occaſioned by the want of reflection, and of ſomewhat more to the purpoſe.

THE captain, as before obſerv'd, was tall and well made, and ſeem'd about forty years of age, and had a moſt inſinuating voice, and a ſet of features that were prodigiouſly agreeable. He was attir'd in a

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ſilver lac'd hat, ſomewhat the worſe for wear, which cover'd a ſpencer wig, that bore ſtill more the marks of time in its ſtrait hairs and its piſs-burnt hue. His coat, or rather frock, was blue, and of the hunting faſhion, and, being open, diſcover'd an embroider'd waiſtcoat, which might ſome twenty years before have boaſted of being new. He was booted and ſpurr'd, and ſeem'd to have not long alighted from a long journey. *Davy* and his companion agreed to ſup together, and accordingly order'd a rabbet, ſmothered with onions, for their ſupper, a diſh the former was very fond of, and on which the latter beſtow'd the warmeſt encomiums; and meantime the glaſs circulated merrily round, and ſoon overcame that reſerve which is ſo natural in ſtrange and unexpected company. *Davy* inform'd the captain who he was, and the captain as frankly told him, his name was *Dennis Mackenzie*, that he was a reduced officer of foot, but at preſent follow'd another calling.—Here he ſtopp'd ſhort, nor did the native modeſty of *Davy* permit him to aſk a further explanation, though he long'd to hear what his preſent calling was. However, the bottle, after ſupper, put the matter nearly out of doubt; for amongſt other to-

picks, they fell upon that of dramatick performances, in which Mr. *Ranger* ſoon diſcover'd his new acquaintance to be very well ſkill'd, nor could the captain help ſhewing his pleaſure at the depth of *Davy*'s judgment, in theatrical repreſentation. At length the ſubject roll'd upon the cataſtrophe of our tragedies, which *Davy* objected to, as often leaving the virtuous and great characters in the arms of death, where as he thought virtue ought to be triumphant, and ſurvive the baleful attacks of villainy and cruelty. The captain would have recurr'd to the practiſe of the ancients to juſtify the contrary; and inſtanc'd in ſome of the old tragedians, with whoſe original language he did not ſeem unacquainted. However, in the cloſe of the diſpute, he very judiciouſly obſerv'd, that to judge of the propriety of a cataſtrophe, it would be proper to examine the mediums by which the propoſed deſign is purſued. He further ſaid, that what was intended for the inſtruction of the generality of people, ſhould not be too much refin'd; that perſons ſhould be incited to virtue, by ſhewing them the advantages which reſult from it, even in this life; and which, tho' antecedent to, are not incompatible with thoſe of a future ſtate; that where the buſineſs

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of the drama, was to diſplay, by one uniform ſeries, the worth of the virtuous and innocent, a felicitous period ſhould crown their toils and ſtruggles through the bitterneſs of diſtreſs, and this is recommending thoſe good characters *directly* to the audience, but when theſe qualities are *negatively* recommended, by repreſenting the vicious with every deform'd feature to render them diſtaſteful and horrible, a tragedy cannot conclude too calamitouſly: So that the cataſtrophe ſhould always vary according to the exigence of the ſtory. Thence, the ſubject was continued upon the merit of the two kinds of dramatick repreſentations, tragedy and comedy, and *Davy* obſerv'd, that he thought the former was as much ſuperior to the latter as princes are to plebeians. The captain approv'd what he ſaid, and continued, that a great part of the morals and divinity of the ancients was deliver'd in their tragedies. The brighteſt characters are therein ſet off, in their beſt colours, for imitation, and the deformities of vice are expoſed with all their odious circumſtances, to deter the beholders from the commiſſion of it. Their tragedies ſerv'd as ſo many leſſons, or ſermons, to inſtruct the people in religion and good manners, and it was much to be wiſh'd

that

that our modern plays, were reduced to ſo laudable a ſtandard. The ancient tragedy, as the learned Mr. *Dacier*, has ſomewhere obſerv'd, teaches us to be wary, to moderate our paſſions, and to ſhun all thoſe ways and practices which are before our eyes examplified to have been the ruin of men in former ages. A meer hiſtory may pleaſe in the reading; but that pleaſure is faint and cold; on the contrary, tragedy invigorates and enlivens the action, engages all the ſenſes of the ſpectator, makes him a party concern'd, touches his ſoul to the quick, tunes it to ſuch a pitch that it ſympathizes with every ebb and flow of the actor's paſſion, and has often ſuch an influence on the mind that he feels that paſſion which the actor only counterfeits. *Davy*, reſum'd, that he ſpoke his very ſentiments, and told him he put him in mind of a ſtory of *Alexander* the *Phærean*, a moſt cruel and ſavage tyrant, who, commanded *Euripides*'s *Hecuba* to be acted before him; with the action of which he felt himſelf ſo ſoftened and melted, that he went away before the firſt act was ended, ſaying, it would be too great a ſhame and reflexion, upon him, to be ſeen weeping for the miſeries and calamities of *Hecuba* and *Polyxena*, when he bathed himſelf daily in

in the blood of his ſubjects. A ſure indication that an artful tragedy is able to make an impreſſion upon the hardeſt hearts. The diſcourſe was concluded, by pointing out ſome of the moſt ſtriking imitations of the ancients amongſt the moderns, and upon the captain's ſaying, that *Shakeſpear* gave many inſtances of his having ſtudied them, tho' the contrary had been diſputed, *Davy* was laviſh in his eulogies on his favourite poet, and ſaid he principally admir'd that terror he was able to excite in many of his ſcenes, and particularly inſtanced in his *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, many parts of which he repeated, with ſo juſt an action and accent, that the captain was quite tranſported and in perfect raptures, and they went to bed full of eſteem for each other's parts and abilities. The landlord would be complaiſant enough to ſee *Davy* to his chamber, which was over the gate of the inn, when his curioſity prompted him to learn ſomewhat more of his agreeable and improving companion. And the communicative hoſt, in anſwer to his ſeveral queries, after profeſſing what a worthy man the captain was, how generous, how genteel, and ſo forth, inform'd him, that when firſt he knew him, he was a lieutenant of a regiment quartered

at

at *Newberry* in *England*; but that having had a bad run at the gaming table (which he obſerv'd, might be any poor honeſt gentleman's misfortune) his honour was ſo nice, that he ſold his commiſſion to diſcharge his debts, and came over to his native country, *Ireland*, where he had for ſome years travelled from town to town, with a company of players, of whom he was the head and manager, got a woundy deal of money, and was belov'd by the beſt gentlemen wherever he came. My hoſt added. Oh! Sir, we ſhall have the whole company before I go to bed, from *Gowran*, where they have perform'd for a week, and a ſet of better hands were never ſeen. *Davy* thanked him for his intelligence, which did not at all abate his reſpect for the captain; he pitied his misfortunes; but had too good an opinion of the ſtage to think that a gentleman at all ſtooped from himſelf, in treading it, and even long'd for the morning, and the arrival of the ſtrollers, and reſolv'd not to depart from *Clonmel* for a day or two, on account of the pleaſure he expected to reap from their exhibition, and the further converſe of their maſter. He had not yet got into bed, when a medley of ſounds aſſail'd his ears, made up of oaths, cries of joy, ſalutations, the rumbling

bling of wheels, and confuſion of buſtle and hurry, underneath his apartment. Immediately, ſuſpecting the cauſe, he opened the caſement, and perceiv'd three men and two women alighting from the top of a well fill'd cart, and another as heavily laden, waiting for room to draw in, and by the light of the tapers, that my hoſt and his ſervants held for the accomodation of his gueſts, could diſcover the canvas repreſentation of woods, groves, palaces, halls and bed-chambers, and a confus'd huddle of ſwords, pikes, truncheons, guns, maſks, and other ſuch like implements of mimic ſtate and dignity, or comic fancy. The women were muffled up in cloaks and handkerchiefs, and as to their apparel, beſpoke very little of the high characters they were deſtin'd to fill, and the men were not diſtinguiſhable from the carters, but by their ſpeech, which bore a tincture of their profeſſion, for, my hoſt offering to ſalute one of the tragedy queens, one of them bellow'd out—death and dam—n, what is't I behold! perjur'd *Statira*—ah! thou fickle *B——h*! Upon which *Statira* anſwer'd—*Beware of jealouſy that green-ey'd monſter!* As I live Mr. *Williams*, this hot brain'd puppy thinks we are great together, ever ſince laſt ſummer, when he found us playing

ing the fool in the kitchen!—But d——n him let him rave *I'm not his wedded wife, nor will. Deſtructive, damnable, deceitful woman!* her paramour return'd,

Some fooliſh new adventure needs muſt prove,

And makes us all puppies alike—Ha! ha! ha! however *Statira*, kiſſing her, I only jeſted,——

Oh! woman, lovely woman, nature form'd you,
To temper man, we had been brutes without you!

By this time they got into the houſe, and *Davy* could ſee no more, upon which, not diſpleas'd at the droll he was going to jump into bed, when he heard a terrible voice, as hoarſe as thunder, bellow forth, ſeemingly at the diſtance of the other ſide of the yard, Now all the devils in hell ſeize your noiſy crew!—you dog—*Williams!*—what's the meaning, I muſt be diſturb'd by this raſcally gang of vagabonds, with their damn'd *Macſhan*, or *Mackenzie*, or *Mack* devil, at their head,—d——n me I'll come down and ſet fire to all their trumpery—You ſcoundrel, no gentleman ought to uſe your houſe, whilſt you admit ſuch company! Soon after he heard a great number of voices together, and thought he alſo diſtinguiſhed his friend the captain's amongſt them, and preſently blows

blows very heartily laid on, as it ſeem'd. Upon this he open'd his door, firſt having dreſs'd himſelf, as well as his hurry would permit, and ſoon found his way down to the ſcene of action, which was in the middle of the inn yard, and could plainly diſtinguiſh a number of combatants at it, ding, dong, with fiſts and cudgels, the latter of which were dealt in hearty thwacks very freely about, whilſt my hoſteſs, her maid, and the *Statiras*, were ſcreaming and yelling in deadly fright and terror. *Davy*, would not have concern'd himſelf in the fray, but that he heard the women cry out, Oh! the captain! the poor captain! he'll be murder'd, he'll be murder'd!—and ſoon after perceiv'd a ſtout man in a military dreſs, and two others, laying him on as if they were beating a feather bed, and the hoſt and one of the theatrick heros ſprawling at ſome diſtance, as it ſeem'd quite ſenſeleſs. Upon this firſt occaſion of trying his courage, that ever he had, he ſnatch'd up a dung-fork, that ſtood beſide the door, and, reverſing it, laid about him ſo manfully, being ſeconded by the other tragedian, that in three minutes they laid two of the aſſailants at their feet, and now only the third and principal remain'd to be dealt with, who immediately took to his heels

for

for refuge, and endeavour'd to aſcend the ſtaircaſe; but *Davy* following cloſe, tho' he ſeem'd as puny an antagoniſt as his nameſake of old to the great *Goliah* of *Gath*, lent him ſo fell a ſtroke upon the *Os frontis*, that he meaſur'd his length upon the ſtones, uttering a profound groan, and bleeding plentifully. This atchiev'd, he return'd to look after the captain, who was not ſo much hurt but, being raiſed up, he could ſtand, and conceiving who had deliver'd him, eſſay'd at many grateful acknowledgments. My landlord was now alſo reviv'd, and the hero who, laid proſtrate by him, as alſo the two opponents, tho' all but the little *Davy* bore ſanguinary marks of the late battle on their heads, hands and faces. And now they all adjourn'd into the kitchen to ſettle the preliminares of a peace, which is generally the iſſue of a vigorous and effectual campaign, and the huge aggreſſor in this broil, was fetch'd in, and plac'd in an arm'd chair by the fire, pale and wounded, the purple ſtreams flowing plentifully down his head and face. It happen'd that a ſurgeon that night alſo quarter'd in the inn, and, juſt now coming to ſee what was the matter, as the firſt preliminary to an accommodation, it was reſolv'd *nem. con.* to have

their

their wounds dreſs'd, and *Davy* was oblig-ed to ſuſpend his curioſity to know how the matter commenc'd, till the operation of this ſon of ſurgery was over. He dreſs-ed them all with great ceremony, and gravely pronounc'd, to their great comfort, that no bone was fractur'd in either of his patients; but that they had all receiv'd ſome violent contuſions, and particularly the gentleman in the arm'd chair, who was likely to be oblig'd to keep his bed for ſometime. At this ſentence he roar'd out, damn——n to the hand that wounded him; upon which *Davy* ſaid, Sir, not-withſtanding you ſeem to be of a pro-feſſion that dictates the utmoſt honour and generoſity, I ſaw you violating both, by cruelly aiding two others in beating a gen-tleman already inſenſible by your ill uſage, as I apprehend, and ſuch an inſtance of co-ward brutality incited me to fly to his aſ-ſiſtance; but if you think yourſelf at all wrong'd, I'll wait here till your recovery, and give you ſatisfaction in any manner you ſhall require. And *Davy* was qualify'd to ſay ſo, for perhaps a better ſwordſman, or a young fellow of more real courage and for-titude, never exiſted, the ſcience of defence having been practis'd by him as a diverſion from his childhood, tho' for no other rea-

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ſon than to preſerve his health, improve his ſtrength, and defend himſelf in caſe of neceſſity. So ſteady, ſo heroic a ſpeech, had an effect that could ſcarcely be believed, conſidering to whom it was addreſs'd, to wit, a man of ſix feet high, a ſoldier, a captain, and one who had us'd by his bullying to frighten all the women into fits wherever he was quartered. He trembled with fear, and immediately made anſwer, —D—n me, Sir, you're a mettled fellow—but come, I'll not nip you in the bud—no—no—(almoſt out of breath with apprehenſion) I was too hot in the affair—come *M'Kenſie* give us your hand—we'll have no more about it, but make the beſt of a bad market, and heartily forgive one another all round, and ſo held his hands out, one to *M'Kenſie*, the other to *Davy*. *Davy*, was ſtartled at this meanneſs, and, bidding the maid get him a candle, walk'd out of the kitchen, with theſe words—you may do as you pleaſe, gentlemen, I know nothing of your affairs; but, for my part I'll never ſhake hands with a ſcoundrel. And immediately went into his chamber, and to bed, ruminating upon what he had been witneſs to, and delaying 'till the morning explanation, with his new friend, whether he

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ſhould ſtill afford him the eſteem that had inſinuated itſelf into his breaſt.

IT is poſſible that there may be found ſome overſiz'd men endu'd with courage; but 'tis as abſurd to expect that quality, merely from a man's ſtandard, as to expect wiſdom from a perſon merely becauſe he wears a good coat. I believe it will, upon reflection and experiment be found, that the animal ſpirits are not beſtowed upon the giants of the human race in proportion to their bulk, nor that their hearts are above the moderate ſize; hence proceeds that heavineſs, languor and dullneſs, obſervable in thoſe men above the pitch of five feet ten, and, it is plain to a demonſtration, that the beſt ſoldiers, ſeamen, ſtateſmen, lawyers, divines and philoſophers, with very few exceptions, ſeldom exceeded the ſerviceable and commodious ſtature of five feet eight. I ſhall not trouble my readers with the natural, anatomical or phyſical reaſons, which I could give them in great abundance, to prove what I have advanced—for—*no argument like matter of fact is.* And to this purpoſe is the famous adage, *fronti nulla fides*, which certainly includes in it, a caution not to truſt to ſize, any more than to countenance, and may be rendered. *There is no truſt to be given to*

appear-

appearances. It is remarkable, that whenever the antient poets would draw a rude, brutal, ſtupid character, they generally paint him as huge, unwieldy, and above the common pitch; and of this inſtances might be produced without number, from *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, and many others, and the late king of *Pruſſia* purchaſed tall men as cattle, making a great appearance, neneſſary for ſecuring his little men in an attack, by way of mantlet or ſcreen, and of little uſe beſide; on which account when the preſent active prince aſcended the throne, he diſmiſs'd them to make room for thoſe of a more moderate ſtature and greater agility.

CHAP. IV.

Reaſons for the late diſturbance.—Amicably ended.—Further diſcourſe between the captain and Davy.*—He engages with his new acquaintance; but with certain reſtrictions.—His parts ſettled.—Exhibits for the firſt time in a barn.—Strictures on the ancient theatres.*—Homer's *cart and ballads.*

NO ſooner had the reviving lamp of day, chas'd away the unwholeſome damps of the preceding night, than the

briſk and active *Davy* jump'd from his bed, and began to dreſs himſelf; but before he could iſſue from his chamber, captain *M'Kenſie* was at the door, and, being admitted, caught our hero in his arms, and, after a ſtrenuous embrace, which was but faintly return'd, addreſs'd him in the following manner: I came, my dear Sir, to diſplay to you that warm gratitude, with which my boſom is inſpir'd; for to you I owe my preſervation, the preſervation of my life, from the attacks of fierce brutality, which, ſingly, would never have dared to aſſail me. The perſon you reſcu'd me from, was one captain *Thumoth*, as errant a bully as ever diſgrac'd ſcarlet, a rank coward, and conſequently a cruel foe. This fellow puffed up with the parchment procur'd by the pimping of his father, and the proſtitution of his ſiſter, to a very great man, and with the privilege of wearing a long ſword, which he has neither ſpirit or ability to uſe, has long been the dread of every town in this kingdom, where he has been quartered, and, for the lower ſort of people are very ſubmiſſive to appearances, has found ſo little oppoſition to his tyranny, that, before laſt night he was hardly ever gainſay'd. My people, for now (and I am far from being aſham'd of practiſing a genteel profeſſion

feſſion for an independent livelyhood) I am certain you conjecture my buſineſs, happened, laſt night, in coming into the inn, to make a little noiſe, which could not be avoided, in unloading their carts, and the redoubted hero being ſeated with a doxy, full of his own importance, and willing to diſplay it before his *Roxana*, bully'd them very ſeverely, and at the ſame time made uſe of my name, in a manner that I have, under all my misfortunes, yet never been able to bear. I accordingly went up to him, and demanded ſatisfaction, which, inſtead of receiving in a proper manner, he gave me, by falling upon me with his two ſervants, and uſing me and thoſe who interpoſed, in the manner you was a witneſs to, and which we were not ſupply'd at that inſtant with weapons to withſtand. The ſequel you are well acquainted with, and permit me, Sir, to thank you moſt earneſtly, for your interpoſition, and to applaud that generous courage which actuated you, and which I ſee is inherent in your ſoul, and for which I ſhall ever hold you in the warmeſt place in my heart. This morning, I myſelf, would have ſhewn you that I am not incapable of a virtuous reſentment; but the don, wounded as he was, I ſuppoſe terrify'd by what you propos'd, procur'd a

litter, about four this morning, and has, ſilently decamp'd with his lady, attendants and baggage, which flight, perhaps, was aided by the hoſt; fearful of the further conſequences of the adventure to him and his houſe. I have been ſo long in this relation, to convince you that I am neither a coward nor a poltroon, which by your action at departing, laſt night, I was fearful you apprehended, and I hope you will return to that good opinion with which you honoured me laſt night, and the continuance of which, I ſhall, preſent with you or abſent from you, eſteem as one of the greateſt bleſſings of my life.

So candid an harangue had all the effects the orator deſir'd, and was anſwer'd by an unfeign'd forgiveneſs, and a return of that good liking which our hero had not yet learn'd to counterfeit.—They went down to breakfaſt together, at which the hoſt and hoſteſs waited upon them, and could not help now and then ſtealing a look of approbation at their protector, who had made a conqueſt of all their hearts. After breakfaſt he and *M'Kenſie* took a walk in the circumjacent fields, and began to reſume the topick of the preceding night. The captain was very diffuſe in the defence and encomium of his preſent occupation, and inſinuated

ſituated that he never heard a more juſt pronunciation, a more ſtriking action than that of our hero, the night before, when he rehears'd ſome ſcraps of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Theſe praiſes were extreamly well reliſh'd by *Davy*, for, as before obſerv'd, this was touching him in the tendereſt of his foibles, his judgment in, and abilities for the ſtage; and already he began to have an ambition of making a publick eſſay of his talents that way, and conceiv'd the preſent to be a very favourable opportunity for that purpoſe; however, having with ſuch pleaſure attended to the captain's diſcourſe of the night before, they again fell upon the ſame ſubject, the ſuperiority of the ancients over the moderns in their drama. The captain particularly prais'd their chorus, whereby an occaſion was given to inſtill by the charms of muſick, into the minds of the hearers, thoſe ſentiments of virtue and goodneſs from the ſeveral characters introduc'd in the play. And were theſe re-eſtabliſh'd amongſt the moderns, which has not been attempted without ſucceſs, inſtead of thoſe idle ſongs brought in now, without any coherence with the action to patch up our repreſentations, the intermediate chorus would ſerve both as an eaſe and diverſion, and as a moral to the

fable of each foregoing act. Thus muſick, that moſt delightful and ſoothing art, inſtead of cloying our ears, and offending our good ſenſe, would no longer be abuſed, but improv'd to carry on the main deſign of the tragedy, which is to captivate the ſoul as well as to tickle the ears, and to pleaſe the underſtanding and judgment, as well as the fancy. Then muſick might have the ſame effect upon us, as *Polybius* relates it had upon the *Arcadians*, who were civilized by it, and taught humanity, ſweetneſs and reſpect for religion. The original plays had but one chorus; *Theſpis* the poet added one actor, *Œchylus* added one more, ſo that one of the two might be the principal, the other but an under actor. *Sophocles* finding two not ſufficient to fill the ſcene, brought in three, and *Horace* forbids more than three to be brought in as interlocutors at once: But, if thro' neceſſity this rule be broken thro', the poet ſhould uſe his utmoſt care to avoid confuſion, which will naturally follow from a great number of ſpeakers. 'Twas, indeed, a great art in the ancients to uſe but very few ſpeaking perſons in their plays. *Sophocles*'s *Electra* has but ſix ſpeakers beſides the chorus. Of the 1643 verſes in that play, *Egiſthus* ſpeaks only 36, *Chryſothemis* 59, *Clytem-*

Clytemneſtra 117, the governor 149; all the other 1282 are ſpoken by *Electra*, *Oreſtes* and the chorus. *Electra* bearing the chief part ſpeaks in every act, *Oreſtes*, the next, in the firſt, fourth and laſt; the governor in the firſt, ſecond and fourth, *Clytemneſtra* in the ſecond and laſt; *Chryſothemis* only in the firſt, and *Egiſthus* in the laſt. So beautifully and ſimply the drama was then contriv'd.

Our modern plays have much deviated from the rules of *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*, which may be partly imputed to the conſtitution of the ſtage, partly to the ignorance of ſome ſcriblers; partly alſo to the great difficulty of ſtrictly keeping up to thoſe rules, which ſome of our learned poets, tho' they underſtood them very well, yet ventured to break through. I have always, *Davy* put in, been pleas'd with *Ariſtotle*'s definition of a tragedy, and wiſh his ideas were more adopted by modern play-wrights than they are. He ſays, a tragedy is an imitation of a ſerious entire action, having a well proportioned length, and a well ſeaſon'd ſtyle, which by the means of compaſſion and terror purges in us theſe and all ſuch other paſſions. A tragedy muſt have ſix neceſſary parts, the fable, the manners, the words, the ſentiments, the outward ornaments, and the

muſick. Two of theſe belong to the means whereby, the words and the muſick; one to the manner how the imitation is made, the ornaments; three to the ſubject matter of the imitation, the fable, the manners and the ſentiments. The compoſition of the fable is the moſt material of theſe, wherein the chiefeſt means the poet makes uſe of to draw and move the affections of our ſouls, are the *peripeties* or ſudden turns of fortune, and unexpected diſcoveries. The ſubject is, as it were, the ſoul of the tragedy; next follow the manners, which in poetry are like the colours in painting; and whereby is diſcovered the inclination and deſign of the perſon repreſented by the actor: After that come the ſentiments, or an ability of expreſſing thoſe manners conveniently to the ſubject, which is moſt the buſineſs of rhetorick; and whereby is ſeen what are the thoughts of the perſons. The fourth thing is the ſtyle, which affects only the words. Laſtly, the muſick, the beſt ſeaſoning of poetry; and the ornaments and embelliſhments of the ſtage or actors, which belong more to the workmen and dreſſers, than the poet, tho' he ought to be the director and judge of it. The ſubject of a tragedy, muſt be an entire action, conſiſting of its beginning, middle and ending.

A play to have its juſt extent and length, muſt take up as much time as is, or is likely to be neceſſary to bring all the incidents to their deſign'd end. And the poet ſhould take care to comprehend his whole action, within one period of the ſun; that is, the ſpace of a night and a day. If the action begins in the morning, it muſt end before night, if it begins towards the evening it muſt end before morning; and where the action abſolutely requires it, it may ſomewhat exceed this time, yet as little as 'tis poſſible. The ſubject of a play ſhould be but one brief action, which every part of it ſerves to carry on and compleat. A play is very improperly divided into acts, when in ſhort it ſhould all be but one act, and therefore the ancient *Greeks* knew of no ſuch partition, tho' ſome moderns, in order to reduce their plays to that mold, have given thoſe acts the names of *Dramata*, when the word *Drama* ſignifies the whole play, and therefore how can it ſignify a part. The verb *Dran* is *Dorick*, for what the *Athenians* call *prattein*, to act, and thence it is that the *Dorick* people of *Peloponneſſus* claim to their country the firſt invention of plays. Beſides the *Greek* plays were not divided into ſcenes, which is alſo a modern invention. The whole action was continued in the ſame ſpot; the unity was obſerved throughout

out in action, time and place. Nothing ought to be admitted as an epiſode or part of the chief action of a play, but what is eſſential to it; thoſe are not true parts which may be inſerted or left out, without any ſenſible advantage gained, or loſs ſuſtained by the principal action. Excuſe me, Sir, ſays *Davy*, for being ſo prolix. Dear Sir, the captain return'd, I hear you with admiration; but as I ſee you are tired, I'll endeavour to continue the ſubject a little further; between us we ſhall retail out an abridgment of what *Ariſtotle* ſays in his treatiſe on poetry, on this ſubject. I agree with you that of all plays epiſodicks are the worſt, that is, where the epiſodes and incidents depend not one on the other, neither as likely, nor as neceſſary. For the two paſſions of pity and terror, which a tragedy muſt raiſe, are begotten in us, when things ſpring from others againſt our epectation: And among fortuitous accidents, thoſe are prone to influence us more, which ſeem to carry with them ſome conduct or previous deſign, than thoſe which happen by pure chance. Of the nature of the firſt was an accident which happened at *Argos*, to one *Mitys*, who ſitting under the ſtatue of a man he had killed, was himſelf unexpectedly knock'd down by the accidental fall of the ſtatue. Plays are either *ſimple*

or

or *implex*; the action is *ſimple* which is carry'd on without any change of condition or diſcovery; *implex* which has one or both of theſe: And both the one and the other ought ſo to ariſe from the very conſtitution of the fable, that every foregoing incident may naturally produce the next following. The *Peripety*, is the unexpected change of one ſtate into a contrary one, which change is either likely or neceſſary. The diſcovery is, as the *Greek* word *Anagnoriſis* imports, the change of ignorance into knowledge. The beſt of diſcoveries is that which is immediately joined to the *Peripety*, as in *Sophocles*'s *Œdipus*, who has no ſooner found himſelf the ſon of *Laius* and *Jocaſta*; but from the happieſt he becomes the moſt miſerable of men. Beſides the diſcovery and *Peripety*, there is another part of the play, which relates to the ſubject; and that is the paſſion, or that which repreſents what ſome perſon ſuffers by wounds or death. Well, reſumes *Davy*, we have I think ſifted ſufficiently into the parts which relate to the form and quality of the tragedy. Let us now ſay ſomewhat of thoſe that relate to its quantity, which I think are four, the *prologue*, *epiſode*, *exode* and *chorus*. The firſt contains all that goes before the firſt ſinging of the

the chorus; by which is not meant the firſt appearance of it, but when the chorus having firſt inform'd itſelf of the buſineſs of the actors, and taken poſſeſſion of the ſtage, give their firſt ſong upon it. This prologue anſwers to what is uſually called the firſt act with us: And is not to be confounded with the prologue of the *Latin* comedy, which is no part of the theatrical action, and was at firſt derived from the prologue of the ancient *Greek* comedy, which was often placed in the middle of the piece, under the name of *parabaſis*, and *Plautus*, in his *Soldier*, imitated the *Greeks*, by inſerting his prologue after his firſt act. *Terence* conſtantly begins with it.

THE *Epiſode*, is whatever lies between the ſongs of the chorus; and contains the whole intrigue and plot of the play, 'till the unravelling or cataſtrophe, which in pieces well compoſed comes not till after the fourth and laſt ſong of the chorus, that is, till our fifth act.

THE *Exode*, is all the part of the tragedy, after which the chorus ſings no more, it is the cataſtrophe of the whole and anſwers to our fifth act. When the action is finiſhed the chorus has no occaſion to ſing, and what it ſays then can't be too ſhort.

THE

THE *Chorus*, (except when it ſings in the concluſion of the prologue, or firſt act of the *Epiſodes* or three other acts) plays the part of one actor, which part was perform'd by one of the whole chorus ſpeaking for the reſt, called therefore *Coryphæus*. The buſineſs of the chorus, beſides, was diſtributed into three parts; the *Parodos*, which was the firſt ſong of the whole chorus, after the prologue or firſt act; the *Staſimon* was what is ſung afterwards, when it had fix'd its ſtation upon the ſtage. The *Commoi* were the complaints which the chorus and the actors made ſometimes together alternatively; the word *Commoi* ſignifying the blows, which they gave themſelves when they complain'd of their miſeries. What the chorus ſung with a motion from the right to the left was called the *Strophe*; from the left to the right, the *Antiſtrophe*; ſtanding in one place the *Epode*. A *Syſtem*, was a ſet of ſome ſort of verſes which return again in the ſame number and ſort in the *Antiſyſtem*, as thoſe of the *Strophe* in the *Antiſtrophe*.

THE beſt tragedy, continued the captain, taking up the diſcourſe at this period, is that which has but one cataſtrophe, and ought to conclude, according to the opinion of *Ariſtotle*, rather by the unhappi-

neſs than happineſs of the principal perſon, which ſhould be one who is neither very good nor very bad, or (if ſuch an one can't be found) rather good than bad. Tragedies, have ſometimes a double cataſtrophe, happy to ſome, and miſerable to others. They are ſurely much miſtaken who, by monſtrous decorations, frighten or glut the eyes of the beholders. The manners and characters of a play muſt be well deſign'd and drawn, ſuited to every age, ſex and condition, agreeing with the common opinion, and equally kept up from the beginning of the action to the end. The knot of the plot ought to be untied without the help of a machine, which ſhould not be introduced, but in ſuch accidents as lie without the ſubject of action; as things which either have happened before, or ſhall happen hereafter, and can't be otherwiſe known than by ſome extraordinary ſupernatural help. The plot is unravelled by ſome diſcovery, of which there are many kinds, by marks or letters; but the beſt of all are thoſe made by reaſon and argument.

THUS our two companions walk'd for ſome hours together, mutually admiring each other's abilities, and the ſimilarity of their ſtudies, and at laſt, upon *Davy*'s paſſing

ſing ſome encomiums upon the captain's way of life, he unluckily happened to reply, by ſaying, that one of the greateſt pleaſures he could experience would be to ſee *Davy* tread the ſtage, where, he added, he was ſure he would equal a *Roſcius*, a *Betterton* or a *Booth*. And where the diſgrace, continu'd he, of ſuch a condeſcenſion. You know what *Shakeſpear* ſays,

———*All the world's a ſtage,*
And all the men and women in it players!

The life of every man is action, the man is the actor, the world is the ſtage, the ſeveral accidents; the turns he meets with are ſo many epiſodes; the ſeveral ages of that life, are ſo many acts thro' which the action is carryed on. *Hippocrates* diſtributes them into 7, *Varro* reckons 5; the firſt extends to 15 years, the next to 30, the third to 45, the fourth to 60; the laſt to the end of life. All theſe acts are diſtinguiſh'd by many ſcenes, which are ſhifted as often as a man ſhifts his acquaintance, and enters into new alliances and relations. The ſerious action is all along refreſhed and intermixed with mirth and jollity, as the weariſomneſs of the acts is relieved by the chorus. Every wiſe man then ought to remember he is an actor,

and

and to be concern'd not what part he acts, but how well he performs it.

THE captain was going on to recommend the ſcience of enacting to his young friend; but he wanted no freſh inducements to what he long'd ſo much to be at, and had been only conſidering whether he could keep ſuch an attempt from prejudicing him with his father. As to his time, it was in a manner his own, and if he ſtaid a month longer from *Cork*, ſo he did but write frequently, his abſence would not fail of approbation; and this part he could manage very well. Then as to his grandfather he was out of his obſervation entirely, and therefore the only objections were, his fear of expoſing his name and perſon to any one to whom he might be known; but upon producing theſe difficulties, the captain promis'd, as he was the only one in the town that yet knew his name and character, that it ſhould be kept an impenetrable ſecret; and as to his perſon, the ſtage dreſſes would ſufficiently conceal it, and ſo before they got into dinner *Davy* agreed with the above reſtrictions to ſpout forth heroics for a fortnight, or three weeks, at the ſame time aſſuring the captain, that he would make him a compliment of his pains, and not accept the leaſt fee or reward.

AFTER

AFTER dinner the captain call'd aſide his heroes and heroines, and informing them of the matter, beſpoke of them the utmoſt civility and decorum of behaviour to a young gentleman who thus honoured him and them, with his company, at the ſame time giving him the higheſt encomiums; though indeed not more than he deſerved. They all promis'd obedience to his directions, and, when the captain join'd him again, he produc'd a liſt of ſuch plays as his company were maſters of, and aſſign'd to his new friend the parts of *Oſmyn* in the *Mourning Bride*; *Othello*, *Caſtalio* in the *Orphan*, and others of the ſame caſt; and the next morning it was determined to perform the *Mourning Bride*, for the captain now did nothing without *Davy*'s participation, and for that purpoſe the hoſt was call'd in, and a bargain ſtruck with him for his beſt and largeſt barn, which the captain 'ere now had exhibited in, and the tragedians went to work to prepare it for that purpoſe; being two of them carpenters, by profeſſion, and ſkill'd in ſetting out the ſtage, in which they were aſſiſted by the directions of *Davy*, at whoſe taſte in ſuch affairs they all admir'd.

AND now my gentle readers, who are accuſtom'd to the gaudy theatres of the metro-

metropolis, look not with contempt and diſdain upon this firſt outſet of your darling, under the humble roof of thatch, that kept our barn ſecure from inclement ſkies, and treading the rough unplaned ſtage, ſupported by chairs, ſtools and tables, and drawing applauſe from the *Iernian* peaſant, or the honeſt *Clonmelian* ſhopkeepers, their wives and daughters! For know that in the original of theatric repreſentations, there was more of ſimplicity, and little of art or decoration to the ſtage. The ſtrollers of *Theſpis*, the famous drammatiſt of *Greece*, were carry'd from town to town, and from city to city, in a cart, and perhaps perform'd in their uſual dreſs; for *Horace* tells us, that *Æſchylus* was the firſt that gave a maſk to his actors, dreſs'd them in robes with long trains, and their legs with buſkins; and had a ſmall ſtage built for them. 'Twas he who firſt found out dances for his chorus, and brought a drunken perſon upon the ſtage; being himſelf guilty of that vice. He made uſe of one *Agatharcus* for the decorations of his ſcene, which were much improv'd by *Sophocles*; for tho' the ſcene or place of action was but one throughout; yet the painting of the ſcene might be diverſify'd, according to the ſubjects of the ſeveral epiſodes. Thus ſimply were the fathers of the drama accom-

accommodated in their theatres, and we ſhould look upon them with reverence. The *Romans* were the firſt who added ſuch a glare of ornaments, and made ſuch a rout with ſhifting their ſcenes. Even, in *England*, 'till the reign of the facetious monarch *Charles* the ſecond, women were not introduced upon the ſtage, one of the firſt actreſſes being the famous Mrs. *Ellen Gwynn*, who gave birth to a race of real heroes; nor were they very expenſive in their theatres, if we may believe 'ſquire *Cibber*, who muſt be acknowledg'd to be an unexceptionable authority in theſe affairs. No, ſome of the moſt ſmock-fac'd players, were dreſs'd up as females for the purpoſe of filling up thoſe characters.

COULD it be any diſgrace to *Davy* to make the barn eccho with the diſtraction of *Oſmyn*, and to read a theatric lecture to a country town, when the immortal *Homer*, for the honour of whoſe birth ſo many rival cities contended, dealt his rhapſodies or ballads about, ſtrolling thro' the cities of *Greece* for his bread, travelling in a cart, from which he perhaps delighted his audience and inſtructed them in the myſteries of religion and philoſophy? Whoſe excellent ballads, long after the death of that divine blind poet, were, from broken

and

and ſcattered compoſures, gather'd rank'd under, and reduced into an intire continued poem, by *Ariſtarchus* the critick.

IN theſe our days have not the redoubted *The. Cibber*, the facetious *Joe Miller*, the humourous *Hippiſley* and *Penkithman*, the induſtrious *Mills*, and other celebrated geniuſes, melodiouſly enchanted the *Canaille* in *Smithfield* and *Southwark*, and fill'd many a barn and ſtable with peals of mirth, or drawn tears from *plebeian* eyes.

THE evening came, however, that was to give the firſt fruits of the compleateſt actor that ever mov'd an audience; the evening that was deſtin'd to uſher into fame the *Maſter of all the human paſſions*, and the admiration of the gay and the fair!

THE audience was compos'd of about an hundred of the better ſort of the towns-people, and a few from the neighbouring country, all array'd in their beſt, and the curtain roſe to the ſoft muſic of two tolerable violins that were hir'd in the place. *Almeria* was not without applauſe, and *Zara* out did her former out doings, on this diſtinguiſh'd night. The captain ſhone in *Manuel*; but *Oſmyn*, tho' at firſt a certain natural diffidence and modeſty gave him ſome few ſtruggles and pauſes, ſurpaſs'd every thing the audience had

had ever heard or ſeen before; which they teſtify'd by repeated claps and applauſes, and by abundance of ſobs and tears at his diſtreſs. The grace of his action, the juſtneſs of his accent, the melody of his voice, and that propriety with which he enter'd into his character, together with his youth, and the native amiableneſs of his perſon, captivated the hearts of the female part of his audience, and charm'd the men. In ſhort they were in perfect raptures, nor miſs'd ſeveral characters in the play, which had been left out from ſcantineſs of hands, whilſt the principal one made ſuch ample amends for the deficiency. As to *Davy*, he had never been better pleas'd in his life, his boſom glow'd with the warmeſt tranſports, at the plaudit he was crown'd with, and, before the play was over, he was confirm'd within himſelf, in the further practice of the delightful art. Every one, at their withdrawing, peſter'd the hoſt, and ſent for the captain for the ſame purpoſe, to know the young gentleman's name and country; but they only anſwer'd, that he was a youth of fortune, who had join'd the company for his amuſement, and deſir'd his name might be conceal'd. However, they made *M'Kenſie* promiſe to repeat the play the next evening, which he readily

readily did, for he already perceiv'd the increas'd profit he ſhould reap from his new collegue.

WHEN they were met together, at ſupper, he flung his arms round *Davy*'s neck, and, embracing him, proteſted he could ſcarce attend to his own part, he was ſo full of admiration at his performance, and putting the bag, containing the receipt of the night, into his hands, beſought him to divide it with him; but *Davy* aſſur'd him, that the continuance of his friendſhip was all he deſir'd; that he would continue with him ſome time, as much out of regard to him, as to the liking he took to the art he had commenc'd the practice of, and, in compliance with his requeſt, again perform'd *Oſmyn*, to a crouded audience; but as he was reſolv'd not to continue long in one place, for fear of a diſcovery, the captain came to a reſolution the next day to decamp from *Clonmel*.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Davy *vanquiſhes a pedant.—They ſet out from* Clonmel.—*Perform at* Gowran.—*Arrive at* Caſtledermot.—*Play there.—He returns home.—Meets with an unexpected reception.—Again flies from* Cork.—*Forms a ſudden reſolution.—Death of his grandfather.—Joins* M'Kenſie *again.—Exhibits at* Kinſale.—*A lady faints at the theatre.—Who ſhe proves to be.—She is admitted into the company.—Her character and accompliſhments.—They embark at* Dublin *for* Briſtol.

THEY had got all their baggage loaded, and the carts and performers were already on their way to *Gowran*, when a perſon broke, ſomewhat abruptly, into the room where *Davy* and the captain were ſitting, and, addreſſing the former, ſaid—Sir, of all the ſtupendous miracles, that ever preſented themſelves to my optical faculties, you are the moſt prodigious! I heard you, laſt night, with felicitous emotions of tranſport, and as I find you are going to peregrinate from this town, I could not reſiſt the call of my curioſity, to make enquiry, under whoſe diſcipline you received your ſcholaſtic inſtitutions; for I verily

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opine, from the ſplendidation of your talents, from the meaſured cadence of your vociferation, that you muſt have imbib'd all thoſe coruſcations, that have ſo enlighten'd our underſtandings and captivated our ſenſes, thro' a regular gradation of claſſical knowledge, and that you have learn'd your leſſons at the *Athenian* fountain, and have ſoar'd with the ſiſters nine, above the *Parnaſſean* mount; have ſuck'd in all the ſublimity of *Longinus*, and all the artful rules of *Ariſtotle*'s poeticks. *Davy*, tho' he could ſcarce forbear laughing, to keep up the ſubject and ſtyle, anſwer'd, My dear Sir, ſo impetuous a curioſity I think ought to meet with abundant gratification.—I preſume Sir, you are, by the correctneſs of your phraſe, one of thoſe ſtupendouſly erudite ſeers, that undertake to meliorate the behaviour, and model the minds of youth.—To this the pedagogue, for that was his character, made a low and ſubmiſſive bow.—Know then, learned Sir, continues *Davy*, that, under the feet of the excellent Dr. *Broombead*, of this kingdom—I have convers'd with the firſt heroes of poetry, hiſtory, oratory, philoſophy, and all other literature!—I am acquainted with the native heroic ſimplicity of *Homer*, the huſbandry of *Heſiod*, the paſtoral ſcenes of *Theocritus*, the

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volubility of *Pindar*, the honey of *Anacreon*, and the beauties of *Sappho*; the majeſty of *Virgil*, the neatneſs of *Horace*, the eaſineſs of *Ovid*, the ſoftneſs of *Catullus*, the ſharpneſs of *Perſius* and *Juvenal*, the flights of *Statius*, the hiſtoric gravity of *Lucan*, the wit of *Martial*, and the ſounding numbers of *Claudian*. I have taken a view of the *Athenian* and *Roman* ſtage, have obſerv'd the ſteps by which the action of the theatre, from its firſt rude beginnings grew up to its compleat ſtate and perfection, by the ſwelling and big expreſſions of *Œſchylus*, the lofty ſtile of *Sophocles*, the ſententiouſneſs of *Euripides*, the *Attick* elegance of *Ariſtophanes*; the decorum, the copiouſneſs and lively repreſentations of *Plautus*, the purity and exactneſs of *Terence*, the briſk ſpirit of *Seneca*. My mind has been ſtrongly affected with the great orators of former ages, my ſenſes have been ſtrangely mov'd and influenc'd by the force of *Demoſthenes*, the ſweetneſs of *Iſocrates*, and the flowing eloquence of *Tully*. I have admir'd the rules of the judicious *Quintilian*. In hiſtory I have been ſooth'd and delighted with *Herodotus*'s ſoft *Ionick* language, and *Thucydides*' *Attick* ſtyle has commanded my judgment. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, with his exactneſs, has inſtructed and ſatisfy'd my

moſt curious enquiries, into the original and ancient ceremonies of the *Roman* nation. I have been charm'd with the conciſe emphaticalneſs of *Salluſt*, the copiouſneſs of *Livy*; am concern'd that the firſt wrote no more, and that ſo much of the laſt is either utterly loſt, or buried in ſome place where the publick can't be the better for it. Having a taſte for natural hiſtory, I have feaſted myſelf with the variety of *Pliny*, and, in a melancholy mood, I have reſorted to the pious *Socrates*, the ſevere *Pythagoras*, the divine *Plato*, the nervous *Ariſtotle*, the patient *Epictetus*, the learned *Plutarch*, and the moral *Seneca*. I have ſported with *Lucretius*, and have been pleaſed with his ſkill in verſifying his maſter *Epicurus*'s atoms, tho' he could never prove them. I have obſerv'd aſtronomy and poetry join'd in *Aratus* and *Manilius*, geography and poetry in *Dionyſius* the *African*, and philoſophy and oratory in *Cicero*. This, Sir, is but an imperfect landſkip of what I have imbib'd; but I thought I ow'd the account to a gentleman who queſtion'd me upon this head with ſo much ſolemnity and conſideration. The pedant, whilſt *Ranger* was thus running himſelf out of breath, ſtood *with gaping mouth, that teſtify'd ſurprize*, whilſt the colour alternately painted,

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and forſook his cheeks; for Mr. *M'Erneſs*, that was his name, having heard ſuch great encomiums on our hero, and alſo beheld his excellencies, and beſides being himſelf a pretender to theatric knowledge, with the malignity of a mean and vulgar ſpirit, had brought two or three with him, who enter'd the room ſoon after him to witneſs what ſport he could make of the new tragedian, and how he could poſe and roaſt him; for ſome wretches, nay very many, are ſo malignant as to think all praiſe beſtow'd upon another as detracting ſomewhat from, or leſſening their own merit. *Davy* had perceived this, and to this, the company ow'd, perhaps, one of the beſt miniature pictures of the ancients that ever was drawn off hand, and which ſo aſtoniſh'd and diſappointed the pedagogue, the *Longinus* of *Clonmel*, that he ſtood ſilent for ſome moments, whilſt the captain and his friends, highly reliſhing the ſcene, were ready to fall from their ſeats with laughter, and caſt many reſpectful regards on Mr. *Ranger*, admiring his readineſs, his knowledge and his memory. At length willing to go off with ſome applauſe, to ſave his reputation amongſt his friends, and ſtill, like all ſuch coxcombs, doubting if what *Davy* ſaid had not been conceiv'd before,

and got by rote, which was far from being the caſe, he began very impertinently to interrogate him upon ſeveral grammatical nicities, which *Davy* readily gave anſwers to, and in his turn aſk'd him, if in his reading *Virgil*, he had not obſerv'd ſomewhat very particular in the following line,

Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto.

Or this,

Aſt ego, quæ divûm incedo Regina——

I ASK you theſe queſtions, Sir, he continued, becauſe I think matters of this ſort, are becoming the dignity of erudite gentlemen, a phraſe of your own, are diſcoverable of the beauties of the authors we have been mentioning, and more uſeful to thoſe of the company who underſtand us, than quibbling about grammatical nicities, which every ſchool-boy of any ſtanding is ſuppoſed to be maſter of: The erudite ſchoolmaſter, whoſe obſervations had never ventured further than a heavy conſtruction of an author would admit, was pos'd at the queſtion, and fairly own'd he did not underſtand the meaning of it. Why, Sir, return'd *Davy*, had you had any taſte of the beauties of that fine writer, or any other, you would have been able to give a ready anſwer. The choice of proper words

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is very peculiar to *Virgil*, as alſo the emphaſis of his epithets; which are never brought in to fill up or prop the verſe, but to help and clear the ſignification; they are always neceſſary, never idle. The very ſound and placing of the words, in him, as well as in *Homer*, are often fitted exactly to his intended meaning. In the firſt mentioned of theſe verſes, does not *Virgil* by two eliſions, and the repetition of the copulative, ſenſibly paint and ſound to the very eyes and ears of the reader, the many rubs and ſhocks his *Æneas* met with? In the ſecond, does not the grave ſtalking of three concurring *ſpondees*, lively ſhew us the diſdaining pride, and commanding gait of *Juno?* Let any read his deſcription of a tempeſt, in his firſt *Æneid*, and he'll find not only the ſenſe, but the mere ſound and running of the words, expreſſive of the blowing of the winds, the rolling of the billows, the cracks of the cables, the noiſe of the thunder, and the quick ſparkling of the lightning in a dark diſmal night. So you ſee, Sir, that tho' grammar has appropriated ſenſe to words; yet it is no ſmall improvement to ſpeech, when the ſyllables, or even the letters, the ſmalleſt part of them, are ſubſervient to the ſignification. At this judicious and genteel concluſion,

the *pedagogue*'s eyes ſparkled with fire, and, hauling from his pocket a ſheet of paper, Sir, ſays he, I'll lay you a guinea you don't know from what authors theſe lines are taken, nor can off hand put them into an *Engliſh* dreſs? Done, ſays the captain, I'll take you up. *Davy* took the lines, and read them out, as follows, *Me vero primum ante omnia dulces muſæ, quarum ingenti amore perculſus ſacra fero, accipiant; viaſque cæli ac ſidera, varios ſolis defectus ac lunæ labores monſtrent; unde terris tremor; quâ vi alta maria ruptis obicibus tumeſcant, et ipſa rurſus in ſe reſidant; quid ſoles hyberni ſe oceano tingere tantúm properent, vel quæ mora obſtet tardis noctibus.———Felix, qui rerum cauſas cognoſcere potuit, & pedibus omnes metus, & fatum inexorabile avarique Acherontis ſtrepitum ſubjecit. Et ille fortunatus, qui deos agreſtes novit, & Pana, ſenemque Sylvanum, & ſorores Nymphas.* After he had finiſh'd them, he ſat down with great unconcern and off hand wrote the following tranſlation. *For my part, I own that above all things, I prefer the muſes and their ſweet converſation; I am their prieſt; their love has charmed me; may they take me for their own, and ſhew me the ways of heaven, the ſtars, the various eclipſes of the ſun, and labours of the moon; may they teach me, whence*

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proceed earthquakes, what forces the deep ſeas to ſwell and overthrow their banks, and to fall back again and return to their channels; why in winter the ſun is in ſuch haſte to ſet and dip himſelf in the ocean, why in ſummer the ſlow night is ſo loth to ſucceed the day.—Happy he, who has been able to inform himſelf of the cauſes of things; who has, through philoſophy, ſo fortified his ſoul againſt all fear, as to tread under his feet the natural apprehenſions of inexorable death, and the noiſe of that infernal inſatiable river Acheron. *The countryman, likewiſe is happy in his way, who knows the gods of the country,* Pan, *old* Sylvanus, *and thoſe ſiſters, the nymphs.* When he had finiſh'd, he preſented the tranſlation to Mr. *M'Erneſs* who with great ſhame and confuſion was forc'd to acknowledge it a juſt one, for indeed he knew little about it; and now, Sir, ſays *Davy*, your behaviour, your *petite* criticiſms and your ill-natur'd ſnarling, have given me ſo mean an opinion of you, I'll lay you another guinea, not to affect the firſt wager, that you yourſelf cannot tell whence this *Latin* fragment was taken; for from every circumſtance I am ſure you are incapable of giving it in this manner. All the company agreed to this as a piece of juſtice; but the pedant, or the *would-be*, I'm at a loſs now what to call

him, inſiſted upon the fulfilling of the whole of the firſt bett, by which it plainly appear'd, that he was not the man he would fain paſs for, to the great diverſion of all preſent. Well then, ſays *Davy*, ſince you cannot, for ſo I muſt underſtand it, I will. Theſe lines are from *Virgil* and *Horace*, but dreſs'd in proſe, by altering the order of the words. And now, good, Mr. *Jingle*, I ſhall, if you ſay any more, ſtun you with *Juvenal*'s exclamation,

Semper ego auditor, tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties, rauci Theſeide Codri?

for thou art a very *Codrus*, if not ſomething worſe, and if you don't directly leave the room, into which you intruded yourſelf, for the meaneſt of purpoſes I perceive, that of making yourſelf important at my expence, without the abilities of performing it, I ſhall give you ſuch a correction as you would beſtow upon one of your boys for ignorance and inſolence. —This was ſpoke with ſo determin'd a reſolution, that the poor wretch departed the room like lightning, leaving a very unſavoury ſcent behind him, ſo much his fear had operated upon him; whilſt his friends, pleas'd to the higheſt degree, made themſelves merry with the captain and

Davy at his expence, who before they ſet out were ſo humane as to deſire them to keep the matter ſecret, leſt the ſpreading it might prejudice him in his livelihood, ariſing from flogging the townſmen's children thro' the caſes and declenſions, as far as which they obſerv'd he might perhaps prove a tolerable tutor. His friends would have paid the guinea, he had loſt, for him, as they knew how to get it of him again, and inſiſted upon Mr. *Ranger*'s taking it; but he wav'd the matter, telling them he relinquiſh'd it in their favour, upon condition they brought him to ſpend it in the very room where their doughty diſpute had happened, that my hoſt might participate of the entertainment, who parted with his gueſts after an hundred prayers for their welfare, and wiſhes for their ſpeedy coming again; for indeed nothing was now talk'd of at *Clonmel*, but the merit of the young actor. The captain and *Davy* diverted themſelves, till their arrival at *Gowran*, with the late ſcene, and the former could not help again and again breaking out into immoderate praiſes of Mr. *Ranger*'s learning and good-ſenſe; who modeſtly reply'd, he had had the happineſs of a very able maſter, at which expreſſion, recalling many ſadly tender things to mind, he could ſcarcely forbear

bear tears, and was bleſs'd with a tolerable memory. They found their people ſafely arriv'd at *Gowran*, and, the day after, they enter'd the town, perform'd *Venice Preſerv'd*, to about ſixty perſons, amongſt whom were two ladies of diſtinction, the daughters of a baronet, at ſome diſtance from the town, who ſeem'd prodigiouſly affected at the action of young *Jaffier*, ſo that they could ſcarce be retain'd by their father, who was with them, from breaking out into louder tokens of rapture than would have been counted decent in perſons of their rank and fortune. Innocent as *Davy* was in this affair, or the captain, an order came from the magiſtrates for them to leave the place, obtain'd by the baronet's deſire, who it ſeems had heard ſo much from the young ladies, in praiſe of *Davy*, that he apprehended this the beſt way to ſecure himſelf from the danger of an amour, between his daughters and a player. Our two gentlemen, who knew nothing of theſe motives, were quite ſurpriz'd at ſuch an order, which however they forthwith obey'd, and arriv'd, at noon the next day, at *Caſtledermot*, where the captain propos'd for ſome time to pitch his tent. Here they diverted the publick for almoſt a month, and *Davy* was the idol of all the circumjacent

jacent country, whilſt the captain reap'd extraordinary benefit from him, and the company, confeſſing his evident ſuperiority daily improv'd by imitating his voice and action. At length he grew uneaſy, at not having, for ſome time, heard from his father, who he ſtatedly wrote to, and had, 'till the laſt fortnight, receiv'd regular anſwers from, directed to the places where in his letters he ſaid he ſhould ſojourn. He imagin'd, upon this, that his father was ſick, or having by ſome means or other got an inkling of his adventures and company, he was ſo highly incens'd againſt him as to drop his correſpondence; but then, if the latter had been the caſe, he thought he would before now have recall'd him home, or come after him in perſon. Both theſe thoughts however made him prodigiouſly uneaſy, and therefore he reſolv'd to take leave of his companions, and return to *Cork*, after ſuch a long abſence. He did not find ſo great reluctance, now, in coming to this determination, as time and variety of incidents, and his preſent darling amuſement, as it might yet very well be called, had in ſome meaſure abated the violence of his ſorrow for the loſs of his *Sophia*; for tho' he never thought of her yet without a ſigh, he was too young

young to reſign himſelf intirely over to his affliction. When he communicated his deſign to his friend *M'Kenſie*, that gentleman could not help teſtifying his concern in the moſt lively and affecting manner, crying, Ah! my dear friend, why was I ſo unhappy as ever to know you, if I muſt ſo ſoon be depriv'd of your ſociety? By heavens, your friendſhip is the only ſincere pleaſure I ever felt; and I thought providence had moſt kindly deſtin'd it for me to recompence all the former misfortunes of my life. Why, are you ſo kind, ſo amiable, or why am I to be ſo ſuddenly robb'd of you? I find that I ſhall now be caſt down into the loweſt depth of diſpair! This he utter'd with ſuch tender emotion, that *Davy* was quite melted, for he had contracted a real affection for him, which indeed his merit and behaviour had very much deſerv'd. He ſaid all he could to conſole him, and promis'd that he would ſoon ſee him again, and if poſſible continue with him begging him to minute down the route he intended to take, for the greater facility of joining him. Theſe promiſes in ſome meaſure reſtor'd him to peace, and they parted, ſhedding tears on both ſides. In a day and half he came within ſight of his native city, which once more recall'd

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all the tender ſentiments with which he had been inſpir'd upon that well-known ſpot: The nearer he approach'd it, he could not avoid recollecting many country walks, when, in the days of perfect innocence, he had with his arm round his *Sophy*'s waiſt, talk'd over all that their fond hearts could dictate. Once more the tear ſtarted from his eye, and his boſom heav'd with rending pangs. When he came into town, he ſet up his horſe at an inn in the ſuburbs, where he was not known, and waited 'till evening, when he had ſhifted his travelling dreſs for another, and then ſet forward for his father's. His man he had ſent home when he firſt join'd *M'Kenſie*, pretending to his father that he did ſo to avoid expence, and to indulge his obſervations upon the country with more freedom, which, in the next letter he received, was very well approv'd of. When he arrived at the door, and had knock'd, this very ſervant open'd it, and cry'd out in a perfect extacy, Oh! my maſter!—Oh! Sir, how glad I am to ſee you! *Davy* took him kindly by the hand, and thank'd him for his congratulation, and, paſſing him, ran towards the parlour, and opening the door, ſaw his father ſitting with a lady, and ſpringing forwards, caught him in his arms with an eager embrace.

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The old gentleman did not return it with equal ardor, and indeed ſeem'd diſconcerted with the ſuddenneſs and unexpectedneſs of his appearance. But, at length, told him, his abrupt entry had ſurpriz'd him, and he was amaz'd he ſhould be ſo indiſcreet as not to ſend him word of his arrival. Our hero ſtood aghaſt at this cold reception, the tears ſtarted into his eyes, and he cry'd, Oh! Sir, you did not uſe to greet me ſo —what have I done to offend you? and fell back ſome paces into a chair, overwhelm'd with aſtoniſhment and mortification. The father's confuſion ſtill the more encreaſed at theſe words, whilſt the lady, riſing from her ſeat, ſuddenly left the room, with a look of great embarraſſment. Some minutes after, the father reaching out his hand, ſaid, come near my ſon, my deareſt *Davy!*—Your father is too ingenuous to conceal from you, that he is aſhamed and troubled at your preſence—he was not prepar'd for an event which he did not yet expect!—Oh *Davy*, I have done—what I am afraid to mention to you.—That woman, that but now left the room—is your—mother. If *Davy* was before under the greateſt tremor of ſurprize, judge how theſe words encreas'd it—ſo unthought of an incident —ſo contrary to all his ideas of his father

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—ty'd up his tongue, and rivetted him for ſome moments to the ſpot he ſtood in. 'Twas not the conſideration of his own intereſt that thus moved him, no, he had a ſoul ſuperior to any thing ſo low and ſordid; but he had imagin'd his father ſo wedded to the idea of his departed mother, ſo wean'd by her loſs from the world, and ſo wiſe and prudent, that it was impoſſible, at his years, he ſhould fall into an error, as he thought it, of ſuch a nature. After ſome pauſe, however, he reſum'd himſelf enough to anſwer; but, dear Sir, you know my affection to you too well, to doubt of my joy and acquieſcence in any thing that could contribute to your happineſs. Why then, am I, after an abſence of ſuch a length, to be received with a coolneſs and diſtaſte that cuts me to the heart? Is it a neceſſary condition of a ſecond marriage, that it muſt obliterate all affection for the offspring of the firſt? The firſt, directed by heaven, by the motions of the heart; whereas the other is too often generated by policy or dotage. But, pardon me, Sir, I would not, nor does my duty permit me to ſay any thing that will give you pain. No, let me ſee this happy mother, and endeavour to inſpire her, by my behaviour, with an affection for your ſon; an affection that if

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not in conſideration to me, ſhe cannot help granting from reſpect to you. Mr. *Ranger*, claſp'd his ſon to his breaſt; he was again for ſome minutes the tender and admiring father, he wept, and made the following reply. Oh! *Davy*, you muſt not accuſe me of dotage, 'twas policy, nay 'twas regard to you that dictated this match, which was as ſuddenly concluded as it was thought of:—But it has made me ſince perfectly unhappy!—I am too late convinc'd that this ſacred union can never be entered into with much comfort, in the decline of life, and that ſecond marriages are very rarely happy: No, we have ſo many natural failings, that it requires all the affection that can ſpring from the heart, all the blandiſhments of youth, to enable us mutually to bear them, and that affection is ſeldom reſerv'd for a ſecond object. Your mother-in-law, who was the widow of Sir *William French*, and her friends, I have ſince learn'd (but I ought not to tell you theſe things, nor ſhould, but that I know you have prudence and diſcretion beyond your years) knowing my happy circumſtances, made uſe of ſeveral artifices to draw me into a liking of the match, particularly they inſiſted upon her having no relations, and the great advantage it would be of to you,

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to ſecure 20,000 *l.* in my family, which they perſuaded me ſhe was, and I really believ'd her, poſſeſſed of. As to other inducements I had none; for I had too ſincere a love for your dear and excellent mother, and was too ſincerely ſtruck with her fatal loſs, ever to harbour a thought of further felicity in wedlock. In ſhort, I was the dupe of their artifices, and even made ſettlement of a larger jointure than my circumſtances, or my regard to you ought to have afforded, and behold I have been repaid with a termagant, a domineering wife, who ſcarce allows me a moment's reſt, and barely 1200 pounds, which after all was the whole of her poſſeſſions. At firſt I reſented this uſage ſo highly that I was reſolv'd to go any lengths rather than ſubmit to live with this traitreſs; but my age, and the impoſſibility of getting rid of her, has induc'd me to ſacrifice my reſentment to my preſent eaſe and conveniency. By this reſolution I continue to live in tolerable harmony, ſtill hoping that I ſhall ſurvive to ſee your fortune clear'd from ſuch a dead weight, as I have encumbered it with. Only one thing can make me more uneaſy, that is, if you ſhould ſo far reſent this match as to behave rudely to your mother-in-law, or on the contrary ſhould ſo lay it to heart as

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to injure your health, or diſturb the repoſe of your mind. You, have, if I do not, a certainty almoſt, with the will of providence, of out living this ſettlement, this curs'd ſettlement; and beſides your money reſulting from the bequeſt of our poor friend *Birch*, is untouch'd, and you, by what you have inform'd me in your letters, of your reception at your grandfather's, may expect to be heir, at leaſt to his paternal eſtate. I would have you think of betaking yourſelf to the compting-houſe of ſome friend, for three or four years, I don't mean as an apprentice, you are now rather too old for that, but to be inſtructed in a genteeler way, in the arts and myſteries of traffick. I love you, *Davy*, better than all the world, better than I do myſelf; but am ſorry to ſay that your preſence in this houſe will be a ſilent reproach to my follies, that will touch me too nearly, and I know enough of my bargain, to be aſſured it would be very diſagreeable to her. It cuts me to the heart to greet your arrival, which glads me extremely, in ſuch a manner; but now be merry, act and talk only as a viſitor, and all will be well. *Davy*'s boſom was torn during this ſpeech, by nameleſs workings of his heart; affection, duty, pity, pride, reſentment, made

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a perfect confus'd chaotic jumble in his mind; but the three firſt ſoon conquer'd all the reſt, and, at the concluſion, he was convinc'd by the neceſſity of the caſe, and drawn by his love to his father, to conform entirely to his will, and made him the following anſwer, which he ſeem'd to expect with great impatience, and for fear of interruption from his *Xantippe*, had riſen and made faſt the door.

Oh! Sir, it does not become me to cenſure any part of your behaviour, nor will I, nor, at the ſame time, do you expect, I am ſure, any encomiums upon it; you are too juſt to demand any tribute of that ſort from a ſon you have inſpir'd with ſentiments of ſincerity. But, dear Sir, the firſt principle of my ſoul being the deſire of your eaſe and happineſs, for the remainder of your days, I am the moſt unlikely perſon in the world to diſturb your repoſe. No, I never will, eſpecially as you have, and I ſincerely believe it, made yourſelf a miſtaken ſacrifice for me. I will wiſh my mother joy, with abundance of ſatisfaction, and will ever behave to her with the reſpect due to one you have honour'd with the title of your wife. As to my fortune, it was always the leaſt of my conſideration, and if I was ſure of the eſtates

of

of yourſelf and my grandfather, I would ſtill, if poſſible, never ſpend one moment without recurring to ſome employment that might be of uſe to myſelf and others. All I deſire, honour'd Sir, before I ſettle to buſineſs, is that I may have time to chaſe from my mind, the chargrin of this laſt occurrence, which, when I think of my dear mother, almoſt draws tears from my eyes; for which purpoſe, with your leave, I will tomorrow ſet out for my uncle's at *Dublin*, and take a round to my grandfather's, this being at about the diſtance of time he deſir'd me to obſerve before I ſaw him again. By this I may haply reſtore to itſelf a mind harrow'd by repeated misfortunes, and be able to ſee and live with my honour'd and dear father, in all that ſerenity and calm that is ſo deſirable, and to watch over his declining age. Meantime, let me here proteſt, once more, that neither in thought, word or deed, will I ever give you the leaſt juſt cauſe of uneaſineſs, and will ever preſerve that dutiful and affectionate veneration towards you, which you have ſo greatly deſerv'd at my hands. Oh! Sir, dear Sir, perceiving him to weep, conſider that we are all frail and uncertain creatures, and that as the ſpot we dwell on is a mortal and periſhing one, ſo we are never

never able to inſure our own conduct for one moment, but, with all the knowledge and good ſenſe we can acquire, are vain, unſtable and fickle things, comparatively nothing in the ſight of that Being,

Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall;
Atoms, and ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And here a bubble burſt, and there a world.

Here he ceas'd, and the father was too full of what had paſs'd, to anſwer him otherwiſe, than by a ſtrenuous embrace, which was return'd with equal warmth, and when they had compos'd themſelves ſufficiently, Mr. *Ranger*, rang the bell, and, a ſervant attending, order'd him to let his miſtreſs know he waited for her company. She ſoon enter'd, when *Davy* approaching her, with his uſual polite manner, hop'd ſhe would excuſe his not paying his duty to her before; but that his not having been acquainted of the near relation ſhe ſtood in to him, he hop'd would plead in his favour for pardon; but now, continu'd he, reſpectfully ſaluting her, permit me, madam, to congratulate you on becoming my mother, and to profeſs to you, that I will never be wanting in the duty that ſhould be paid you, by a ſon that moſt fervently loves

loves his father. Tho' this lady had liv'd at *Cork*, or near it, the greateſt part of her life, ſhe had never ſeen young *Ranger* before, and her ſoul being of the inferior ſtamp, it had never enter'd her head, that there could be a youth of ſuch an agreeable behaviour: She rather thought, that having as it were clandeſtinely enter'd the family, that upon his appearance, the late ſcene of uneaſineſs would be reviv'd with greater violence, and that the father, being reinforced by ſuch an auxiliary, would have been too powerful for her, and had therefore prepar'd her fell artillery of frowns, ſullenneſs and fury to oppoſe them, of which ſhe had no inconſiderable ſtore, tho' her perſon itſelf was comely and graceful, and even commanded reſpect: But, after ſuch an addreſs, ſhe could hold out no longer, and frankly anſwer'd, ſuch a charm good nature will inſpire, Sir, you give me great pleaſure in your company, and I'll ſtudy to behave ſo as to merit that affection and eſteem you are ſo kind to promiſe me. They then ſat down to a *tête a tête* converſation, in which all parties were pleas'd, and they concluded the day in a manner that gave Mr. *Ranger* the utmoſt ſatisfaction, and ſhe herſelf took care to have his apartment made ready for him, with hearty

hearty wiſhes that his ſtay might prove longer than he intimated it would.

RETIRED to his chamber, that chamber that could not fail of recalling to his mind the dear departed mother, who had often, with earneſt attendance, fondly came to his bedſide, and which ſtill wore the marks of her care and kindneſs in the elegance and neatneſs of the furniture, moſtly of her own and her daughter's fabrication; where he had frequently ſpent the happy moments with his *Sophy*, and his amiable *Lydia*, the tears ſtarted into his eyes and a perfect enthuſiaſm of grief ſucceeded: He flung himſelf on his well known bed, and a croud of mortifying thoughts intruded themſelves into his mind, which ſcarce admitted him any repoſe for the whole night. He revolv'd over his preſent ſituation, and came to a reſolution to leave *Cork* as ſpeedily as poſſible, and, after ſeeing his grandfather, to endeavour once more to find comfort in the converſe of his favourite *M'Kenſie*, for ſometime to wander with him, with a reſerve, however, of ſhortly returning to *Cork*, and entering into the profeſſion his father had recommended to him. The next day his new mother was as good as her word, and every thing was provided with chearfulneſs and elegance to

entertain her gueſt, and poor *Margaret*, who was ſtill there, and all the ſervants paid their reſpects to their young maſter, and were receiv'd by him with his uſual good nature and complacency. Nay, ſhe inſiſted he ſhould finiſh the week with them, in which time he made ſo abſolute a conqueſt of her, by his winning behaviour, that ſhe even regretted his departure, after he had viſited all his friends in the city who were overjoy'd to ſee him. His father and mother accompany'd him ten miles from *Cork*, and the former gave him a draught for 100 pounds on his uncle, and they parted, as they uſed to do, in thoſe happy and felicitous days, that were now worn away, promiſing conſtantly to correſpond with each other. In five days he travers'd the country, and arrived once more at *Tulla*, reſolving to viſit his grandfather firſt; but judge his ſurprize when he put up at the inn, to hear that the old knight had two days only, before, departed this life. He went to the houſe, where he found the executors, one of whom was Mr. *Blaney*, an attorney, and the other the Rev. Mr. *Vavaſſour*, the incumbent of the pariſh, who were taking an inventory of the effects; and when he had inform'd them who he was, they readily read over the will to him,

by

by which it appear'd that he had left the bulk of his fortune to ſeveral charities at *Dublin*, and elſewhere. Strange reverſe! He who had liv'd without feeling or humanity, became pious in his laſt moments, and beſtow'd that upon others that he had all his life refus'd comfort from himſelf. So wayward is avarice—ſo full of abſurdity! To his three old ſervants, he had left handſome annuities, and this unexpectedly; for many of theſe muck-worms, after draining the very blood from their dependents, die and leave them unprovided for. To his executors 200*l.* each, and ſeveral other legacies. But amongſt the reſt were the following bequeſts.

ITEM, I give and bequeath to my ſon-in-law, *Richard Ranger*, merchant in *Cork*, 1000 *l.* as a mark of my regard for the affection he always ſhew'd to my late dear daughter, *Penelope*, his wife, to be paid one year after my deceaſe.

ITEM, I give and bequeath to the aforeſaid *James Blaney*, gent. and *William Vavaſour*, clerk, in truſt for my loving grandſon, *David Ranger*, the ſon of *Richard Ranger* of *Cork*, aforeſaid, all thoſe my lands, tenements and hereditaments, lying, ſituate, and being in the pariſh of *Tulla*, in the county of *Limerick*, with the manſion houſe called

the *Moat-Houſe*, and all the furniture thereof, as well fix'd as moveable, and all my ſtock in the grounds and gardens, thereunto appertaining, in as full manner as the ſame can be deviſed; the ſaid lands, *&c.* being of the full yearly amount of 200*l.* *&c. &c. &c.* And I do will, that he be put in poſſeſſion thereof, when he ſhall have arrived at the full age of twenty two years, and that during the intermediate time, 'till he hath attained the ſaid age of twenty two years, the rents and profits of the ſaid eſtates, after defraying ſuch neceſſary repairs as ſhall or may ariſe, be received by my ſaid executors, and veſted in ſuch of the funds, every year, as they ſhall think the moſt advantagious for my ſaid grandſon's intereſt. And I hope that my ſaid grandſon, will take order that my two houſe-dogs, who have been faithful and watchful ſervants, and my old mare, may be taken care of, and not ſuffer'd to be deſtroy'd, *&c. &c. &c.*

ITEM, I give and bequeath to my ſaid grandſon, *David Ranger*, 100*l.* to be paid immediately upon or after my deceaſe, having a firm opinion that he will make a proper uſe of this, and all my other bequeſts, which I ſay from my late experience

ence of his parſimony, ſobriety and frugality.

THUS *Davy* found himſelf ſecure of no inconſiderable fortune; but was obliged to ſtay here 'till his father arriv'd, who had juſt had an expreſs ſent to him for that purpoſe, in order to prove the identity of his perſon, being entirely a ſtranger to the executors. In leſs than a week, that gentleman was with them, highly pleas'd at what the old man had done for them; tho' ſurpriz'd at his having left ſo much to charity, as well he might; and ſoon after the knight was inhum'd, with ſo much pomp, that had he been alive and contemplated the expence of the funeral, he would have tore the fleſh off his bones for madneſs, and Mr. *Blaney* obſerv'd, that when he made the will for him, he even wept every time he repeated the words, give or bequeath, two words of which his life had given him very little idea; ſo juſt is what the inimitable *Pope* has ſo well painted in the deceaſe of one of his brother muckworms.

I give, and I bequeath—old Euclio *ſaid*;—
And ſigh'd—my lands and tenements—to Ned.
Your money, Sir?—My money, Sir,—what all?
Then wept,—why if I muſt,—I give it Paul.

The manor, Sir?—The manor, Sir, he cry'd,
Not that,—I cannot part with that—and dy'd.

ALL the neighbourhood, upon hearing of their arrival, came to complement Mr. *Ranger*, and his ſon, and congratulate them,—for in ſhort it was nothing elſe, upon the deceaſe of their father and grandfather, and at length, having ſettled all matters amicably with the executors, they departed homewards; *Davy* and his father keeping company as far as *Kilcaſh*, where they parted, one towards *Cork*, and the other immediately took the route of *Dublin*; tho' his father would fain have perſuaded him to have return'd to *Cork* directly, as ſince his appearance his mother-in-law had behav'd entirely to his ſatisfaction, and long'd to ſee him again. He quartered that night at *Liſmore*; for there he imagined, by the billet Mr. *M'Kenſie* had given him, that he ſhould meet with that worthy friend, and ſoon learn'd, that he had two days before departed thence for *Kinſale*. *Davy* would admit of no company that night, his head was ſo full of the late events, that he reſolv'd to give himſelf ſome time for reflection, and therefore, after having eaten a light ſupper, he retir'd to his chamber and went to bed, with all the

the tranſactions of his life before him. Here, the firſt thing that occurred, was the loſs of his *Sophy*, which he afreſh regretted, as he ſhould have been able to diſplay ſtill more warmly his love and affection for her, nor could he help a melancholy ſigh eſcaping him, at the remembrance of his mother and ſiſter. Then again he lamented the late error or frailty of his father, which had virtually depriv'd him of a friend and companion that was dear to him. Again he caſt about, as to the future conduct of his life. 'Twould be a conſiderable time before he was of age to reap the advantage of his new eſtate, and he knew the value of money too well to live entirely upon the ſpend, even tho' he was alſo certain of every penny of his father's fortune, which he could not, as it was not impoſſible he might have other children by the ſecond venture, or his mother-in-law might even out live him. His affection to *M'Kenſie*, and his ambition of playing egg'd him on to join him; but he was too wiſe to think a ſtrolling life one of the moſt reputable ones, and beſides, as he receiv'd none of the profits it was in effect, in his opinion, throwing away time to very little purpoſe; then, in the cloſe, he reſolv'd, with great wiſdom, to ſtay ſome

weeks with *M'Kenſie*, then to viſit his uncle at *Dublin*, and freely take his advice, whether he ſhould offer himſelf to one of the theatres there, and commence the life of a player, or return to his father and follow the more crabbed leſſons of merchandize. This ſettled, he drop'd into a ſound ſleep, from which he did not riſe till the ſun was ſome hours viſible above the horizon, ſo very eaſy a man becomes, when he has made a concluſion in the matters that puzzle his choice, or when he has perſuaded himſelf that he is in the road to happineſs. But the wiſe *Davy* had been reckoning all this while without his hoſt, and it was to be prov'd that his heart was not yet inacceſſible to the aſſaults of beauty, tho' he had been ſo negligent of the fair ſex, ſince the death of his amiable *Sophia*; and this was to direct his future actions, not the preſent determinations of his mind.

HE breakfaſted, and mounting his horſe, was about noon, after a gentle riding, at the entrance of *Kinſale*, and ſoon perceiv'd ſome of his friend's bills ſtuck up here and there, by which he was directed to the inn where he reſided, the beſt in the town, which at this time was full of company as two men of war lay in the harbour, and three homeward bound *Eaſt-Indiamen* who had

had been driven in by ſtreſs of weather. When he alighted, he deſir'd the hoſt to tell Mr. *M'Kenſie* that he ſhould be glad to ſee him, and that gentleman, gueſſing who it was, flew to his embraces, and was overcome with tranſport at the ſight of his genius, his better angel, as he eagerly call'd him. When theſe firſt emotions of friendſhip were over, they ſat down, and began mutually to rehearſe the adventures they had met with, ſince their ſeparation; and firſt, the captain inform'd him, that the fame of his performance had ſpread into all the towns he call'd at, and that miſſing his expected appearance, he had much ado to ſatisfy the people; but had had, however, pretty good ſucceſs hitherto. *Davy* then inform'd him of his finding at home a mother-in-law, of the death of his grandfather, and every other particular that had occurr'd to him. The captain ſincerely congratulated him on his good fortune, and condol'd with him on his miſhap; and when *Davy* told him he would ſtay with him ſometime, and reſume his profeſſion, he was perfectly tranſported, and, ſaid, then I ſhall be able to vye with *Dublin* itſelf in my performance. Their fellow labourers, and the ladies, being introduced, paid their reſpects to Mr.

Ranger, in a very ſubmiſſive manner; for as he had never entered into any familiarities with them, they of courſe preſerv'd a due decorum and diſtance. The very next night he perform'd the part of *Portius*, in *Cato*, to a brilliant aſſembly, and kept up that mild and gentle character with ſuch dignity and grace, that the audience were perfectly delighted, and, as in *Clonmel*, the whole diſcourſe of the enſuing day, was relative to the new actor, and made up of inquiries of who, and what he was, and whence he came; which, when *M'Kenſie* had theſe queſtions put to him, he wav'd in the ſame genteel manner he had done before. In ſhort, they had ſuch crowded audiences every night, and the neighbouring nobility and gentry flock'd in upon them in ſuch numbers, drawn by the report of *Davy*'s excellencies, and even from *Dublin*, that he at length conſented to take a compenſation for his labour, which was ſettled at four pounds *per* week, and they hir'd a large and handſome room for their exhibitions, which, by dint of *Davy*'s genius, was decorated like a real theatre, and afforded commodious ſeats for perſons of all ranks. During this time, the company were getting up the tragedy of *Hamlet*, in which Mr.

Mr. *Ranger* was to perſonate that prince, in preparing for which he made ſuch judicious obſervations upon the ſeveral parts, to the captain, that he lifted up his hands in admiration of thoſe perfections, of which he obſerv'd no end in his aſſociate, and entirely came into his ſentiments. In ſhort, the two gentlemen were themſelves the ſupport of the company, for the others, both men and women, were merely ſpouters, and had not good ſenſe or diſcernment ſufficient to enter into the characters they aſſum'd: They ſerv'd indeed for ſome good ends, they ſupply'd the abſolutely neceſſary parts, and were a ſort of foils to ſet off more clearly the beautiful action and manner of their principals. The whole town, and all the vicinity, waited in earneſt expectation of having the new theatre opened with this celebrated play, and, when the time was arriv'd, the captain had ſuch a number of applications for places, that he was oblig'd to publiſh notice, that thoſe who were diſappointed the firſt night, ſhould have an opportunity to ſee it on the two next ſucceeding, which he promis'd it ſhould be continu'd for. This was a very neceſſary and proper meaſure, and afforded a moſt brilliant appearance the firſt night, of the better ſort,

amongſt

amongſt whom were alſo the officers of the men of war and *Indiamen*, array'd in their beſt; ſo that the receipt of the houſe amounted to near ſeventy pounds, and a handſome band of muſic had been provided for the occaſion. The captain met with deſerved applauſe; but no words can deſcribe the pleas'd ſurprize, the joy and rapture, that ſat upon every countenance, when *Hamlet* made his appearance, in all the majeſtic blooming graces of that character. Aſtoniſhment, for ſome moments, kept the whole audience upon a pauſe, every one conſulting the eyes of his neighbour, to ſee if he felt in the ſame manner with himſelf. At length a roar of applauſe broke out, like the exploſion of a blaſt of wind that had been pent up in ſome ſubterraneous cavern, which continued to echo out every ſpeech to the end of the play. Charming, lovely creature! Delightful ſoul! was heard from the ladies, every minute, and exclamations of the like import from the men: So that our hero, was cover'd with bluſhes, which heightened the ſoftneſs of his features, and had no bad effect in his favour. Thus every one ſat 'till near the concluſion, when *Hamlet* is kill'd, at which cataſtrophe, a ſhrill ſchriek was heard from one of the middle ſeats, which proceeded

ceeded from a young lady, very gaily dreſs'd, and who really fainted in the arms of her friends, and was carried out into the air, it being ſuppos'd that the heat of the room, which was indeed very great, might have overcome her. When the performance was over, many of the gentlemen and ladies requeſted to ſee the performer, in ſo earneſt a manner, that they were not to be deny'd, and, accordingly, near twenty of them adjourn'd to an inner apartment, where, when *Davy* had dreſs'd himſelf, he attended them, and enter'd the room in ſo graceful a manner, as finiſh'd the conqueſt he had gain'd of all their hearts. In ſhort, he was careſs'd, on all hands, like a little divinity, and before they left him, had a fine ſnuff-box of gold, and twenty guineas faſten'd upon him, as a preſent, and they alſo made the captain a preſent of ten pieces, upon his promiſe to let *Hamlet* rule the roaſt for the whole week, which he gave them, after very reſpectfully aſking Mr. *Ranger*, before them, if it would be agreeable to him. Before Mr. *Ranger* could retire to his needful repoſe, a foot-boy brought him the following billet, which the minute he had deliver'd into his hands, he diſappeared. He found it to contain the following lines,

Dear

Dear Sir,

WHO are, ſuch a maſter of the paſſions, and can ſo move the ſoul, to ſoftneſs and pity, permit a female to try if you can be mov'd and melted yourſelf, at her diſtreſs; if you are in your private character, really poſſeſs'd of thoſe tender qualities you have inſpir'd into every body elſe. I muſt do myſelf the honour to wait upon you in an hour after you receive this notice, and truſt to your diſcretion to let it be in ſuch a commodious place, as may not ſhock the delicacy of a woman, who flatters herſelf ſhe cannot be deſpis'd, either for her perſon or character, and who is more yours than her modeſty will permit her to ſay. I ſhall come unattended; and am Sir,

Your moſt affectionate Friend,

MARY M'CARTHY.

IT is no wonder if a letter of ſuch ſoftneſs, and that ſeem'd dictated by ſo much good ſenſe, fir'd the young breaſt of Mr. *Ranger*, and, as his friend was preſent when it was deliver'd, he made him his confident, and he agreed to receive the lady, and hand her to the apartment they were then in, and to ſee that they met with no

interruption. Not without a little innocent rallying upon the conqueſt he had made.

The hour was not yet expir'd, when the captain, who had been upon the watch, handed the fair incognita into the room, who had ſo contriv'd to conceal her face, with muffling herſelf in her hood and cloak, that ſhe came in a perfect ſecret to him, and when he had ſeated her, he very reſpectfully withdrew. Mr. *Ranger* approach'd her with an action of the utmoſt regard, whilſt ſhe pull'd off her hood and cloak, and diſcover'd a face that appear'd the reſidence of every grace. An air of melting languiſhment was ſpread over each feature, and the fineſt carnation, heightened by mantling bluſhes, adorn'd a lovely pair of cheeks, and two ſloe black eyes, that ſeem'd form'd for inſpiring the moſt ardent love; nor were their penetrating artillery directed in vain; for our hero was ſo ſtruck with her charms, that he ſtood immoveable, and loſt in a trance of delight, whilſt her lilly'd hands and taper fingers were employ'd in adjuſting her dreſs, and her diſorder'd ebon locks. Her perſon was of the middle ſize, and her ſhape, as *Prior* expreſſes it, *fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs.* But when ſhe opened her ruby

ruby lips and eſſay'd to ſpeak,—Oh heavens! what harmonious ſounds delighted the raviſh'd ears of *Ranger!* 'Twas the voice of ſweeteſt melody, 'twas ſuperior to the modulated touches of the beſt inſtrument! I don't know, Sir, ſays ſhe, but you will condemn me for a behaviour ſo contrary to the rigid maxims that govern my ſex; but when you know you yourſelf are the cauſe of my deviating from theſe rules, you will I am ſure in gratitude excuſe me, and if you refuſe to meet my ardour of paſſion, in pity you will compaſſionate my diſtreſs!—Here ſhe ſtopp'd, and the raptur'd *Davy* was, for ſome moments, ſo loſt in the flattering delight they occaſion'd, ſo taken up with the contemplation of her reviving beauties, that he could return no anſwer; but by his look and his action plainly evidenc'd the ſenſe he had of ſuch unmerited condeſcenſion. At length he return'd—My dear creature, I ſhould indeed accuſe myſelf of the baſeſt ingratitude, and moſt ſtupid inſenſibility, not to feel how much you honour me by this viſit! Ah! madam, I already experience that I am your ſlave, and that to loſe the pleaſure of ſeeing you would overwhelm me with deſpair. At this concluſion, he took one of her fair hands, and imprinted

it

it with burning kiſſes, and his ſpirits being all alarm'd, caught her in his arms, preſs'd her to his boſom, and kiſs'd thoſe lips that were ſweeter than all the ſpicy gales of *Arabia*, which ſhe, *nothing loth*, permitted him to do, without any ſeeming reſentment, her boſom heaving, and ſoft broken ſighs, declaring the happineſs ſhe experienced. You have indeed, Sir, ſhe return'd, made me extremely happy, in your reception of me—I ſaw you laſt night with admiration—was ſo overcome with your perfections, that I loſt myſelf in the contemplation of them, and my diſorder was too viſible to be concealed. But is there any wonder, when I have been perpetually uneaſy in your abſence, ever ſince I firſt beheld you, and 'till that happy time, never could learn your name, or whether you had retir'd, tho' I every way attempted to gain intelligence of you.—Firſt, beheld me, madam! *Ranger* reply'd,—you ſpeak riddles, my faireſt; for to this moment I cannot tax my eyes with not diſtinguiſhing you, or my heart with being a rebel to ſuch influence; and I think I have been ſo unhappy as never to have ſeen ſo many excellencies before. No, Sir, ſhe reſum'd, quite tranſported, but I have ſeen you; ſince

ſince which I have had no repoſe—'Twas at *Gowran*, and in your preſent capacity, that you firſt touch'd my heart; but my extacy was ſoon noted by a wary, ſevere father, who immediately procur'd an order for you and your company to quit that town. Since which I have ſent a truſty ſervant various times, to ſee if you were with them—but to no effect, and going now to viſit an aunt at *Dublin*, we were ſtopp'd at *Kinſale* to ſee the tragedy in which you ſhone ſo laſt night, and, here, from reciprocal liking and affection I wait my cure, or from your hate or diſtaſte, all the bad fortune that can occur to me. By your perſon and behaviour I am convinc'd you are a gentleman; and if the daughter of a baronet, Sir *Juſtus Maccarthy*, who never knew what love was before, whoſe fortune is now conſiderable, and who expects ſtill more from her parent, ſhould deſerve your attachment, my hand, my heart are yours; for without you I find life will be no life to me. If my paſſion has tranſported me further than you can reconcile to female delicacy and reſerve, 'tis a mark of the violence and ſincerity of it, and I hope, on that account, will merit your excuſe, and compaſſion. To ſuch beauty, ſuch good-ſenſe, ſuch virtue, ſays *Ranger*, how can

I make a diſagreeable return. No, madam, I ſhall not heſitate one moment to acquaint you, how much I think myſelf oblig'd to you for this declaration, which had I never had the honour of ſeeing you before, I ſhould, I muſt have prevented, by one of a ſimilar nature: With equal ſincerity I aſſure you, that I am diſengag'd from every attachment of this nature, that I may boaſt myſelf of no inconſiderable family or fortune, and that I will for ever conſult your happineſs preferably to my own. 'Tis true I am greatly taken with my preſent calling, which however I practice from no manner of neceſſity, and have it in my power to quit whenever it likes me ſo to do. To do that, would be a very ſmall ſacrifice when, at the ſame time, I proteſt, that I would be ſtripp'd of all the common needs of life, rather than prove ungrateful to my lovely fair one. And here, he once more folded his arms around her taper waiſt, preſs'd her to his boſom, and vow'd an eternal truth and conſtancy. The beauteous *Polly* ſeem'd overcome with theſe teſtimonies of his ſenſibility; and reply'd, Sir, I muſt own my ſituation is a very odd and romantick one—I have a father, who is moroſe, ill-natur'd and peeviſh, and who is much fonder of a ſiſter I have, than of me;

me; I have great dependences upon him and would be willing to fling myſelf at his feet, this minute, to beg of him to unite us together; but I know his temper ſo well, that, if only for your appearing on the ſtage, we ſhould meet a denial. I love you, and cannot bear the thought of being ſeparated from you—let us be privately made one—let me be admitted for ſome time into your ſociety, let me learn to imitate your ſtage heroines—after ſome ſpace, perhaps, my father may be brought to reaſon, and when he ſees me irrecoverably yours, may conſent to bleſs us with his approbation. As I told you I have two thouſand pounds, which is my own, by the bequeſt of a near relation who died in my childhood; but I would not yet take it out of my father's hands; but wait ſome time in expectation of an addition to it from him, with his bleſſing: I have ſome ready money and jewels with me, and will leave the conſideration and execution of the whole to you. *Ranger*, tho' quite ſurpriz'd with the ſmartneſs and ſuddenneſs of the propoſal, acquieſc'd in all ſhe ſaid, and they appointed next morning, at eight, to ſee one another, at a farm houſe which ſhe directed him to, about three miles out of town, the man who kept it being a tenant

tenant of her father's, and one ſhe confided in upon this occaſion. After once more ſtraining each other in a tender embrace, ſhe roſe, and he ſaw her to the gate, whence ſhe diſappear'd in a moment, leaving the amorous *Davy* quite full of the idea of her beauties, and overcome with cogitation upon the oddity of the adventure. From this reverie, he was awakened by the coming in of *M'Kenſie*, whoſe advice was never more wanted than at preſent. In ſhort, he told this faithful friend the whole of what had paſt, and added—now, I muſt own, I never, but once before, and here he involuntarily ſigh'd, beheld ſo much perfection in a female form, nor heard ſuch ſweet, honied accents, nor do I think I can again recover the repoſe ſhe has diſturb'd, without her. And yet, I ſhould not be willing, at ſuch ſhort warning, to enter into the bands of wedlock, tho' I could never, I believe, like a woman better, and her ſpirited manner perfectly inchants me: Now, if I could perſuade her to go with us, and let matrimony alone 'till I have thoroughly ſeen her temper and behaviour, I would promiſe never to contract it with any other. But one thing, I muſt beg of your friendſhip, for one can never be too cautious in affairs of ſo intereſting a concern,

cern, which is, that as ſhe has inform'd me ſhe lodges at Mr. *Beckwith*'s, a merchant in this town, you would get intelligence whether ſhe is really the perſon ſhe appears to be. And, what then, *Mac?* Why if ſhe really is, I find I am hers for ever. The captain could not help laughing upon this concluſion, and, rallying his friend, told him, of all ſuddenly paſſionate lovers he believ'd he was the moſt cautious and wary, which, however, he highly commended him for, acknowledg'd the reaſonableneſs of all he had propos'd, and promis'd to act the part of a friend in the affair. Accordingly, before they went to bed, he, without appearing in the buſineſs himſelf, found means to be certainly inform'd that ſhe was the real miſs *M'Carthy*, and that every particular that ſhe had mentioned was true and juſt. This confirm'd *Ranger* in his attachment to her, and upon taking advice with his pillow, which was his principal privy councellor, a world of objections to his marrying the lady, before a further knowledge of her, occurr'd; nay, even againſt marrying at all, unknown to his father, and at an age when he ſhould rather be aiming at ſomewhat elſe, towards the conduct of life, than at what ſhould exclude

exclude all rambling projects, and fix a man for ever at home. Again, he had too much delicacy to think of ſuffering a wife to tread the ſtage, tho' he was ſo fond of it himſelf, and upon recollection thought her propoſal carried too much readineſs and boldneſs in it. But then, ſhe was a beautiful, and a ſenſible creature, and had already wounded *Davy* at the heart, and therefore he could not, for his own ſake, ſo ſelfiſh he was grown in that particular, reject her propoſal of going with them; but then abſolutely reſolv'd to ward off the marriage, 'till he was ſenſible ſhe would prove worthy to ſhare the heart, the bed, of a man who had always entertain'd very high notions of the matrimonial ſtate, and who, in his *Sophy*, had ſeen a faultleſs piece, who could never be guilty of ſuch indiſcretions as this fair one had, and who had reſolv'd never to enter into that ſtate without a proſpect of laſting and perpetual happineſs, thro' the remainder of his life. Thus fortify'd in himſelf, *M'Kenſie* found him when he went to acquaint him that the hour of his appointment was juſt at hand, and he was ready to attend him. *Ranger* immediately reply'd, by repeating from *Congreve*.

With

With jingling bells, and nodding plumes made proud,
The youthful beaſt ſets forth, and neighs aloud:
A morning ſun, his tinſel'd harneſs gilds,
And the firſt ſtage a downhill greenſword yields.
But ah! what rugged ways attend the noon of life,
Our days decline—and with what anxious ſtrife,
What toil, we drag that galling yoke—a wife:
All courſers the firſt heat with vigour run;
But, 'tis with whip and ſpur the race is won.

Ha! Ha! Ha! fine ſpeeches truly, ſays *M'Kenſie*, for a man who has youth, beauty and thouſands attending to clap this ſelf-ſame yoke upon his ſhoulders. Aye, aye, *Mac*, returns *Davy*, but that honeſt adviſer, pointing to his pillow, has told me other things—no—no,—no matrimony for me, unleſs I am ſure to bear the yoke with as much eaſe at the noon, as at the morn of life, and one recipe for that is not to affront the old proverb,—*Marry in haſte and repent at leiſure*; a proverb that our anceſtors reap'd, I am certain, great benefits from; however, I'll dreſs and attend thee, and, if I can add her to our number without running the hazard of hanging or drowning myſelf, 'efaith 'tis a match; but from ſudden

ſudden wedlock *Libera nos domine!* He was ſoon ready, and away they trudg'd, and in half an hour were at the farm, when the captain propos'd his leaving him, and walking ſomewhat further, as the day was very fine, and calling upon him at his return, which the other approv'd of, and then knock'd at the door to enquire after his *Dulcinea.* And no ſooner had he caſt his eyes thro' the houſe into an oppoſite back room, but there ſhe ſat as reſplendently array'd as an angel, and receiv'd him with an air that betoken'd the higheſt ſatisfaction at his approach, and ſoon after, tea and coffee being brought in by the honeſt home-ſpun woman of the houſe, the door was ſhut, and buſineſs immediately brought upon the carpet. Well, Sir, the lady ſaid, may I look upon your punctuality as a good omen of my future happineſs? My own, return'd *Ranger*, madam, is ſo intimately connected with yours, that I ſhall endeavour to promote it as well from ſelf-intereſt, as a regard to ſo amiable an object, and here he reſpectfully kiſs'd her hand; but as in matrimony I would be ſure of untainted bliſs, and have you perfectly a ſharer in my felicity, I think it will be neceſſary to have a further knowledge of each others diſpoſitions before we tye that

Gordian knot, leſt our union ſhould be more the effect of paſſion, which will not laſt for ever, than of diſcretion and prudence, which will inſure a laſting content and harmony; for well the poets ſays,

Marriage, if 'tis ordain'd by heaven's decree,
Should be what heaven ordain'd it firſt to be;
Concurring tempers in the man and wife,
As mutual helps, ſhould draw the load of life.

'TIS in general, now adays, I have often obſerv'd, in my ſmall time of experience, enter'd into with little view beſide a preſent gratification; whereas the wiſe will look forwards, and ſecure the poſſeſſion of thoſe mental charms, in each other, thoſe kind and gentle accompliſhments, which will even ſhed a comfortable and chearful ray over old age and infirmity, and the eyes of the tottering decrepid pair, will flaſh joy upon each other when they are half ſunk in their ſockets. 'Tis from regard to you, my angel, more than myſelf, that I form any difficulty, in a matter that I am ſure ought to inſpire me with raptures; for I can't think with patience of being ever diſguſted at an object that at this time I look upon with the higheſt admiration. Therefore, deareſt maid, if you will join our company, and take me for your guard and

protector, I will love you and tender you as a ſiſter, and be your virtue's guard, and promiſe you, even if experience of each others tempers ſhould undeceive us in our preſent good opinion of one another, that I'll never marry whilſt you remain ſingle. Or, again, for I feel all the power of your charms. If you think proper, as I have a fortune equal to your own, I'll leave the players, and go honourably to your father and my own, and demand licence for our union, and let his temper be ever ſo crabbed, methinks he muſt conſent to his daughter's happineſs, when no more is aſk'd of him, than, if ſhe pleas'd, ſhe might do without conſulting him. I hope my love, ſeeing her a little diſconcerted, and trembling, that you will not eſteem or love me leſs for my ſincerity—you ought not—when you conſider that I burn for your enjoyment, but wave it rather than run the leaſt hazard of future unhappineſs. Miſs *M'Carthy* viewing him with a look, in which love mingled with diſappointment was very viſible, had too much good ſenſe, however not to ſeem to approve of what he ſaid; but to his great ſurprize and wonder choſe the former condition, and determin'd to turn ſtroller, which, tho' it rejoic'd *Davy*, yet inly gave him ſome chagrin;

for he was ſo truly touch'd with her perſonal accompliſhments, that he would gladly have found her without levity, and worthy his ſincereſt adoration. It was then determin'd, that when they had perform'd the appointed nights at *Kinſale*, *Davy* ſhould come over to *Dublin*, and give her notice of their rout; but upon ſecond thoughts, as her elopement would make ſome noiſe, he ſaid he would perſuade *M'Kenſie* to leave *Ireland*, and go over to *England*, which he had hinted an inclination to do, and would find means to contrive her eſcape into the packet, when he came to *Dublin*, and as her aunt might know him again, having ſeen him perform at *Kinſale*, he gave her a direction to his uncle's where ſhe was to convey her clothes, *&c.* in boxes directed to Mr. *David Ranger*, to be left 'till call'd for. Theſe matters ſettled, they indulg'd their affection for each other, by ſuch innocent dalliance as could not offend the bounds of modeſty; ſuch wanton toyings as a grave biſhop, or judge, would hardly be able to refrain from with ſuch an object. And in theſe pleaſing and yet torturing ſports, they were, when the good woman brought word that *M'Kenſie* was come, and when he was introduc'd, Mr. *Ranger* told him the lady's inclination

and

and deſign, and he agreed to admit her, with the higheſt complements upon her perſon and fine voice, and *Davy* undertook to learn her to ſpeak in publick. *M'Kenſie* agreed, at once, to going over to *England*, and the enamour'd *Davy* offer'd to ſee her to *Kinſale*, which, tho' againſt her will, ſhe declin'd, for fear any of her acquaintance ſhould be upon the road, and therefore the captain having left the room, once more, folded in each others arms, they vow'd eternal truth and conſtancy, exchang'd ſuch embraces as would have fir'd the blood of an *Anchorite*, and then took a melancholy adieu of each other, for the few remaining days that were to ſeparate them.

And now, gentle reader, doſt thou not think there may be ſome truth in what a certain genius has ſaid,

Some men to pleaſure, ſome to buſ'neſs take;
But ev'ry woman in her heart's a rake.

Canst thou account for the conduct of this fair lady? No, thou wilt readily anſwer. Why then I'll inform thee. She was indeed one of the two daughters of Sir *Julius M'Carthy*, and if I miſtake not, the eldeſt, and who having loſt their mother, had been brought up under the tuition of an aunt, who in her younger days was bred

up at the court of *St. Germains*, and conſequently had there acquir'd a good deal of the enthuſiaſtic ſuperſtition of that court. Then again, ſhe was exceſſively fond of romances, and had *Pharamond*, *Cleopatra*, *Clelia*, and *Caſſandra*, at her fingers ends, and many other ſuch huge voluminous legends, to which ſhe had join'd a thorough inſpection into modern novels, and the whole ſeries of comedies and tragedies, with which the wits of this nation have enrich'd their native ſoil. Thus furniſh'd, ſhe was no doubt, you'll believe, an excellent tut'reſs to two young ladies, who had as much of fleſh and blood about them as their neighbours, and it had this early effect upon them, that by the time they were turn'd of fourteen, and miſs *Molly* was now but three years beyond it, their heads were full of adventures of knights and damſels, enchanted caſtles, black foreſts necromancers, charms, ſpells, tilts, tournaments, groves, purling ſtreams, captive queens, and impriſon'd heroes; and by hearing their aunt, and reading themſelves, they ſeem'd a ready ſpoil for the firſt, *Oroondates*, *Artaxerxes*, or *Belianis* that came in their way. For a year or more, they had been at home with their father, who thought he had an unlimited power

to

to treat what he had begotten in what manner he thought proper, therefore he ſoon let them know they were no more, to enjoy the fancied joys of breezy gales, of echoing hills, of ſequeſter'd ſhades and ſighing zephyrs; his language was plain *Iriſh*, he knew nothing but hunting, drinking and ſmoking, thought them the greateſt pleaſures on earth, and all the ſuitors, he prefer'd to his daughters knowledge, were perfect *Orſons* or *Orang Outangs*, with ſcarce any thing of human ſemblance about them. No wonder if ſuch ſevere treatment from their father, had made them regret the loſs of the flowery leſſons of their late tutoreſs, and fancy themſelves rather in the poſſeſſion of ſome cruel necromancer, in a moated caſtle, defended by griffins or lions, than under the care of a parent; and, agreeable to the laws of romance, they had, for a conſiderable time, been looking out for ſome gentle knight errant to relieve them from their durance. Miſs *Molly*, in ſeeing *Davy* perform at *Gowran*, and hearing it, afterwards, whiſpered that he was a gentleman in diſguiſe, became enamour'd of him, and did not doubt but the *deſtinies* had reſerv'd him for her; and ſhe had ſilently taken therefore a reſolution to fling herſelf upon his generoſity, and like ſome

wandering damſel in legend, to follow his mock heroic profeſſion, rather than fail; for which her large acquaintance with plays had well fitted her, rather than return again to the cruel and impoſing hands ſhe had quitted. Setting aſide this romantick diſpoſition ſhe had every good quality of mind, that could adorn a female breaſt, and, as my reader is appriz'd, had a perſon and a voice altogether charming.

THE company perform'd their appointed times at *Kinſale*, with ſtill increas'd reputation, at which town they clear'd above an hundred and fifty pounds, and then ſet out for *Dublin*, *Davy* going before, by himſelf, after appointing a rendezvous with the captain, from whence they were immediately to embark for *Briſtol*, in the firſt veſſel they could find ready to ſail, the procurement of a paſſage, for himſelf and company, being left to that gentleman. *Davy* was receiv'd by his uncle with all the affection imaginable, who, after the firſt ſalutations, inform'd him, that certain boxes had been left for him, by which he diſcover'd the punctuality of his adorable *Molly*, which not a little delighted him, as the ſeparation he had endured was far from being agreeable; already his heart was ſo tun'd to the ſoft paſſion. He ſoon convinc'd

vinc'd his uncle that he had licence from his father to go to *England*, for ſome months, and at the ſame time wrote letters to *Cork*, acquainting that gentleman with his deſign'd excurſion, deſiring him to direct his anſwers to the poſt-office in *Briſtol*, till call'd for. The day after his arrival, he went privately to meet *M'Kenſie*, who had already procur'd a veſſel, which was to ſail in two days, having all her lading aboard, for him and his company and machines. In this veſſel *Davy* procur'd a paſſage for himſelf and his miſtreſs alſo, without letting the maſter know he was at all acquainted with *M'Kenſie*, or his people; which they had likewiſe directions to conceal, and, paying a large price, had the cabin entirely left to his diſpoſal. That very evening he contriv'd to meet miſs *M'Carthy*, at *Ringſend*, and after mutual endearments, the next day was appointed for her elopement, when her aunt, who was conſtant at her devotions, was at church, and mean time *Davy* got all his own and her baggage put on board, by his uncle's ſervants. The greateſt difficulty now, was, to prevent this kind relation from inſiſting to ſee him on board, as that would, in all probability, have made a diſcovery of his companion and amour, or at leaſt forc'd

him to be beholden to the captain of the veſſel, whoſe name was *Mizzen*, for a concealment; for to him he had paſs'd her for his ſiſter, well knowing what ſuſpicions the embarkation of two young handſome perſons of different ſexes would occaſion elſe, in ſuch kind of people. But, as if heaven ſmil'd upon his projects, the uncle that very night was forc'd to bid adieu to his nephew, upon receiving an expreſs, that his preſence was neceſſary at *Belfaſt*, where a correſpondent, to whom he was under great obligations, lay at the point of death. And accordingly he ſet out, after ſending on board captain *Mizzen* a large aſſortment of proviſions and refreſhments of the beſt, and of every kind, for the uſe of his nephew in his ſhort voyage.

AND now the expected moment being arrived, he went to the appointed ſpot near *St. Stephen's Green*, and, ſo punctual does love make us, ſoon receiv'd his fair partner into his arms, and without a minute's delay carried her down to the *Quay*, and in a quarter of an hour's time they were on board the *Eleanor* brigantine, and in their cabin, being receiv'd by the maſter and crew, with all the diſtinction that a genteel appearance and behaviour

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challenges, even from the moſt rude and unpoliſh'd ſavage.

As had been concerted, all the reſt were alſo on board, and the wind ſtanding favourable, they immediately fell down to the mouth of the harbour, and put to ſea, with propitious gales, ſmooth and ſerene ſeas and ſkies, and minds quite eaſy and ſatisfied, in the preſent undertaking.

CHAP. VI.

They meet with a dreadful ſtorm.—Behaviour of captain Mizzen, *and* Tom Foul-weather, *his mate.—A curious occurrence.—The captain's turn to religion.—A tender ſcene.—*Amor vincit omnia *verified.—They are driven into* Milford Haven.—Davy *and his lady reſolve to debark.—The reſt proceed to* Briſtol.—*They are careſs'd at lord* Bertram's.—*A meſſage to young* Ranger *from a lady.—Interview between them.—Iſſue of the conference.—They depart for* Briſtol.

THE ſmiling ſky continued to ſhed its reviving influence upon our voyagers, for ſome hours after they were out at ſea, and all was harmony and civi-

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lity on board; Mr. *Ranger* and his fair one, tho' this was their firſt excurſion upon ſalt water, were not very ſick, the few qualms that diſordered their ſtomachs being ſoon overcome, and they ſpeedily ſcrap'd acquaintance, as it appear'd to the ſhip's crew, with their fellow travellers, and made captain *M'Kenſie* take part of their birth, it being more commodious than his own, for the accommodation of the day ſeaſon. And as to the captain and his mate, they ſoon won their hearts, by large doſes of rum and brandy, and frequently and generouſly tapping their wine, of which they had plenty enough for a voyage round the three iſlands; nor were they niggardly, in the ſame way, to the reſt of the ſhip's company, conſiſting of four men and a boy; the *Eleanor* being a veſſel of but ſmall burthen, uſed principally in coaſting voyages, or trips from *Ireland* to *England*, and back again. However, ſhe was fitted for defence in a war-like manner, let me aſſure my readers; mounting two four-pounders and ſix ſwivels, and having two old firelocks, as many ſwords, ſome ſtink-pots, and cheſts of broken glaſs on board. Thus they plough'd on, with every auſpicious omen, when ſuddenly the ſkies were overcaſt, and the louring welkin

welkin betoken'd an approaching ſtorm, and before they could reef their ſails it blew a perfect fret of wind, to the ſouthward, which oblig'd them to lye too for fear of being driven into the wide ocean, and the wind ſtill encreaſing, attended with rain, thunder and lightning, they were hardly able to keep their little ſkift above water, which every moment was expected to founder, and ſink to the bottom of the great abyſs. In this diſtreſs the oaths and execrations of the crew, the cries of the paſſengers, and the bruit of the winds and waves, created a medley of confuſed ſounds that was abominably grating to the ears. Miſs *M'Carthy* was fill'd with the dread natural upon ſuch an occaſion, but kept it to herſelf; for fear of diſturbing Mr. *Ranger*, who was only concern'd on her account; and he and *M'Kenſie* were the only two that preſerv'd their preſence of mind, the former repeating, to ſupport their ſpirits,

What need the valiant man fear death;
Seeing death will come, when he will come.

As to the maſter, *Mizzen*, and *Tom Foulweather* his mate, tho' ſeaſon'd to this boiſterous element, from their very cradles, they ſtood it out as long as they were able

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to work or ſwear, and then let her drive at the mercy of the winds and waves, crying out, if God did not ſave them, nothing could, and made a large can of punch to drink farewell, as they ſaid, to each other, for they were ſure the devil was on board, and the ſhip would part in leſs than an hour, or they'd be da——d. Whilſt they were thus full of diſpondency, one of the tragedians was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf, in his laſt moments, by repeating every ſcrap he was maſter of, in any of his parts, that bore the leaſt affinity to a ſtorm. Amongſt the reſt he roar'd out, at this moment,

Whether firſt nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now, are not diſpleaſing to me;
I like this warring of the elements!
Rage on ye winds, burſt clouds, and waters roar,
Ye bear a juſt reſemblance of my fortune,
And ſuit the gloomy habit of my ſoul!

Mizzen, who heard every word of this, roar'd out louder than the ſtorm, for all hands directly, and cryed, D——n his blood, now the whole affair was out.—I never lik'd the looks of that fellow, by G—d, he has either committed ſome murder

der and is flying from juſtice, or deals with the devil, and has rais'd this whirlwind; and, d——n him, he ſhould go overboard, or elſe they ſhould all infallibly go to the bottom. *Foulweather*, alſo beat the deck, again and again, for the people to get ready to ſeize this dreadful conjuror, and added, by G—d, captain, I heard the very words —he was telling his maſter the d—l, that he had pleas'd him by raiſing the ſtorm— I'll be the firſt that ſhall ſeize him, if all his maſter's imps were gather'd about him to protect him; for ſuch foul weather I was never in, in this channel, ſince I ſtepp'd between ſtem and ſtern of a ſhip, and d——n my ſoul, it muſt be owing to this heatheniſh wicked ſon of a b——h, being on board of us. As the men did not plainly hear this eloquent harangue, this worthy mate of his excellent commander, jump'd forwards to the player's hammock, and ſeizing him by the throat, dragg'd him to the companion ſtairs, and was going to execute the ſentence they had pronounc'd upon him; but the cabbin door being open, Mr. *Ranger* eſpying the violence, tho' he did not know the occaſion, holla'd out to know what was the matter? Nothing, Sir, the rugg'd mate reply'd, but we overheard this fellow preaching to

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the weather, and blowing it up—and as we are ſure he deals with the devil, or is a murderer, and the ſtorm was rais'd by him, or on his account, we have reſolv'd to ſee if he can ſink, and be d——d to him, and ſend him, like a ſop to his maſter, to be dry'd by h—ll flames, And pray, ſays *Davy*, hardly able to forbear laughing, who gave you authority to judge, condemn and execute this gentleman, without hearing his defence? Pray, Mr. *Burdett*, what have you done to deſerve all this, at Mr. *Foulweather*'s hands? The miſerable tragedian, trembling like an aſpin leaf, in faultring accents, reply'd, That he only was repeating ſome ſtormy lines, particularly thoſe of *Zanga* in the *Revenge*, and neither knew why, nor wherefore he was us'd with ſo much rudeneſs. During this parley, the reſt of the crew had got upon deck, and were waiting with great eagerneſs to ſee the wiſh'd for cataſtrophe of this limb of ſatan, and *Mizzen* bellow'd out every minute—bring him up—bring him up,—make no words, bring him up! If he had a hundred lives he ſhould dye—and again, in another tone—Oh! G—d! Oh! Lord J—s C——t, God forbid, I ſhould ſcreen ſuch a wretch! didn't he confeſs that his ſoul was gloomy,—that he wanted

wanted peace,—as all murderers do,—and that he was full of the horrors—why, what he has confeſs'd would hang him in any court in *Ireland* or *England*. No—no—I bleſs my G—d, I never did any thing to provoke him.—Indeed I'm a ſwearer,—and who isn't—I can drink a little—and who can't—I love a wench—and let him that don't, fling the firſt ſtone. But I never dealt with the devil, as this *Mahometan* has done!—D——n him, if he had murder'd his father, lain with his mother, and raviſh'd his ſiſter, I'd forgive him—but to deal with the devil,—no fleſh and blood that has any religion in their brains can excuſe him; bring him up, bring him up! —And 'twas well that the unſteady motion of the veſſel made it no eaſy matter to perform his injunction, and gave time to *Davy* to call *M'Kenſie* to his aſſiſtance, otherwiſe our *Zanga* had drank ſuch a large draught of ſalt water, that he would never have wanted to drink again; for already two more of the brutes had join'd the mate to aſſiſt in halling the culprit upon deck, and to immerge him in the briny waves. Finding expoſtulation of no effect, *M'Kenſie* lent the mate ſuch a ſtroke acroſs the temples, at the ſame time calling upon the other player, and bidding the convict de-

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fend himſelf, that he tumbled him forwards into the hold, where he lay ſenſeleſs, for ſome minutes, and his followers, having reſum'd courage, ſo luſtily beſtir'd themſelves, that they were ſoon clear of their aſſailants, whilſt *Mizzen*, obſerving all from above, bellow'd down, that he'd hang 'em for mutiny, and endeavouring to run away with the veſſel, and that he'd fire one of his ſwivels upon them, if they did not deſiſt and let the ſon of a wh—e be quickly flung overboard as he deſerv'd; however, ſeeing his party had the worſt of it, he ſtood aloof nor dar'd to ſet a foot upon the ladder, for the truth was, he was a moſt conſummate coward. Mr. *Ranger*, however, got up to him, and expoſtulated upon the inhumanity and cruelty he was going to be guilty of, to an innocent fellow creature, and the danger he would incur, of being hang'd, if he had been ſuffer'd to perpretrate ſuch a crime, and the offence it, muſt particularly be at this time, when they had ſuch evident need of the divine aſſiſtance. He next explain'd to him what the player had repeated; aſſur'd him, it was only a tragedy ſpeech that had occurr'd to him, and deſir'd there might be a ceſſation of hoſtilities, and an indemnity on all ſides. *Mizzen*,

zen, grumbling in his gizzard, yet could not help yeilding to theſe arguments of his paſſenger, and the mate being recovered, he order'd that no more ſhould be ſaid about the matter; and *Davy*, to bind the concord more firmly, brought out a gallon of brandy, part of which was made into punch, and the reſt given to the crew.

DURING this inteſtine brawl and commotion, the ſtorm rather increas'd than abated; and the night was more gloomy, than could well be deſcrib'd; ſo that the fellows were heard, in their way, on all hands, invoking the aſſiſtance of that powerful arm, that alone can ſave in ſuch extremities. Even *Ranger* and *M'Kenſie* thought this night would be the laſt of their lives; but had ſouls of too firm a texture to be ſtartled at the approach of death in any ſhape. They ſincerely, indeed, recommended themſelves to the Almighty's protection, conſcious of his loving-kindneſs and abundant mercies, which they hop'd would make allowance for, and pardon the frailties of their lives. *Davy* dwelt with the greateſt trouble, upon the idea of his father, who he thought would be inconſolable for his loſs, and beg'd for compoſure to his mind. The extremeſt preſent pain he had, aroſe from the diſtreſs of the lovely

lovely *M'Carthy*, who now reſign'd herſelf over to the moſt immoderate ſorrow, and even charg'd herſelf with the anger of heaven againſt them, for leaving her father, her dear father, as ſhe, for the firſt time, now call'd him. Indeed their ſituation was very dreadful, and capable of inſpiring terror into the ſtouteſt heart. *Davy*, us'd every perſuaſion to alleviate her diſquiets: He cry'd, my charming fair, providence may yet ſpare us, we are far from being without hope, even in this terrible ſea; the ſeamen have not given us over, and, let not us be the firſt to deſpair. If we ſhould, however, count theſe for our laſt moments, we can have no real cauſe of affliction—we go to that being who is the merciful diſpoſer of events, and in whoſe preſence are joys for evermore. If our lives have been ſhort, we have the fewer crimes or follies to anſwer for, and as to dying now, or many years hence, 'twill be the ſame thing, when the ſtruggle is over; when an age will appear but as a moment. What is life? A repetition of the ſame acts and occurrences; we have receiv'd pleaſure, we have felt anxiety and ſorrow; we have feaſted, ſlept, and perform'd the ſeveral functions of nature; and were we to live a thouſand years, 'twould

'twould be only going over the ſame things again. Indeed were we to be no more, the thought would be ſhocking; but we have every encouraging promiſe from the ſource of divine goodneſs, that, after this life, we ſhall exiſt in another and better ſtate; have all our nobler faculties improv'd and enlarg'd, and the droſs of our frame purg'd and wip'd away. We can then, have little to diſturb us; but for thoſe we leave behind. The natural and laudable affection we ſhould bear to our parents, muſt repreſent their extreme anguiſh for our loſs, in the moſt cutting view; but we truſt they will join us in thoſe bleſſed regions, where pain and ſollicitude ſhall be no more. If there is any more tender paſſion, where does it exiſt, or for what object?—I love you, my delight, and you are the ſole object of my affection, and I believe your regard for me is reciprocal. We ſhall die then, with all we hold dear—no jealouſy, no waking diſquiet, no apprehenſion, will harrow our minds in our laſt moments. Claſp'd in each other's arms, we ſhall take the draught, ſo bitter to humanity; but which, view'd thro' the opticks of reaſon, religion and philoſophy, ſhould rather give us pleaſure than pain. As to the manner of

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our deaths, let it not appear ſo dreadful. 'Twill be but a ſhort ſpace in undergoing, and then the ſtruggle is paſt: How preferable, if we are rightly prepar'd for it, to a lingering ſickneſs, preceeding diſſolution for many weeks, months, nay years—the mind full of worldly conſiderations—full of anxious difficulties about hereafter, and ſurrounded by a weeping train, of all we hold moſt dear, ſtill more to diſtract the ſoul upon the confines of eternity.—*M'Kenſie*, who was ſitting beſide miſs *M'Carthy*'s bed, expecting the laſt ſhock with the firmneſs of a man, to whom life and death are equal, and who had ſeen too many of the miſeries of the former to regret parting with it, could not help, in terms of the warmeſt friendſhip and admiration, applauding theſe forcible arguments of his friend; adding, Ah! my dear *Ranger*, I find my ſeperation from you will be the greateſt difficulty I have to encounter? Heaven have mercy upon me! Pardon and paſs by, oh God! all my manifold ſins and offences! Blot them out of the book of thy remembrance, that they may not riſe up againſt me, in the laſt day, to condemn me: And vouchſafe oh! gracious Being, that in the future world, I may join this amiable youth, who has

has ſo captivated my heart with his virtues! *Davy* flung his arms round him and embrac'd him, and then return'd again to his fair charge, whoſe tears continued trickling from her fine eyes, without ceaſing. Oh, Sir, ſhe cry'd, to die with you, is my only conſolation; for whom I would only live. Pardon my feminine weakneſs, and the imbecility of my mind, if loſing you, tho' I go with you, harrows up my very ſoul. This, alas! is too, too ſhort a warning to eraſe from my boſom, all thoſe ideas that I have dwelt upon with ſo much —I fear with too great fondneſs. Oh! 'tis not to be born!—At theſe words ſhe ſnatch'd him to her boſom, and preſs'd her beauteous face to his, with an action of the higheſt mingled affection and terror. My angel, he reply'd, thou art dearer to me than words can expreſs—nor dare I indulge thought, buſy thought, upon all the joys my fancy had in ſtore for us, fondly fed itſelf upon: But ſure, as our loves are pure and unſullied, heaven cannot look frowningly upon them. Oh! *Molly!* —but I dare not give way to theſe imageries—they too much unman me! And here his grief perforce broke from his eyes.

THUS they were employ'd in the cabin, whilſt the other paſſengers kept cloſe in their

their hammocks, and the crew in their ſeveral alternate departments, 'till another ſun, and in all appearance to them the laſt, began to illume the horizon; but nothing was to be ſeen abroad, except a howling waſte of agitated waves, and a wild, louring, madning ſky; whilſt the ſea broke over the little *Eleanor*, on every ſide, and ſhe became ſo leaky that they were oblig'd to ply the pumps inceſſantly, which was now ſo abſolutely neceſſary an exerciſe, that *Davy* and *M'Kenſie* did not diſdain to encourage the ſailors by their ready aſſiſtance; nor were the players behind hand in this uſeful office. The wind, in the morning, having ſhifted to the weſtward they were driven at a great rate to the N. E. which was ſomewhat out of their courſe, and thus they continu'd beating up the dangerous channel of *St. George* for four days more, when the wind ſomewhat abated, and a little revived their drooping ſpirits, eſpecially as *Mizzen* had declar'd that he hop'd now to keep the rotten b——h above water, till he got into ſome harbour; for he ſaw land, and an opening right a-head, which he and his mate judg'd to be *Milford Haven*, for which, as the wind ſtood fair, they bore away. Mr. *Ranger* and miſs *M'Carthy* began now to take a little ſuſtenance; which they

they had hardly done ſufficiently to ſupport life, ſince the ſtorm began, any more than their companion *M'Kenſie* and his retinue; for indeed they had been ſo rock'd and toſt, in their little wooden tenement, that it was hardly poſſible to get any thing to the mouth, if they had really had any appetite. Therefore, a little wine, drank by word of mouth, and a biſket or two had been their principal ſupport. The kettle could now be ſet on the fire, and they regal'd themſelves upon the beſt the ſhip afforded. *Mizzen* and *Foulweather* grew good humour'd, and even condeſcended to aſk pardon for their late ill behaviour, and harmony and concord was reſtor'd throughout the wooden world.

On the cloſe of the next day, they got into the harbour, which indeed prov'd to be exactly the port they expected, and came to an anchor in a very convenient birth. And now, *Ranger*, perſuaded by miſs *M'Carthy*, told the captain that he was reſolv'd to go the reſt of the way to *Briſtol*, by land, and thought he might go too, and leave the cuſtody of their implements and baggage to their companions; but *M'Kenſie*, tho' encourag'd by *Davy* and his lady to take that courſe, thought it not expedient to truſt all they had of any

value, to perſons whoſe fidelity he was not aſſur'd of, and amongſt ſuch a parcel of ruffians as the ſhip's company ſeem'd to be compos'd of; and therefore choſe to deny himſelf of the pleaſure of their company, and to ſtick cloſe to the ſhip till her arrival at the intended port. *Mizzen* agreed, for a ſmall gratuity, as he intended to lye where he was for a day or two, to let the ſhip's boat carry our lovers up to *Pembroke*, which they choſe to repair to, as the firſt place of good accommodation, and for the eaſe of water carriage, tho' ſomewhat out of the way. Miſs *M'Carthy* was overjoy'd, at the thoughts of ſetting her foot once more on ſhore, after ſuch a ſeries of hardſhips and dangers, nor was *Ranger* diſpleaſed, for, tho' he was couragious enough to deſpiſe difficulties, yet his temper was quite chagrin'd at the boiſterous humours of the ſociety he had been ſo long with, who had fill'd him with the higheſt diſguſt and contempt of their manners and brutality.

WHEN the boat was got ready, after taking a tender leave of *M'Kenſie*, and their friends, and bidding farewell to *Mizzen*, and his tars, they got into her, and ſail being ſet, proceeded on their little voyage, under the direction of *Tom Foul-*

weather

weather, another man, and a boy, and pleas'd themſelves in reflecting upon the dangers they had paſs'd through, and the difference between their late boiſterous ſituation and their preſent calm and ſerene ſkies and waters. The towns and villages, on the north and ſouth ſhores of the haven, were a moſt delightful proſpect, to perſons who had been ſo long depriv'd of ſuch agreeable variety, and the lowing of the kine, and the bleating of the flocks, was equal to the fineſt ſounds that could be modulated to melody; but, ſo uncertain are all preſent enjoyments, they were yet to undergo another rub before they ſat their feet on ſhore, owing to the careleſneſs, or want of knowledge, in their cockſwain; for *Tom*, going along the north ſhore, with a full ſail, a ſudden ſquall from an inlet, below *Morton*, at once overſet the craft, and ſet them all a ſwimming for their lives, an exerciſe at which *Davy* was very expert; but before they could right the boat, miſs *M'Carthy* was hoiſted, quite ſenſeleſs, to many yards diſtant from the ſhore, ſtruggling amongſt the breakers and ſeemingly in the agonies of death. *Davy*, ſwimming about, ſent his view on every ſide after her, and at laſt happened to ſee her, as ſhe immerg'd the ſecond time from her

watery grave; upon which, tho' greatly fatigued with ſelf-preſervation, new vigour ſtrung his nerves, and darting thro' the brine, he was, in three minutes, upon the ſpot, juſt as the lovely maid was going to ſink again, for ever, from his ſight, and getting under her, ſupported her on his back, holding one end of her garment in his mouth, and thus endeavour'd, tho' ſo jaded as to be hardly able to keep above water, to regain his companions, who having dragg'd the boat into ſhoal water, had now righted her, and were endeavouring to row towards and recover their ſtruggling freight, and came up to them juſt as poor *Ranger* was near loſing his ſtrength and ſenſes, and had, in an extempore ejaculation, recommended himſelf to God. Never was the adage *Amor vincit omnia*, ſo truly verified as in this exigency; no other paſſion of the ſoul could have prompted a man ſo to dare, even beyond human ſtrength; but there is ſo forceable a charm in love, that it exalts us above ourſelves, and we are ſomewhat more then mortal, in the protection and preſervation of the idols of our affection, thoſe dear reviving influences, without whom life would be deſart and inſipid, and hardly worth ſupporting. 'Tis the ſoft enthuſiaſm of this gentle

gentle paſſion, when harbour'd in a generous breaſt, that tunes the ſoul to inexpreſſible harmony, that lifts us up to the condition, as it were, of the inhabitants of the celeſtial regions, and every thing low and groveling is far exil'd. *Ranger* ſoon came to himſelf; but it was ſome minutes before his charming *M'Carthy* opened her languid eyes, which were caſt with ineffable joy upon the face of her preſerver, and ſeem'd to be fix'd there as the centre of all their ſatisfaction. Meantime the boat got to ſhore, purſuant to *Davy*'s orders, who wanted to ſhift his wet clothes and afford his fair companion an opportunity of doing the ſame, for the boatmen had recover'd their box and every thing that was on board, nor had the water penetrated much thro' its crevices.

THEY were not, as it happened, much to ſeek for quarters of refreſhment; for the whole of the late diſaſter was ſeen by a nobleman's ſon, who had a ſeat in the neighbourhood, and whom we ſhall call lord *Bertram*, as he and his lady were walking upon their terras, not without a great deal of fear and compaſſion, which are paſſions the ſooneſt excited in the human breaſt; and as they ſaw afterwards that the parties had got on ſhore, they came

to the beach, by the time our ſufferers landed, with hearty profeſſions of their concern, and offers of their houſe for their recovery from the fatigue they had undergone. This was accepted of, with ſo much grateful politeneſs, by *Ranger* and his miſtreſs, as prepoſeſs'd them very much in the favour of their gueſts, and they alſo order'd the people of the boat up to their houſe, to be taken care of by their ſervants. His lordſhip was about thirty years of age, and his wife between twenty and thirty, and they were a very amiable couple, having retir'd to this ſpot, from the ſmiling cares of grandeur, to enjoy, uninterruptedly, the ſweets of love and the blandiſhments of peace and quiet. The diſorder of the gentleman and lady, they had thus ſuccoured, hindered their perceiving ſo much of that grace and beauty that ſhone in both their perſons; but when they had dreſs'd and compos'd themſelves, and came down into their preſence, their admiration was without bounds. It was ſo extreme, that they both cry'd out, at once, looking at each other, good God, what a lovely pair! And advanc'd to ſalute them, which they receiv'd and return'd with a decent reſpect, having, been acquainted of their rank and quality, by the ſervants that attended them.

them. At this ſecond interview, the ſiſter of the lady was preſent, ſeemingly of near the ſame age; who gaz'd at *Ranger* with an emotion, that was ſoon noted by the quick obſervation of miſs *M'Carthy*, with ſome apprehenſive pain and jealouſy. And now, advancing towards the happy pair, *Davy* deliver'd his ſenſe of their favours in the following words. My lord, obligations to perſons of your lordſhip's rank, demand a double acknowledgment; you have, in a manner, reſtor'd a brother and ſiſter to life, who were almoſt periſhed; (and at this word ſiſter, the young lady aforeſaid ſhew'd ſome tokens of pleaſure) but nothing leſs could be expected from the hoſpitality and humanity of a *Britiſh* nobleman, who adds dignity to his quality by every action of his life; and, in a neighbouring kingdom, from which I am but this moment landed, fame has done your lordſhip juſtice, and I find her report to be ſtrictly true. Our hearts, Sir, will always be impreſs'd with your goodneſs, and we will ſtudy to make ſuch returns, as the nobleſt principles of the ſoul can dictate, and if you will add to your obligations by ſuffering this young lady, to repoſe herſelf, for a day or two, under your kind roof, it will be an act of the greateſt

condeſcenſion; for I am fearful, ſhould ſhe depart ſooner, that her late misfortune may have an ill effect upon her health. My lord, and the ladies, whilſt *Davy* was thus ſpeaking, ey'd them with abundance of tranſport and complacency, and, when he had finiſh'd, he made this reply. Sir, you may ſpare all complement; we have done no more than it was our duty to do, and you will do me, and I'm ſure, theſe ladies, an extremely great pleaſure, if you prolong your ſtay for a month: We will do all in our power to make your abode agreeable: We are wonderfully delighted with your company, and your ſiſter will meet, in my wife and her ſiſter, with every thing that can make her pleas'd and eaſy. *Davy* bow'd, and *M'Carthy* gentlely thank'd them, and they ſat down to a moſt improving converſation, which was kept up with ſpirit on all ſides, and completed the conqueſt they had made of each other; ſo that lord *Bertram*, hugg'd himſelf in the felicity he had unexpectedly met with, in ſuch good company. After the mate and his people had been entertain'd, with what the kitchen and cellar afforded, in a plentiful manner, and were dry'd, *Davy* wrote a letter to *M'Kenſie*, telling him of the late adventure and its conſequences,

quences, and promiſing, with all convenient ſpeed, to join him at *Briſtol*, and diſpatch'd them to their veſſel, after making him and his companions an handſome preſent in recompence of their late misfortune, and their having been ſo inſtrumental in ſaving the lives of him and his fair fellow-traveller. Several days, after this, paſs'd away in the utmoſt felicity, and their illuſtrious hoſt and his lady, were ſo charm'd with them, that they entertain'd a ſincere friendſhip for them, whilſt the ſiſter was all rapture when ever ſhe ſaw *Ranger*; nor could miſs *Molly* ſtifle her concern to him, at her apprehenſions of ſo potent a rival; which *Davy* only ſmil'd at, and told her, the young lady's particular notice of him, could flow only from that joy a perſon feels in ſociety, who has liv'd for ſome time remote from it, and again and again vow'd to her that his love ſhould be ever inviolate. The gentlemen hunted frequently, and took ſhare of all the rural ſports that the ſeaſon would afford, and as often made excurſions into the adjacent parts, and this noble hoſt took a pride in ſhewing his gueſts to all his friends of the vicinity, who join'd in admiring their perfections. Thus a month paſt ſwiftly away, and they ſcarce knew how to bid adieu to

ſuch a delicious and enchanting intercourſe; during which miſs *Leonora* had given evident tokens, to *Ranger*, by her looks, and now and then an expreſſion, of her having entertain'd a very ſoft paſſion in his favour, and, as ſhe verily believ'd *M'Carthy* to be his ſiſter, had even gone ſo far as to make her the confidante of her ſentiments in regard to him; putting that lovely maid into the utmoſt terror and apprehenſion of the conſequences; tho', without flattering herſelf, ſhe knew ſhe was much ſuperior, both in the charms of mind and perſon. She ſeem'd, however, to participate in her diſtreſs, without giving her any encouragement, and even went ſo far as to tell her, that, to her knowledge, her brother was engag'd to a lady in *Ireland*, who, ſhe was very certain, engroſs'd all the affection of his ſoul. This advice ſtruck *Leonora* to the heart; but, like the generality of her ſex, ſhe had too good an opinion of herſelf, to be diſcourag'd at the thoughts of a rival; and beſides, her noble family and fortune which was many thouſands, ſhe did not doubt would plead forceably in her favour. Encourag'd by ſuch hopes, at length the flame became too potent to be reſiſted, and produc'd a billet, in the following terms, which was left, pinn'd to the

the curtain of *Ranger*'s bed, one night, juſt before he went to his chamber.

SIR,

I have reaſon to charge you with inſenſibility, in not having taken notice, what an impreſſion you have made upon my heart, which my eyes have more than once betray'd the ſecret of. I muſt perforce tell you, that I never before beheld a gentleman that I could love; but that you have made an abſolute conqueſt of my ſoul, and reign in my fond boſom with deſpotic ſway. I flatter myſelf that neither my family or fortune are contemptible, and wiſh my perſon, which is entirely in my own diſpoſal, may not be diſpleaſing to you. If it is not, all in my poſſeſſion is reſerv'd, charming man, for you. Let me ſee you at ſix, tomorrow morning, in the grove, at the back of the terras, and may you come prepar'd to eaſe the pangs, of,—I wiſh to ſay,

Your *LEONORA.*

DAVY read this billet, without any great ſurprize; 'twas indeed what he expected, nor was he ſo much out of conceit with himſelf, as not to indulge ſome youthful vanity upon this conqueſt; tho' with a firm reſolution, at the ſame time, not to be tempted from his engagements

to

to his fair fellow-traveller, who had already expreſs'd her fears on that head; and therefore he determined, in the politeſt manner, however, to let her know the impoſſibility of his compliance with her deſires, and went to bed quite ſatisfy'd in the reſolutions he had form'd. He was punctual to his appointment; but inſtead of meeting the lady, was ſoftly accoſted by her maid, who told him, upon ſecond thoughts, her miſtreſs beg'd the favour to ſee him in her chamber, as a place more ſecret, to which ſhe conducted him by a private way, up a flight of back-ſtairs, and where he found *Leonora*, in a night-dreſs, of the moſt tempting kind, ſet off with laces, and every thing that could catch the eyes of an amourous youth: Add to this that the whole furniture of the room was truly magnificent, and that ſhe had artfully contriv'd to diſplay the whiteneſs of her ſkin, and the delicate turn of her limbs and ſhape, by a ſtudied negligence and inattention. In ſhort, *Venus* herſelf could not, with greater wilineſs, have preſented herſelf to the inſenſible *Adonis*. She was ſitting upon a rich ſettee, and the ſervant having withdrawn, and faſtened the door, *Davy* went towards her with an air of profoundeſt reſpect; tho' with ſome kind of emotion,

as

as his ſpirits were quite fir'd at the contemplation of ſo tempting an object, which for once, put his *M'Carthy* entirely out of his mind. Madam, he ſaid, as he approach'd her, you have done me great honour by your condeſcenſion in my favour, and I have all the ſenſe that can actuate a grateful breaſt, of your goodneſs. —Sir, you ſee,—ſhe return'd, that a certain paſſion can carry us any lengths, otherwiſe I had not been the firſt to make the declaration I have done, and here the bluſhes mounted into her cheeks; but may I hope, Sir, that the pain I give myſelf in doing this will be rewarded by your ſenſibility of it? I have fortune ſufficient to make us both happy, and am entirely my own miſtreſs. At this concluſion ſhe laid her pretty hand, as it were undeſignedly upon his, and drew him to ſit beſide her, whilſt his blood began to be all in a ferment, and to put him as much as poſſible from his guard, which was not unnoticed by his temptreſs, who thence began to conceive thoughts of ſucceeding in her deſign'd ſcheme of happineſs. However, tho' his fleſh was weak, his mind ſtill retain'd its uſual firmneſs, and he anſwer'd, —My dear lady, I am very unhappy, in not being able to make you a proper return,

turn, to a propoſal that does me ſo much honour; but I am already engag'd, by the moſt ſacred oaths and promiſes, to a lady who is highly deſerving of my tendereſt attachment: How then, madam, can I participate of your favour, without forfeiting that faith, that truth, without which I ſhould not be worthy your regard? This anſwer quite ſtunn'd the beauteous *Leonora*, and deprived her, for ſome moments, of the power of making a reply; tho' meantime ſhe gaz'd upon him with eyes, in which deſire and eager fondneſs were very emphatically painted, and her diſorder having occaſioned her to turn round, half the ſwelling, panting beauties of her lilly boſom were expos'd to view, and one of the fineſt, tapereſt legs in the world, hung dangling without its veil, at the ſame time that her ivory hand was again gently let fall upon *Davy*'s. The youth, as far as reaſon could guard him, in this extremity, was guarded; but ſuch blandiſhments, ſuch beauties, ſuch an opportunity, would have melted even the rugged *Charles* of *Sweden*. In ſhort, to compleat her conqueſt, ſhe drop'd the pearly tear, and ſunk into his arms, diſſolv'd in an agony of love, mingled with deſpair, and preſs'd her cheeks cloſe to his.

By this time, I ſuppoſe, my readers are prepar'd for a very luſcious deſcriptive ſcene; they already, in fancy, behold the adorable *Leonora* expiring with tranſport in the embraces of her captivating *Davy*. The coquetiſh beauty will perhaps carry the volume into her cloſet, to enjoy the tale with more zeſt, and my prudiſh readers will turn up their eyes, and openly exclaim againſt the licentiouſneſs of their author; who could thus wickedly contrive, to call up in them ſuch a hurry of ſpirits, and ſuch a flutter of ideas. The grave divine will, from this paſſage, condemn all ſuch deſtructive books, proteſt that they do great harm to the youth of both ſexes, and—perhaps, act upon his wife what I am going to tell; for well old *John Dryden* once ſaid,

If love be folly, the ſevere divine,
Has felt that folly, tho' he cenſures mine;
Pollutes the pleaſures of a chaſte embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous exceſs, a prieſtly race.

But my dear gentle readers, of both ſexes, and of all tempers and principles—I ſhall diſappoint you—'Tis true, nature was too frail in the lady and gentleman to reſiſt ſuch powerful incentives. In ſhort, amidſt all the convulſive ſtarts of paſſionate, fond deſire,

deſire, he at length bore her to the bed and there;—but, to the great mortification of the libertine, I ſhall draw the curtains round them, and leave the iſſue to the imagination.

IT may here be lamented, by the readers of the foregoing ſheets, that *Ranger* thus forfeited that virtue, that chaſtity, for which he had been remarkable, and that he ſhould depart from his fidelity to *M'Carthy*; but ſo it was, and I muſt tell the truth, or impoſe fictitious memoirs upon the public; and conſidering his youth, his amourous complexion, and the temptation laid in his way, I believe he will ſtand excus'd even with the graveſt mortal, that ever prided himſelf in reſiſting the powerful incitements of fleſh and blood: And with regard to his fidelity, he might extremely well anſwer, as *Tom Jones* to miſs *Weſtern*, that the heart has very little to do in caſual amours. As to the hon. miſs *Leonora*, ſhe knew ſhe was private, knew that her quality and fortune ſet her above ſcandal, and was reſolv'd, at any rate, like a woman of true ſpirit, to gratify the longing of her ſoul; tho', at the ſame time, ſhe was heartily piqu'd at *Davy*'s late refuſal of her hand, which had conſiderably abated the haughtineſs of her temper.

—Well,

—Well, we'll ſuppoſe, now, it may be time to undraw the curtain, and diſcover *Davy, like the ſwain in duke* Montagu's *picture of* After, very well pleas'd, and yet very ſilly, whilſt madam endeavours once more to draw him back to thoſe arms, in which he had revelled; but the fire that had actuated him is now extinct, and, all languid and full of inward reflections on his want of fortitude, he regain'd the ſettee, where *Leonora* ſoon join'd him, and began, once again to endeavour to bring him to her lure, pleading the late inſtance of her being overcome, with trickling tears, as a motive to awake his gratitude. *Davy* had too much tenderneſs and generoſity in his nature, to anſwer her, but in the ſmootheſt and kindeſt ſtrain, and, without driving her to deſpair, ſaid enough to convince her, that he could not be her's any otherwiſe than he had already been, and expeſs'd his high ſenſe of the tranſporting honour ſhe had conferr'd upon him, and they parted, after mutual embraces; *Davy* being again conducted to the terras by his former guide, who had waited in an antichamber for that purpoſe, from whence he retir'd to his own chamber, full of reflection, and with ſomewhat leſs innocence than he had, two hours before,

carry'd

carry'd out with him. His temper was ſo ingenuous, that he could ſcarce look, at breakfaſt, upon the faces of his entertainers, and his *M'Carthy*, without pain; *Leonora* carry'd it off ſwimmingly, and could difficultly refrain publick triumph over the virtue ſhe had ſubdued, and gave him many hints before they parted, that a repetition of the ſame delights would not be diſagreeable to her, which determined *Davy* to get away as ſoon as poſſible; for he could not help thinking, that he had been guilty of violating the rites of hoſpitality and friendſhip, and look'd upon this ſtep as a breach of honour, towards his dear *M'Carthy*, who, if ſhe had diſguſted him at firſt, with her readineſs to adventure with him, had by her conduct ſince, convinc'd him, that her mind was of a far ſuperior turn, than that of the wanton and indiſcreet *Leonora*. When they ſignified their intention of departing, my lord and his worthy ſpouſe expreſs'd, very mournfully, the ſorrow their abſence would occaſion them, and making them promiſe to take the ſame route in their return, provided horſes, and order'd a ſervant to attend them the greateſt part of the way; nay, as far as *Briſtol*, if they thought fit to have his aſſiſtance ſo far.

LEO-

LEONORA, laid hold of an opportunity to take a private adieu of the idol of her fondneſs, in which he ſaid nothing to encreaſe her chagrin; but parted with her, with an affectionate politeneſs and reſpect.

CHAP. VII.

They arrive at Carmarthen.—*Are overtaken, and by whom.*—Davy's *intrepid behaviour and conqueſt.*—*Returns to lord* Bertram's.—*His diſcourſe with that nobleman.*—*His reflections and ſoliloquy.*—*A word or two explaining the cauſe of his late loſs.*—*Determines to return to* Ireland.—*Writes to* M'Kenſie *about his baggage.*—*Departs for* St. David's.—*Meets with a paſſage.*—*Arrives ſafe at* Kinſale.—*Letter from* M'Kenſie.—*His integrity.*—Davy *arrives at* Gowran.—*Viſits* Sir Juſtus M'Carthy.

THEY had many pleaſing days of journeying, till they arriv'd at *Carmarthen*, thro' which town, one of the politeſt in *Wales*, they took their route, according to the advice of his lordſhip; for tho'

tho' not the neareſt, it was the beſt road they could take, and abounded with gentlemen's ſeats, to whom his lordſhip had given them letters of recommendation, and at which they were entertain'd with a generoſity and magnificence, that diſplay'd the regard paid to thoſe letters, and the fine mien and deportment of the two travellers, which made a proper and advantageous impreſſion on all that beheld them, in their favour.

THEY here repair'd to the beſt inn, and having ſupp'd, retir'd to their repoſe, from which they aroſe, the next morning, refreſh'd after their fatigues, and were ſitting at breakfaſt, talking of their late adventures, and full of delight and complacency in each other; when ſuddenly, the door was burſt open, and four men, in travelling dreſſes, enter'd the room, without the leaſt ceremony, and one of them thus addreſs'd them. Well, at laſt we have found our game—Miſs, I have orders from Sir *Juſtus*, your father, to put an end to your rambles with this gentleman, and return you home, where your flight has made no little uproar. If, Sir, you make no reſiſtance to our orders, you may remain ſafe and at liberty; but if you reſiſt them, you may expect the conſequences.

We

We know your name and family, and where to apply for redreſs, if you have deluded this young lady to her hurt; and ſo, madam, prepare yourſelf to depart immediately, either by fair means or foul. At this formidable appearance, and bold ſpeech, pronounc'd with a reſolute voice, poor miſs trembled every joint, and was unable to move, looking with pitiful and beſeeching eyes upon her *Davy*, who was little leſs ſurpriz'd, tho' he did not ſo viſibly betray it, and in a moment reſolv'd, tho' ſingle and alone, to repel force by force, and defend his prize, rather than tamely ſubmit to be robb'd of it, by he knew not who. Hereupon, he return'd the following anſwer. I hope gentlemen, you will not deſire me to credit your verbal aſſertions, with regard to this lady, who has given me the claim of a huſband in her; let me ſee your credentials, and if ſhe knows and allows you are ſent by her father, I'll return to him with her, and juſtify what we have already done, and what we further intended; otherwiſe (riſing with an action of amazing intrepidity, and endeavouring to ſeize his piſtols) I will defend her, at the riſque of my life, and no conſideration of danger ſhall induce me to reſign her to lawleſs force, and, perhaps,

uſurped

uſurped and forged authority. But they were too quick for him, and had already ſecur'd his piſtols, and two of them advanc'd to endeavour to keep him from attacking the other two, who, notwithſtanding miſs's cries and tears, which ſtruck to the heart of her *Ranger*, bore her off, put her into a coach, and drove away, *Jehu* like, out of the town. This edg'd the fury of her hero to ſuch a degree, that, getting himſelf at liberty, he ſnatch'd up the poker, with which he dealt about ſo manfully, that, in leſs than ten minutes, his two opponents were bleeding upon the floor, and entirely at his mercy. He then, finding upon enquiry, that his lady was quite gone, thought fit to return, and queſtion his vanquiſh'd enemies as to the route they had carry'd her; but how mortify'd he was, when he was inform'd, and it was alſo corroborated by the hoſt, that the two fellows he fought with, had been hir'd at *Carmarthen* by the other two, under pretence of recovering a young lady who had elop'd from her parents, and neither knew who their employers were, nor where they had convey'd her. Poor *Ranger* was ready to ſacrifice them in the firſt emotions of his fury, and, all wild and diſtracted, paid his reckoning and ſallied out,

out, with his attendant, determin'd to recover his fair at the hazard of his life; for which purpoſe he rode with great celerity into all the avenues of the town; but could get neither tale nor tidings of thoſe he ſought, the tears even trickling from his eyes with madneſs and diſappointment. In ſhort, he once more return'd to the inn, and puzzled himſelf for a long time, to account for theſe purſuers knowing where to find them; for the hoſt had inform'd him, that they enquir'd for him and the young lady, with an aſſurance that betokened a certain knowledge of their being at his houſe. He was perfectly jaded in endeavouring to unriddle ſo myſterious an affair, and came to a ſudden reſolution to return to lord *Bertram*'s, from thence to *Ireland*, and, in perſon, to demand her of her father; for indeed ſhe had ſo gain'd upon him, by the ſweetneſs and mildneſs of her behaviour, that he could not, now, think of living without her. Late, as it now was, he reſolv'd to ſet out, and mounting their horſes, they took the readieſt road to *Pembroke*, and kept upon their ſaddles all night, for their ſpeedier expedition; ſo that, by noon, the next day, he was within ſight of that kind nobleman's, who, receiv'd him as an unexpected but welcome

come gueſt; tho' he was amazed at his return, and immediately enquir'd, earneſtly, where his ſiſter was, conceiving, by the moiſt'ning eyes of *Ranger*, that ſome dire misfortune had happen'd to her. As the ladies were not preſent, he ingenuouſly beg'd his pardon for having been guilty of any concealment to ſo kind a friend, and then frankly told him his whole adventure, from the beginning to the end, and beg'd his advice how to act in it for the future. The worthy nobleman, with an action of pity at his diſtreſs, gave him his hand, and told him, that two men had called there juſt two days before, who had enquir'd after him by name, ſaying, they had urgent buſineſs with him from *Ireland*, and that thereupon, not ſuſpecting any danger to them, he had inform'd them of his route, and told them they might poſſibly overtake him by the time he reach'd *Carmarthen*. But, Sir, he continued, had I ſuſpected what has happened, I would have oppos'd them with all my intereſt and power; for as your fortune is conſiderable, and your family a good one, as you ſeem to have acted upon the principles of honour and good ſenſe, and deſign nothing but the future happineſs of the young lady, I think your cauſe is worthy the patro-

patronage of every worthy man. For my part, I have ſuffer'd myſelf too much, from the harſh ſeverity and unreaſonable reſentment of a parent, to abet the ſame in any other. If you will repoſe yourſelf here, for two or three days, I'll diſpatch meſſengers to all the circumjacent ports, where perhaps we may procure tidings, at leaſt of her departure for *Ireland*, which when you are ſure of, I would adviſe you to follow her and openly, to her father, avow your paſſion, and get your own to ſecond it. If then he ſhould continue refractory, and you cannot be eaſy without freeing her from her bondage and poſeſſing her, never ſtand for the ſordid riches ſhe may expect from her father; but, as you have a ſufficiency of your own, make yourſelves happy, and leave the iſſue with him to time; perhaps ſickneſs, or the approach of death, as is often the caſe, may work a change in his ſentiments. Sometime or other I'll make you acquainted with my ſtory, when you'll find you are not the firſt man, who has had ſuch odd and ſingular tempers to deal with, and that perſeverance will, in all likelihood, bring your loves to an happy iſſue. Here the affable *Bertram* concluded, and his advice ſeem'd ſo very reaſonable, that *Davy*, immediately after

he had return'd him his grateful thanks, conſented to act as directed, and, in two days time, had notice that ſuch a lady and two men, who anſwer'd the deſcription of her purſuers, had embark'd at *Tenby*, on board a ſmall fiſhing bark for *Kinſale*, and were ſail'd, with a fair wind, towards the *Iriſh* coaſt. This news, as now he conjectur'd ſhe was in no bad or deſigning hands, revived the ſpirits of *Davy*, and he was able to join, with leſs force upon himſelf, in the diſcourſe of his noble companions, who were very aſſiduous to oblige him, and the fair *Leonora*, who look'd upon his return as a ſingular bleſſing, us'd all her arts to bring him into her toils; for her ſiſter and ſhe, at his deſire to his lordſhip, were not acquainted with the reaſon of his return; but her lure was, now, even leſs regarded than before; for the privation of his adorable *Molly*, had rendered her ſtill more dear to him, and he inceſſantly ſigh'd after her, whilſt he did all he could to avoid being left alone with *Leonora*, leſt he ſhould again relapſe into his former weakneſs. He began, now, ſeriouſly to reflect upon himſelf, for following ſuch a wandering and unſettled life, and when he examined matters to the bottom, could find no other excuſe for it, than

than the firſt misfortunes of his life, which had unhinged and unſettled his mind, and his fondneſs for playing, which, however, as he at preſent did not think of making it the abſolute buſineſs of his life, he thought it ſome diſgrace to continue longer: What am I doing, he cry'd to himſelf, I am waſting thoſe precious moments that will never more return — moments, that ſhould be employ'd in much more uſeful ſtudies and occupations. Let me learn to bear misfortunes like a man, to exile from my boſom all that reigns there in reaſon's deſpight; let me learn and practice ſome ſalutary art, whereby the fortune God has bleſs'd me with, and myſelf, may be rendered more extenſively ſerviceable to my fellow creatures.—No more ſhall my boſom exult in the tragic buſkin; no more ſhall the plaudit of the crowded theatre raiſe enthuſiaſtic raptures in my ſoul—and, let me endeavour to rejoin and poſſeſs my lovely *Molly*, whoſe ſoft and gentle charms, will brighten all the hours of my paſſing life,

Thus ſighing, panting, raging to be bleſt;
Fly, like a mourning turtle, to her breaſt;
On that dear boſom hov'ring, bill and play,
Confeſs the cauſe of ling'ring thus away;

Own 'twas a crime, and ſwear to give it o'er,
And never follow wand'ring fancies more!

Thus our hero brought his doughty reflexions to a concluſion, little imagining what party-colour'd ſtuff the human heart is compos'd of; how various our frailties, how vain and unſteady our reſolutions, how *many things*, as the proverb ſays, *happen between the cup and the lip.* Our *Ranger*, in fact, tho' in appearance he was, yet in reality was not more ſettled in theſe reſolves, than in any he had heretofore made of the ſame nature; and was as uncertain which courſe to ſteer in life, as he was of the cauſe of his being now at lord *Bertram*'s, which, after the cloſeſt reſearch he could not fathom; and, tho' he check'd the thought, ſometimes fear'd his friend *M'Kenſie* had given intelligence of him and his *M'Carthy*; but the caſe was quite otherwiſe; for *Mizzen*, the boiſterous, bluſt'ring *Mizzen*, had been the ultimate occaſion of the whole diſcovery: *To wit*, They had not been ſo unnotic'd in their meeting, in order to their embarkation; but that they were obſerv'd by certain people, who love to attend to the buſineſs of their neighbours rather then their own, who, upon enquiry if ſuch perſons had been

been ſeen, (for poor miſs had been adver-tis'd in *Faulkner*'s journal, with a reward for fear of her having met with ſome ſiniſter accident, by her ſorrowful aunt, whoſe exuberant devotion had afforded her the opportunity of making an eſcape,) made a report, that they had embark'd on board ſuch a veſſel, which was then ſail'd. Then it was that the devotee began to look about for her boxes, clothes, *&c.* but finding none, was wonderfully thunder-ſtruck, and would have remain'd a figure of wonder, if her officious maid had not betray'd the ſecret of their having been ſent, at ſeveral different times, to Mr. *Ranger*'s, directed to Mr. *Davy*. This made the old woman almoſt crazy, as ſhe now found there was a man at the bottom, and ſhe apply'd to Mr. *Ranger* for ſatis-faction as to his nephew's deſtination, who was a much ſurpriz'd as herſelf at what ſhe told him; frankly inform'd her he was gone to *Briſtol*, and bid her not make herſelf uneaſy — he was ſure his nephew was a gentleman, and a man of honour, and if he marry'd her neice, he had a fortune that was equal to any thing ſhe had, or her father could beſtow on her. However, he agreed that a pair of meſ-ſengers ſhould be ſent to reclaim the lady,

upon promiſe that, on no conſideration, *Davy* ſhould be ill uſed. Before theſe meſſengers ſet out, *Mizzen* return'd from *Briſtol*, and being interrogated, let the aunt and uncle know, that his mate had left the young gentleman and lady at lord *Bertram*'s, near *Pembroke*, where he heard they propos'd to ſtay a month, before they purſued their journey to *Briſtol*. Upon theſe tidings they embark'd, and came to that nobleman's, by the time our adventurers had got to *Carmarthen*, and what paſs'd there, my readers are no ſtrangers to. And thus it was that our amorous pair were depriv'd of each other's ſociety. But now to reſume the thread of my narration.

BEING determin'd to follow his *M'Carthy* to *Ireland*, he firſt ſat down and wrote a very friendly and affectionate letter to *M'Kenſie*, informing him of all that had happened to him ſince his landing; the loſs of his fair partner, and his reſolve to follow her: At the ſame time expreſſing his concern that he was depriv'd of his valuable company, and that he had been the means of his quitting *Ireland*; and promis'd him, whatever diſadvantage it prov'd to him, he would pay it him out of his private purſe. He beſought him alſo to ſend all his, and miſs *M'Carthy*'s bag-

baggage, *per* firſt ſhip that ſail'd, directed to his uncle at *Dublin*; and concluded with the warmeſt profeſſions of love and eſteem, and wiſhes for their ſpeedily again ſeeing each other. This diſpatch'd, he ſent and hir'd a fiſhing-boat at *St. David*'s, and once more took leave of his noble friends; nor now could refuſe an interview with the ſtill loveſick *Leonora*, whom all his cruelty, and neglect, could not cure of her hapleſs paſſion, and which the former indulgence had only ſerv'd to raiſe to a higher pitch. She wept, ſhe hung upon his neck; nor could his natural ſenſibility be untouch'd at ſuch inſtances as ſhe gave of her regard to him: In ſhort, if not from love, from very gratitude, he repeated thoſe proofs of his pity over again, and tho' he could not promiſe to be her's any farther, he promis'd ever to hold her in tender remembrance.

In about a week his little ſkiff ſafely landed him at *Kinſale*, and ſo expeditious his friend had been, and ſo fortunate the conveyance of his letter, that the morning after his arrival brought him an anſwer from *M'Kenſie*, in which he inform'd him, that he had ſent all his and miſs's boxes to his uncle's as directed, by a veſſel that ſail'd the day he wrote the letter; that he

had alſo ſent a little parcel from himſelf, containing the ſum he was in arrear to him, ſince their firſt agreement, which he could not be eaſy till he had remitted. The reſt of the letter was as follows,

" As to me, my dear friend, your ab-
" ſence makes me ſick of the trade I fol-
" low, and even ſick of myſelf; and, but
" that I cannot ſubſiſt without doing ſome-
" what, I would retire from the world, as, in
" it, I cannot be bleſs'd with your pre-
" ſence; and, indeed, 'tis chiefly the hope
" of ſeeing you again, happy in the ami-
" able miſs *M'Carthy*, that ſupports my
" ſpirits, and makes me fit for the func-
" tions of life. I may ſay, with great
" truth, as *David* to *Jonathan*, that *my*
" *love* to you, *ſurpaſſes the love of women.*
" You talk, in an unfriendly manner, when
" you ſay, you will recompence me for
" any thing I may have ſuffered by going
" to *England*; for, as on one hand I could
" never think of burdening your gene-
" roſity, by a pecuniary amends; ſo, I am
" certain you can beſtow nothing upon
" me that is adequate to the loſs of your
" dear, improving, and pleaſing ſociety.
" However, I believe, I ſhall not ſuffer
" much in my buſineſs, and if I ſuffer'd
" ever ſo much, I would even leave it

" directly

" directly and join you, in *Ireland*, could " I be of the leaſt ſervice to you, or your " intereſts; for I ſincerely regret all your " diſquiets, and ſhould be glad to be al- " ways a participator of your joys. Adieu, " my dear friend,—loſing you, I am once " more a ſtraggling wanderer, and an alien " in the earth, and may conclude with " *Milton*, with the variation of a few words,

The world is all before me, where to chooſe,
My place of reſt, and Providence my guide!

" May the laſt, be as really the caſe, as " that I am,

My excellent friend,
your's, moſt ſincerely
and affectionately,

Briſtol, &c. *M'Kenſie.*

RANGER received theſe teſtimonies of the friendſhip and eſteem of *M'Kenſie*, with a great deal of ſatisfaction, nor fail'd to return him a proper anſwer. He was now in ſome quandary, how he ſhould direct his ſearch after his fair, whether to her aunt's at *Dublin*, or to her father's near *Gowran*; and had determined upon the firſt meaſure, as the moſt probable means of finding her; when going, in the morn-

ing of the next day, to mount horſe for his expedition, he ſaw a man run precipitately into the kitchen of the inn, in which he ſeem'd to want concealment from him, having then juſt alighted, whoſe face had been well remembered by him; for it was, indeed, the ſpokeſman at *Carmarthen*, who had ſo reſolutely demanded miſs *M'Carthy*, and as reſolutely carried her off. Immediately *Davy* drew a piſtol from his holſters, and, running ſwiftly after him, took him by the collar, ſaying, Now miſcreant, prepare to receive the reward due to thy inſolence; or let me know, the whole ſtory of your concern with miſs *M'Carthy*, and where you have carry'd that lovely maid? The fellow, tho' not a coward, nor a fool, was ſomewhat ſtartled, and reply'd, Sir, don't be raſh; if you'll adjourn to a proper place, as my commiſſion is long ſince expir'd, I'll fairly tell you all I know. So calm and cogent an anſwer, had a proper effect on *Ranger*, and, letting him go, he follow'd him into an inner room, where he frankly told him the whole of the diſcovery of them, as already related; adding, that as he knew *Wales*, he had carried her, thro' ſuch bye roads, to *Tenby*, where he had a veſſel ready to receive her; that he was certain it would

elude

elude the quickeſt purſuit, as it accordingly did; and, when at *Dublin*, had further orders to conduct her to her father's where ſhe then was. He then added, that the lady had been caſt down and diſconſolate during the whole journey and voyage, frequently lamenting herſelf, with tears; but aſſur'd him, that he had, as well as his companion, us'd her in the moſt reſpectful manner: That ſhe was receiv'd by her aunt with great joy, to all appearance; but that her father, being a hunting when he left her there, he could give no account of the manner of her treatment. He concluded, very ſenſibly, by wiſhing *Ranger* might have the poſſeſſion of her, and begging his pardon for the ſhare he had in the tranſaction, which he ſaid, his obligations to the family, and his engagement oblig'd him to be faithful in. *Ranger*, now certain where his *Molly* was, chear'd up on this intelligence, gave the man a crown for his advice, and good uſage of his priſoner, mounted his horſe, and was ſoon out of ſight of *Kinſale*. He was ſo impatient that he rode all the enſuing night, ſo that he entered *Gowran* the next day, at eight in the morning, having had a freſh horſe the evening before; and having laid down, and taken about two hours re-

freſhment, he ſhifted his linen, and, ſet out on foot for *Sir Juſtus*'s ſeat, which was about half a mile from the town, ſeated in a pleaſant valley, and ſoon arriv'd in ſight of the walls, within which, he ſuppos'd, the lady he ador'd was captive.

CHAP. VIII.

Queſtion'd at the gate.— Introduced to the houſe.—Walks in the gardens.—Arrival of Sir Juſtus, *and his company —Accoſted by* Davy.— *His anſwer and behaviour.—* Davy *diſciplin'd, and turn'd out of the houſe.*

WHEN he came to the gate, he knock'd, by which our readers may conjecture there was no bell, and ſent his eyes wiſtfully about the unwieldy building, thinking they might perchance be directed, among other objects, to the particular apartment where his beauty was inſhrin'd, and the ſight even of the ſtone or brick, that encas'd her, could not fail of giving rapture to a true lover, at leaſt ſo, the delectable *Legend* of *Partheniſſa* has given us to ſuppoſe. He had not waited long, before a rude, unmannerly hind, follow'd, by a whole pack of howling curs, peep'd

peep'd thro' the wicket, with an enquiry, Who was there? *Davy* aſk'd, if *Sir Juſtus* was at home? and being anſwer'd in the negative, and that he would ſcarce be home under an hour, for his morning hunt would hardly be over before; he ſaid, he would come in and ſtay till his arrival, which, after a conſiderable number of hums and ha's, was at length granted, and he was conducted into a parlour, which was decorated with all the ſpoils of the chace, and every implement of the game, and was aſk'd by his conductor, if he choſe to regale himſelf with a pipe, and a cup of ale, till the arrival of *Sir Juſtus*. This piece of civility, which it ſeems was the cuſtom of the houſe, dedicated ſolely to *Bacchus*, and *Ceres*, which had boaſted of more roaring, guttling, and uproar, ſince in the hands of the preſent poſſeſſor, than any other of the courſing tribe in the kingdom, was declin'd by *Ranger*, who rather choſe to walk in the gardens, which were not ſmall or unpleaſant, and in which he wander'd from alley to alley, and from walk to walk, 'till he was almoſt tired, ſending his view up to every window, if haply he could eſpy the object of his deſires; but to no purpoſe, for poor miſs *Molly*, and her ſiſter, had been, ſeveral

ral days before, ſent to a great diſtance, to the keeping of a ſurly old uncle, who had, if poſſible, more of the brute about him, than their father; there to be cur'd entirely of her fit of rambling. At length he heard a confus'd medley of ſounds, proceeding from the unlick'd baronet, and his companions, the huntſmen and the hounds, who were, by that, he perceiv'd, return'd in triumph from the chace, and preſently, after a meſſage was brought him, that *Sir Juſtus* attended his buſineſs. *Davy* made his entrance into the parlour, in his riding dreſs, which was a very gay and genteel one, and commanded the attention of the company, who aroſe, in their way, to ſalute him. It conſiſted of the baronet, a perfect *Acteon*, 'ſquire *M'Donald*, and 'ſquire *Bourk*, neighbouring men of fortune, all of the ſame diſpoſition, each having a dog ſitting between his knees. D—n me, ſays the baronet, this ſhould be one of us, by his dreſs—If you had come a little ſooner, Sir, we ſhould have led you ſuch a chace as would have done your heart good—I believe it was near ten miles, before we could kill the poor b—h,—I never had better ſport in my life—Hoic, my boy! Hoic *Ringwood!*—to him *Teazer!*—*Jouler!*—*Jouler!*

Jouler!—touch him and try him there!—Hoic, hoic, hoic!—At this concluſion his companions, and all the dogs in preſence, join'd in the unharmonious ſounds, and *Ranger*, was quite ſtunn'd before he could put in a word. When the noiſe was ceas'd, during which he had been oblig'd to ſwallow a large bumper of brandy, of which no denial could be admitted, he addreſs'd himſelf to *Sir Juſtus*, and told him, he beg'd to ſpeak with him in private, about a little buſineſs, that concern'd him nearly.—D—n buſineſs, Sir, ſpeak above board—I have no ſecrets, the baronet reply'd,—none but what my honeſt friends here, may know as well as myſelf,—what have you found out a dead ſet?—d—n me, that's all the bunſieſs I mind—eſpecially now I have ſhipp'd off thoſe two little troubleſome b——hes my daughters.—Ha! *M'Donald*—ha! *Bourk*,—what ſay you? D—n it, none at all, his two compeers reply'd—let buſineſs go to the devil—ſpeak out, Sir, all our concerns are open to each other. *Davy*, tho' a little chagrin'd at his treatment, reſum'd himſelf at once, and, ſitting down in their familiar way, thus addreſs'd *Sir Juſtus*. Sir, I ſhall freely then tell you, what I am come upon.—You have a daughter, miſs *Molly*, to whom I would

would gladly pay my addreſſes; ſhe has captivated my heart, and I find I ſhall not be happy without her. 'Tis therefore, *Sir Juſtus*, that I wait upon you, to aſk your conſent to my viſits, and, if the young lady attends to my ſuit, to the completion of our happineſs by marriage. My family, Sir, is of ſufficient repute, and my fortune conſiderable enough, to warrant what I have undertaken, and therefore, I preſume, you will have no material objection to what I have propos'd. The baronet, during this ſpeech, ey'd him from head to foot, with ſome reſpect, and at the ſame time with a kind of apprehenſive ſneer; and when he had concluded, inſtead of a direct anſwer to him holla'd out,—G—d d——n me, what bus'neſs had the b——h, my wife, to bring forth daughters—they're more plague to a man, than an hundred law ſuits.—You *Bourk*, this is your girl—what ſhall I ſay, to this young man—will you part with her?—As to my part I ſhall be glad when I have coupled her, for by G—d, I have had plague enough with her—rot her for me. But now I think of it, Sir, where did you ever ſee this ſame daughter, or devil of mine? And, pray what's your name, and where is your family ſeated? For tho' I don't care a ſouce

what

what becomes of the girl, if I can be rid of her, yet I would not marry her beneath myſelf.—No—no— G—d's w——ds, lets keep up the blood however. Theſe queſtions put *Davy* a little to a ſtand, for he knew, if he told him his name, he muſt have heard of it, in the ſtory of his daughter's late elopement. However, he was reſolv'd to be open and above board, let what would be the conſequence, and therefore reply'd, by anſwering the queſtions differently from their being ſtated. That he had ſeen her at *Dublin*, at her aunt's; that his family was ſeated in the county of *Limerick*; that he inherited the eſtate of his grandfather, Sir *Patrick Dillon*, bart. and that his name was—*Ranger*.

He had no ſooner mentioned the name, than the eyes of *Sir Juſtus* flaſh'd indignation—*Ranger!* ha! he cry'd out furiouſly, *Ranger!* Now d——n me, if this is n't ſuperlative impudence.— Why, you ſtrolling, vagabond raſcal, what could ſo puff up thy vanity, as to think of a union with ſuch a worſhipful family as mine?—Now, all the devils in hell ſhall not ſave you from being properly diſciplin'd, before you quit theſe territories — *Ranger*; ha! Here's a dog for you, gentlemen; this is the fellow, that had the impudence to run away

away with the girl, and now he's come to demand matrimony with her.—Hollo there, —*Patrick! Charles! Robin!* bring your whips, for by G—d we'll have as fine a flogging bout as ever was ſeen in the world. This ſentence was applauded by the loud laughs of *M'Donald* and *Bourk*, and the rough knight, advancing to *Ranger*, endeavour'd to ſeize him by the collar, which, with ſtruggling, he for a moment avoided, and had time to ſay, with great precipitation, Gentlemen, conſider what you are going to do, if there is law or juſtice you'll ſuffer ſeverely for it; and remember, I am able to call you to a proper account, in perſon, for your miſbehaviour. Don't be deceiv'd, ſeeing the ſervants begin to ſurround him, I am no vagabond, as this unworthy man has inſinuated, but a gentleman, and a man of fortune ſufficient to juſtify his pretenſions, to the lady he came in ſearch of. Poor *Ranger!* as well he might have whiſtled the boiſterous winds to ſleep, in a ſtorm, as think of making the leaſt impreſſion upon theſe unfeeling brutes. What ſtrength could atcheive, was done, and the baronet and his gang receiv'd many a grievous cuff and blow, from their adverſary, who fought with amazing courage, before he could

could be over-power'd; but, at length, numbers gain'd the field, and, ſeizing him on all ſides, they forc'd him out into the court-yard, and, ſurrounding him, began to laſh about them without mercy, whilſt *Ranger*, perceiving, now, all reſiſtance vain, tho' inly raging and fuming with wrathful ire, ſubmitted to what he could not withſtand, only taking care, to guard his face and eyes, from the circling ſtrokes, which gave him conſiderable pain and anguiſh. At length, the baronet, tir'd himſelf, began to think he had had enough, and commanded a ceſſation of the ſport, crying, D——n me, let's leave off, the dog don't ſpin well—he makes no muſick—come, Sir, now you may decamp, but if ever I ſee you poaching after my wenches again—I'll cut your ears off. *Ranger* mov'd, with a ſteady pace towards the gate, and when he had got on the other ſide, turn'd back, fiercely, and return'd—I ſhall ſoon let you know, Sirs, that your lawleſs behaviour will meet with its puniſhment; nor will I part from that town, pointing to *Gowran*, till I have done myſelf juſtice upon ſuch miſcreants, with two of whom, even weaponed, I ſhould have been ſure of the advantage. So, gentlemen, you may depend upon it, the next merry meeting ſhall be

of

of my ſeeking. This ſpeech ſomewhat diſconcerted them; for already, they began to think they had gone too far, and, without further moleſtation, he continued his way to town, and return'd to his inn, where he examin'd his arms, back and legs; but found they were not ſo badly ſcarified as to need any chirurgical treatment, which gave him a good deal of comfort. He next debated, whether he ſhould commence a ſuit againſt theſe ſavages, at common law; but conſidering his damage was not very great, that he had no witneſſes, and that he might be ſure they would ſwear black was white, in their defence, beſides the noiſe it would make in the country, he prudently declin'd that method of proceeding, and, by the time he went to bed, for repoſe and reſt was become very needful, had determin'd to put the whole iſſue, upon his own ſingle arm, for ſatisfaction.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Recovers from his puniſhment.—His reflections thereon.—Contrives to get an interview with Bourk *and* M'Donald.—*Thoroughly revenges himſelf.—Gets tidings of his fair one.—His letter to* Sir Juſtus.—*Departs for* Kilkenny.—*Arrives there.—Shock'd at an article of intelligence.—Finds it too true.—Interview between* Ranger, *and lady* O'Hara.—*A tender ſcene.*—Davy's *deſpair.—He quits* Kilkenny.—*Determines to return to* Cork.—*Arrives there.—His reception.—Settles with a wine merchant.—Recovers his uſual ſerenity.—Receives a letter from capt.* M'Kenſie.—*Grows tir'd of buſineſs.—Misfortune in his family.—His generoſity.*

IN two or three days, the ſoreneſs occaſion'd by his late exerciſe went off, and he became as able and active as ever; but his mind was untun'd for any enjoyment, by reflecting with too great intenſeneſs, upon the natural malevolence, and villainy of the human ſpecies, that can carry them, ſuch unwarrantable lengths, againſt each other, and make the miſeries of their fellow creatures a ſport. Again he dwelt, with unbated

unbated fondneſs, upon the idea of the lovely daughter of the rough baronet, recall'd all her amiable tenderneſs towards him to mind, painted to his imagination all the hardſhips ſhe muſt have undergone, from ſuch a father, and all that ſhe was perhaps now enduring, in a very affecting light; and even felt for her, with an encreas'd fondneſs, at the reflection. Such is the conſtitution of a truly generous and noble mind, that compaſſion and pity will ſtill more firmly rivet the chains of love. He, from this conſideration, rov'd upon the means of revenging his late inſult, and gueſſing, juſtly, from the poet's reflection,

Cowards, are cruel; but the brave,
Love mercy, and delight to ſave,

The complexion of his antagoniſts hearts, he gave orders to the landlord, who by the bye, was become very much his humble ſervant, to put his horſe into a private ſtable, and to give out that he had left the town, well knowing, that as long as they ſurmiz'd he was there, they would never dare to come near it; and this the hoſt confirm'd, of whom *Davy* had made a confident, and perſuaded into being his private agent, to bring about his revenge. They contriv'd, for that purpoſe, that my hoſt ſhould

ſhould give notice to *Bourk* and *M'Donald*, that he had an horſe to diſpoſe of, that was an excellent hunter and a good bargain, as they had lately apply'd to him, to buy them two or three, and that when they came, they ſhould be ſhewn *Ranger*'s horſe, and, to make the agreement for him, be conducted into the room where he was, where, under pretence of illneſs, he ſhould be ſo muffled up in his great coat, as not to have his face, for ſometime, diſtinguiſhed; and the reſt was left to him. All this the landlord might do, without any after-ſuſpicion of his being concerned, as he could not be ſuppoſed to know any thing of the late uſage of his gueſt, and would only appear to be the innocent dupe of his deſigns. However, for he had for ſome former ill uſuage of his own, a great ſpleen againſt the two culprits, he provided, unknown to his gueſt, a ſtout fellow to be within call, for fear he ſhould not be able, alone, to deal with them both.

THE plot took, as well as it was expected to do, and they came over, in the afternoon of the day they receiv'd my landlord's notice, the belief of *Davy*'s being gone, which they had been appriz'd of, chaſing away all fear. In ſhort, the horſe, for he was luckily of that breed, pleas'd them

them highly; and now they had entered the room, and had demanded, of the ſeemingly ſick jockey, the price of him, when, ſuddenly ſtarting up, he ran to the door and lock'd it, to the amazement and terror of his two chapmen, beſide whom he again ſat down, making a formidable appearance, with two piſtols ſtuck in his belt, a ſword by his ſide, and a whip and cane on the table before him. They ſoon diſcover'd what company they had got into, and, looking ſheepiſhly at each other, for ſome minutes, gave *Ranger* an opportunity thus to addreſs them. Tremble, ye poltroons, that at length I have got you in my power—you attack'd me with numbers and unarm'd—I have now the ſuperiority of being well arm'd, whilſt you are naked—and do you think I ought not this inſtant (here he drew a piſtol,) to lay you dead at my feet? Sure you cannot heſitate in acknowledging the juſtice of your ſentence? With pallid cheeks, and haggard eyes, they each of them attempted to open his mouth; but, thrice the lips were parted, in eſſay to ſpeak, and as often could convey no utterance; whilſt the little hero ſtood, enjoying their terror, and pointing the leaden death at their heads. Come, gentlemen, ſays he, you are men of ſo much

much mettle, I perceive, that you are in ſome private conteſt, which ſhall firſt attack me; come let us end the diſpute; tho' I ſee you are not ſo well ſkill'd in the uſe of theſe weapons, as in the more ſafe exerciſe of the horſewhip. Here, one of you take this piſtol, laying it on the table, we'll meaſure the diſtance of the room, or only the table, if you like it better, level, and fire: Such bold and intrepid heroes, who, in conjunction with four or five more, had the hardineſs to fall upon a perſon of my gigantic ſtature, may perhaps not think me too formidable; but come, Sirs, reſolve ſoon, or I'll diſcharge a brace of balls thro' each of your heads, in memorandum of the diſcipline, you ſo lately favour'd me with. No words can deſcribe the extreme fear that ſeiz'd the two cowards; their ſituation was ſo very lamentable, that *Ranger* could ſcarcely forbear diſordering the gravity of his muſcles, with a laugh, and yet could hardly provoke an anſwer; but at length *Bourk*, in a tremulous tone of voice, reply'd, Sir, I hope you'll excuſe us the ſhare we had, with the old ſcoundrel *M'Carthy*, in diſobliging you; we now believe you to be a gentleman; but he ſo impos'd upon our underſtandings, as to perſuade us, you was

the author of ſome injuries to him, and ſo drew us into his revenge; but we are convinc'd we are in an error, and heartily aſk your pardon. Anſwer me one queſtion, Sir, ſays *Ranger*, and that upon your honour; for I perceive you know where ſhe is conveyed. Where is miſs *Molly*, at this time? Upon my honour, Sir, return'd *Bourk*, ſhe is with her uncle *M'Daniel*, a gentleman at *Kilkenny*. Again, ſays *Davy*, ſwear upon your honour that you will drop all pretenſions to her. Upon my honour—by the G—d that made me, I'll never again think of her—no, Sir, you deſerve her better than any man on earth. Very well, continues *Davy*, you are witneſs of this Mr. *M'Donald?* I am, Sir, replies the other culprit. And now, gentlemen, I ſhall uſe you as you deſerve, in the ſight of the people of the houſe, that you may give out no falſe reports, after I am gone; ſo ſaying he unlock'd the door, and call'd the landlord, who came with the man he had hir'd, thinking *Davy* called for aſſiſtance; but he was ſoon undeceived, when he told him, tho' a ſtranger, he wanted him to be witneſs to a ceremony thoſe gentlemen have engag'd to go through; upon which, pulling *M'Donald* out of his chair, he bid him kneel down, and then order'd

Bourk

Bourk to attend him in the ſame poſture, and jointly aſk his pardon, for having ill us'd him at the houſe of, and in conjunction with, Sir *Juſtus M'Carthy*. This they both did, and then *Ranger* gently tweak'd each by the noſe, and kick'd them out of the room, all which they ſuffered with the greateſt paſſiveneſs, and mounted their horſes, hanging down their heads, to the no ſmall diverſion of the landlord and all that ſaw it, who lifted up their hands, in admiration of ſuch baſeneſs and meanneſs of ſpirit, and applauded our hero with inceſſant praiſes.

THIS ample recompence for his injur'd honour, gave him ſome eaſe under his miſhaps, and he rewarded the hoſt very handſomely, for his aſſiſtance, which had been ſo very uſeful to him. And now, depending upon the intelligence received of his fair one, as the hoſt had confirm'd that Sir *Juſtus* had really a brother-in-law at *Kilkenny*, nam'd *M'Daniel*, he reſolv'd to journey thither, in order to free her from her captivity; but before he ſet out, as he had, in vain, endeavour'd to encounter with the baronet, he thought proper to write him the following letter.

Sir *Juſtus*,

I Preſume, before now, your daſtardly companions, in the aſſault upon me, under your roof, in your own houſe, which ought to have been the protection of your gueſt, have inform'd you, that I have done myſelf exemplary juſtice upon them, and convinc'd them I am not to be injur'd with impunity. In the firſt burſt of my anger and juſt reſentment, had I had the good fortune, alſo, to meet with you, I would have exacted the very ſame retribution; which I rather choſe, than a ſlow proceſs at law, which art or villainy might overthrow. But—reſt, Sir,—you are the father of a young lady I ſhall ever eſteem and love;—on that account I purſue my reſentment no further. However, let not my moderation hurry you into future inormities of the ſame nature; you may not always eſcape ſo mildly. Learn, Sir, to be a better man, than you have ever been; learn humanity and good ſenſe, and be no more the tyrant of your children, whom you never yet deſerv'd to be poſeſs'd of.

Adieu, Sir *Juſtus*.

DAVID RANGER.

THIS

THIS perform'd, and ſent by a truſty meſſenger, who told him, Sir *Juſtus* turned pale, at the reading of it, he bid adieu to *Gowran*, and took the ready road to *Kilkenny*, meaſuring the diſtance in much leſs time than an ordinary traveller could have done, who was not ſpur'd on by ſuch fears or ſuch hopes and expectations. By the kindneſs of his hoſt at *Gowran*, he had got a recommendation to a gentleman at *Kilkenny*, who had a publick office under the government there, and who receiv'd him into his houſe, with the greateſt politeneſs. As ſoon as he had clean'd himſelf, he began to enquire the news of the town, and other matters, in order to come at ſome intelligence of what he ſought, and, by chance, as it were, mentioning *M'Daniel*, the gentleman told him, there had been great doings at his houſe; for that two of his neices, the daughters of Sir *Juſtus M'Carthy* of *Gowran*, having been ſometime with him, he had compel'd them, as was ſuppos'd, to marry; one to his ſon, a young merchant, who had juſt viſited him from *Belfaſt*, and the other to Sir *Charles O'Hara*, a man of fortune in the neighbourhood, but conſiderably older than herſelf. *Davy* turn'd pale at ſuch unexpected tidings, and was near falling

from his ſeat, which diſorder, however, he excus'd to the gentleman, as ſome ſudden indiſpoſition, which was the readier believ'd, as the ſweat run from his face in big drops, his agony was ſo extreme, and he was obliged to withdraw to his chamber, where he flung himſelf on the bed, and a flood of tears gave ſome relief to his aching breaſt. However, in about an hour he conſtrain'd himſelf to return to his company, and afterwards, walk'd thro' the town with his kind companion, who ſhew'd him the houſes of *M'Daniel* and *O'Hara*, tho' he could perceive at neither of the windows, the idol of his ſoul; who, as is very natural, was ſtill dearer to him, ſince he had heard this fatal news.

WHEN he came home, he had conceiv-ed ſo good an opinion of his new friend, and which indeed he deſerv'd, that he made him his confident in the ſecret of his journey, and beſought him to procure him ſome truſty perſon, who could convey a letter to the lady, he had inform'd him was married to Sir *Charles O'Hara*, if ſhe was really the eldeſt of the daughters of Sir *Juſtus*; for he ow'd his mind the ſatisfaction of ſeeing her once more, before he parted from her for ever. The gentleman compaſſionating him, told him, if he would

would give the letter to him, as he was acquainted with Sir *Charles*, he would undertake to deliver it himſelf, and, as ſhe could come to his houſe without ſuſpicion, on a viſit to his wife, and as he knew he had none but honourable intentions, he might, if he pleas'd, appoint that for a place of meeting therein; for added he, I have conceiv'd, Sir, ſuch an eſteem for you, that I would go any lengths to ſerve you, that reaſon and honour would approve. *Ranger* thank'd him very gratefully, and deliver'd him the letter, about an hour afterwards, and his friend, dreſſing himſelf, went away directly to pay his viſit to Sir *Charles*. 'Twas near three hours before he return'd, and then retiring into a private room, he gave *Davy* the following account. That, after paying his compliments to the new married pair, Sir *Charles* being call'd out on ſome buſineſs, he had the opportunity of being, near an hour, alone with his lady, who wore the marks of extreme ſorrow in her countenance, and having introduc'd a diſcourſe of the part of the kingdom ſhe was born in, and about her family, ſoon diſcover'd her to be really the lady he was ſent to: That, then, he aſk'd her if ſhe had ever known one Mr. *Ranger*, at the mention of

which name ſhe ſhed tears, fell back in her chair, in the greateſt agony of grief, and could ſcarce keep herſelf from ſwooning, crying, Know him, Sir! yes, my heart would be a very unfaithful remembrancer, if I did not recollect him with tenderer ſentiments, than ever I did any other man. Ah! Sir, is he living?—has he one thought left of his unfortunate—his undone *M'Carthy?* Oh! may I never ſee him more, ſince I can now never ſee him but with regret and torture; and here her tears ſeem'd to have found a new ſource, trickling inceſſantly from her fair eyes: That afterwards he gave her the letter, which ſhe had ſcarce time to conceal in her boſom, and dry her eyes, before Sir *Charles* return'd, and ſoon after he took his leave of them. Ah! ſays, *Davy*, this is too ſure a confirmation of the ill I dreaded! Oh! *Molly*—where was your truth?—Where your fidelity to your *Ranger*, when you gave your hand to this ſpoiler of all my comfort, this cauſer of all my woe? Never will the joyful ſun chear more this tortur'd breaſt!—With you I had form'd the fondeſt, the compleateſt ſcenes of happineſs—but alas! all are now abortive—all are vaniſh'd, and are as the paſſing vapour! —Oh! cruel, unjuſt—perjur'd fair one!

The

The tears ran from his eyes as he thus exclaim'd, ſo that his friend was touch'd to the quick, at his ſituation, and, to draw him out of it, forc'd him down into the company of his lady, who was a woman of ſenſe and diſcernment, where he was obliged, civilly to join in the converſation.

It was near ſix, the next evening, when lady *O'Hara* ſent her complements to the lady, with advice, that ſhe would pay her a viſit that evening, and ſhe, being inſtructed by her huſband, contriv'd ſoon after ſhe entered, to leave her to give ſome family orders; when *Davy* entered the room, from an inner apartment, all wan and pale, his perturbated mind had had ſo viſible an effect already upon his countenance. When he had meaſur'd half the diſtance between them, his knees tottering under him, he would have fallen, had not a friendly chair ſtood in his way, into which he ſunk, whilſt his fair one, with a grievous ſigh, flung her handkerchief over her face, and diſſolv'd into a flood of tears. He was the firſt that recover'd from this attitude, and, making ſhift to crawl to her, flung himſelf at her feet, and claſping her knees, cry'd out, Oh! *Molly*, my perjur'd dear one!—how —why have I thus loſt you for ever?—Why muſt theſe

faithful arms be depriv'd the happineſs my fond heart had deſtin'd for them?—From the moment I unfortunately loſt you—from that curs'd hour,—I have unwearied-ly been ſeeking after you, have endur'd pangs too violent for humanity to ſuſtain. —And, now, when I thought all my toils, my ſollicitudes were over—to meet you thus—thus to behold you ſacrificed to a wretch that can never deſerve you—that can have no feeling of your delicacy—of the worth of your ſoul.—Diſtraction will ſeize me!—Ah! barbarous, lovely, per-jur'd fair! He could proceed no further, his mind was ſo torn and agitated with painful reflexion, but fell before her, un-able to ſupport himſelf. Poor lady! no-thing but ſuch an incident could have a-wakened her from her trance of ſorrow; but, ſuddenly uncovering her face, ſhe reached out her hand, and taking his, knelt down by him, ſaying, Ah! my *Ranger*, my ever dear love, when you have heard all the ſtory of my ſufferings, you will pity and forgive me —Forgive a wretch, who has involuntarily injur'd you—and made herſelf perpetually wretched!—Oh! none but you, ever touch'd my heart—let me own that I have doated on you with unbated fondneſs, which, alas! I fear will be too much

much indulg'd by me, to the laſt moment of my life. Ah! why were we ſo unhappy as not to indulge our affection ſoon enough, to have ſecur'd us from this misfortune?—To that fatal miſtake I am the unhappy ſacrifice—'tis I muſt, for ever, ſuffer for it.—Oh look kindly on me, thou lord of my heart, thou idol of my affections—for theſe are undoubtedly yours—tho' my perſon be raviſh'd from you!—If you would have me ſuſtain hated life, let it be in the reflection, the pleaſing reflection that you enjoy uninterrupted felicity. —Oh! my *Ranger*—help me to ſupport my wretched—my eternally wretched condition! Can there be a greater curſe than to be wedded to one I hate—to be torn from all the happineſs my ſoul long'd after —to know it muſt be for ever? Oh!—here ſhe fainted, whilſt the miſerable *Davy* could ſcarce ſupport her in his trembling arms, and his eyes fondly rov'd over thoſe well-known dear features, which were ſtill the ſame, tho' they had been lately clouded by grief and misfortune.

It was a conſiderable time before they recovered enough, from their tenderly mournful ſituation, to converſe with any degree of freedom, when *Ranger* rehears'd all that had happened to him, ſince his hav-

having loſt her at *Carmarthen*, to that time, and painted his diſtreſs in ſuch moving language, that my lady was nearly reduc'd to the ſame piteous ſituation, from which ſhe had juſt before been reſtored. She ſpoke with indignation of her father's treatment of him, and, in her turn, began, with a ſigh, to give the narration of her adventures.

THE men, my dear *Ranger*, ſays ſhe, who ſeiz'd me at that ill-fated town *Carmarthen*, us'd me with great deference and gentility, the whole of their flight and voyage; but that could not give me any ſatisfaction: No, I wept and mourn'd inceſſantly, my being robb'd of all I held dear; your amiable image was ever in my eyes, rais'd rending ſighs from my boſom, and drew deploring tears from my eyes. My aunt receiv-ed me without a frown; being glad ſhe had recover'd me, and was able to deliver her truſt again to my father, fear of mak-ing whom her enemy, was her principal concern, and immediately ſent me under the ſame guard to him. He receiv'd me with curſes, and even with blows, the marks of many of which I ſhall for a long time carry about me, and confin'd me for two days without ſuſtenance, nor would ſee me, when he ſent me and my ſiſter

to my uncle's, who was to finiſh this ſcene of tyranny. Oh! my dear *Ranger*, words can never deſcribe the hardſhips I have in ſo ſmall a time endur'd, from this barbarous relation. Lock'd up, confin'd, nay almoſt ſtarv'd, to get my compliance to this hated match; hearing nothing of you, and fearful that you did not think me worth the pains of purſuing, I at laſt, merely to eſcape the hard uſage I ſuffer'd, gave my hand to Sir *Charles O'Hara*; tho' during the ceremony, I twice fainted, ſo ſtrongly your idea made an impreſſion on my mind — forgive my female weakneſs —but I can never be happy.—Sir *Charles*, tho' twenty years older than myſelf, ſhews me, indeed, the utmoſt tenderneſs and complaiſance, and has alſo broke off all commerce with my uncle, at my requeſt, and refus'd to fulfil a ſordid agreement, of paying him half of my fortune in poſeſſion, and a thouſand pounds more on the death of my father, who, it ſeems, gave his conſent to ſacrifice me, for procuring me for him.—But whilſt I reflect upon my dear *Ranger*, can I taſte the leaſt felicity? —Ah! why did you ever ſee me more,— or why not ſoon enough to prevent this horrid alliance—in which the ſoul has no manner of concern? My ſiſter may be happy,

happy, becauſe ſhe never lov'd before, and her match is equal, tho' with the ſon of a villain; but as to me, nothing but deſpair and anxious grief is my portion.—I ſhall every moment be calling death to deliver me, and chide the lingering, only friend and relief I have, for not making more haſte to my reſcue. Oh! my *Davy*, may you forget me and be happy!—May ſome more fortunate fair fill your arms—tho' you can never poſeſs one who would ſtudy more, to ſooth you every moment, than I ſhould have done.—Forget you!—my ſuffering angel!—he reply'd—no—when ever I forget thy ſoft radiance, may I ceaſe to exiſt—never ſhall this breaſt entertain a tender paſſion more!—Ah! impatient *Molly*—'tis you have ruin'd us by your precipitation.—Oh! why would not heavenly patience, for a few days more, ſpread its balmy influence over you.—But 'tis too late—and I am wretched! At this concluſion, claſp'd in each others arms, they mingled their tears together; but were interrupted by a meſſenger from the lady of the houſe, who, genteelly and conſiderately, ſent her excuſes for her not waiting on them again, as a near relation was taken ill whom ſhe was oblig'd to attend. This they both took as a piece of complaiſance which

oblig'd

oblig'd them highly, and they indulg'd the moments in the tendereſt expreſſions of love, of ſorrow, of deploring wretchedneſs.

Now, ye old raviſhers of beauty, ye, who too often, by dint of ſordid conſiderations, ſever thoſe whom God and reaſon have deſtin'd for each other's embraces; take warning.—Remember, that youth and beauty can never be pair'd with age and coldneſs, without danger of revolt.—But why, for Godſake, ſhould you imagine, a ſimple contract, entered into by force or fraud, at all binding? 'Tis the union of ſouls, the harmony of minds, the ſimilarity of ages and tempers that can make the marriage tye ſacred! Know therefore, that nature is potent and will prevail, and permit the author of theſe lines to wiſh, that ye may all meet with the ſame fate.—For, to tell the truth—opportunity, love, youth, beauty, revenge and deſpair, all conſpiring; Sir *Charles*, before this unfortunate pair could part, was dignify'd with thoſe imaginary marks, the reflexion upon which, will make the ſtouteſt matrimonial hero tremble, and hang his head; and in vain will he recur to all the ancient and modern inſtances of illuſtrious cuckoldom to ſooth his ſoul, and abate his chagrin.

But

BUT this ſerv'd ſtill to heighten *Davy*'s ſenſe of the happineſs, the heaven of love he had loſt, and he rav'd and wept, and wept and rav'd, alternately, during the reſt of the conference, which was continued 'till late, and they parted, with many ſincere and mournful proteſtations of preſerving each other in perpetual remembrance; for the lady's prudence directed her to decline any further interview for ſome time. And thus they carried away, a rather encreas'd paſſion for each other. When ſhe was gone—when he could behold her no more—he flung himſelf back in his chair with an action of deſpair, that would have vyed with that of the moſt amourous ſwain in romance; he beat his boſom, ſtamp'd, caſt his eyes up to thoſe unpitying ſkies, that had ſuffer'd his wrong; he exclaim'd at the rigour of fate, and at the cruelty of his deſtiny, and in ſhort practis'd all thoſe attitudes in reality, and ſober ſadneſs of ſoul, that he has ſince ſo admirably imitated, to the delight of the *Beau monde*. He vow'd an eternal celibacy, ſince his *M'Carthy* was loſt for ever—the only fair one, ſince his *Sophia*, that had been capable of tuning his ſoul to the ſoft paſſion of love!—but *Sophia* now ſcarce ever call'd a ſigh from his breaſt,—and, ſo

fickle

fickle are our minds, that was alſo to be the fate of the amiable *M'Carthy*, who had thus finiſhed her female knight errantry, in the arms of an old and deſpiſed huſband—clinking, the grating diſcord of the matrimonial chain—and deſpairing of more relief than her *Ranger* had already beſtowed upon her.

As it was now no longer eligible, to ſtay at *Kilkenny*, ſince the prudent lady *O'Hara*, was determin'd not to hazard another interview, wiſely reſolving to wear her yoke with decency, and as much eaſe as poſſible; our hero, after returning a thouſand thanks to his kind hoſt and hoſteſs, upon the latter of whom he beſtow'd a handſome gold ſnuff-box, which he bought for that purpoſe, ſet out from the town, tho' his journey from it was frequently interrupted by ſighs and reverted looks, when he reflected what a treaſure he had left behind him, to be mumbled over by, perhaps, unperforming age and impotence. When he put up at his firſt ſtage, he came to a reſolution to return to *Cork*, and ſoberly betake himſelf to buſineſs; for his ramblings had been attended with ſo ſevere a cataſtrophe, that he was quite driven from the thoughts of attempting further adventures, or again joining *M'Kenſie*, to

to whom he diſpatch'd a letter of his change of mind, his preſent diſpoſition; and alſo wrote a genteel letter to his uncle at *Dublin*, deſiring him to diſpatch his own baggage to *Cork*, and certain trunks, which he deſcrib'd to him, to lady *O'Hara* at *Kilkenny*, which he had promis'd her to ſee perform'd. He had preſented her moreover, with the ring he wore, as a token of remembrance, and received from her, a like pledge, in return, which he vow'd never to part with, but ever to look at with veneration and rapture. Theſe important matters perform'd, he kept on his journey, by ſlow and eaſy ſtages; ſo that it was near ten days, after his departure from *Kilkenny*, before he arriv'd at *Cork*, from whence he had not heard ſince his laſt ſetting out, the letters his father had written to him at *Briſtol*, being ſent by *M'Kenſie* with his boxes to *Dublin*; ſo that he was quite a ſtranger to the ſituation of his father and family, tho' he had regularly wrote to that gentleman. He found the old gentleman and his mother-in-law, in good health, and tolerable harmony, and was receiv'd, by them both, with the utmoſt teſtimonies of affection, and by the ſervants, and all his old friends, as an angel from heaven almoſt. The firſt news he heard

heard was, that poor *Margaret* had been dead and buried two months before, her remains having been laid near thoſe of the good Mr. *Birch*, and his amiable daughter; nor could *Ranger*, once more, forbear ſhedding a ſilent tear to the memory of that once-lov'd family. And, now, having declar'd his intention of ſetting to buſineſs, which was highly agreeable to his father, he engag'd with Mr. *Simpſon* an eminent wine-merchant, to be initiated into the nature of that trafick, and accordingly attended at his compting-houſe, and in the other departments of the buſineſs, with great aſſiduity and alacrity, and change of objects, and the hurry of his new employ, ſoon reſtor'd his mind to its wonted ſerenity; and from contemplating with a fix'd and ſettled intenſeneſs upon his late loſs, he began to think of it only by fits and ſtarts, as a tranſient occurrence in life. He received his clothes, *&c.* from his uncle at *Dublin*, accompany'd with a very kind letter, in anſwer to that he wrote to him, wherein he felicitated him upon his deſign of applying to buſineſs, and promis'd him he ſhould be the ſole heir of all he was worth. He further acquainted him, that he had ſent the things to *Kilkenny* as directed, and ſoon after the receipt of them there was confirm'd,

firm'd, by the following letter, which, altered as *Ranger* was, gave him a great pleaſure, and ſatisfaction.

My ever dear Ranger,

I Am willing to excuſe myſelf in writing to you, from the obligation I think myſelf under to your care, in ſending my trunks from *Dublin*, and to return you thanks for your kindneſs;—but alas! 'tis a mere excuſe—I long'd to write to you of ſomething more important, more intereſting ſtill to my heart: Do you ſtill love me? I aſk this queſtion, as I find I am not taught to bear the thoughts of your indifference, tho' at ſuch a diſtance, without the moſt pungent pain. I look upon my preſent condition to be a ſlavery, to which my ill ſtars too unjuſtly devoted me, and cannot help thinking, that heaven and reaſon intended me for you. Can I, then, be guilty of any crime in continuing to love you—to wear your image next my heart? No, for you are the lord of my ſoul, and on you all my tender thoughts are laviſh'd; nor can I help even wiſhing for death, rather than endure my preſent cruel ſituation. Adieu, my dear *Ranger*, may every kind and propitious power protect you, and may you now and than beſtow

ſtow a tender thought, a pitying ſigh, on your loſt and abandoned,

MARY M'CARTHY.

As to my other name, never expect me to uſe it to you—I deteſt it.

SOON after the receipt of this epiſtle, he received another from captain *M'Kenſie*, dated before his laſt to the captain, and, as we ſhall not, ſuddenly, again, hear of that gentleman, perhaps, I will give it my readers, as well as the foregoing.

My excellent Friend,

I SIT down to write to you, ſince it gives ſome kind of relief to the anxiety of my mind, which has never recover'd, but ſtarts of fictitious eaſe, ſince I have been divided from you. I hope you are as felicitouſly ſettled at *Cork*, as your heart can deſire, and daily pray to heaven that your happineſs may encreaſe and be laſting. May I hope alſo, by this time, that your dear *M'Carthy* ſhares your cares, and chears you with all the charms that beauty and good ſenſe can beſtow upon the poſſeſſor; upon a gentleman who deſerves, and who well knows how to improve and preſerve the affection and tenderneſs of a faithful

ſpouſe

ſpouſe. I can ſcarce go any further, without pointing out to you the fine deſcription our immortal *Milton* has given of that eligible ſtate of life.

Hail wedded love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring; by thee adult'rous luſt
Was driven from men, amongſt the beſtial herd
to range:
By thee, founded on reaſon loyal, juſt and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Here love lights up his golden lamp,
Here plumes his ſilken wings,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtick ſweets;
Reigns here and revels, not in the bought ſmiles
of harlots,
Loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd.

I MET, my dear *Ranger*, with as much ſucceſs, at *Briſtol*, as I could well expect without your maſterly aſſiſtance, and, having now ſcrap'd together about a hundred pounds, clear, have accepted of the invitation of ſome gentlemen, who are rich planters in *Barbadoes*, to embark, with my company for that iſland, upon the promiſe of a paſſage gratis, and a ſallary of fifty piſtoles *per Annum*, whilſt I ſtay there. I ſhould not have ſo eaſily comply'd to leave *Europe*, if it had ſo fortunately happened that

that I had enjoy'd the continuance of your delightful ſociety; but want of that, makes every place alike, and the torrid zone will be as temperate as this part of the world. Why did I ever ſee you? I often cry—Why did not my bad opinion of the world ſtill prevail? But you have prov'd to me there can be ſuch things as true friendſhip and generoſity, which has enamour'd me again with life, at the ſame time that being robb'd of you, unhinges me, almoſt, from performing the functions of it. Adieu, my ever honour'd friend, whereever I ſalute the morning ſun, my firſt prayer will be for your health and welfare. Once more adieu—may it not be for ever!

Your moſt affectionate,

M'KENSIE.

DAVY could not help being greatly touch'd with this proof of his friend's affection and remembrance, and his departure from *Britain* troubled him, and, for ſometime, made buſineſs diſagreeable, which he had follow'd hitherto with great induſtry and application. And now, as no very remarkable matter chequer'd the life of our hero during that time, I ſhall, in the manner of the antient *Chorus*, ſkip over two

two years and a half of *Ranger*'s life, during which he liv'd in great harmony with his mother-in-law, and became a thorough proficient in the trade he was endeavouring to learn, having gain'd, by his temperate and mild behaviour, the reſpect of Mr. *Simpſon*, and of all with whom he was concern'd, and would no doubt have made a ſhining figure in that department, if giddy fortune had not contributed once more to ſet his brains afloat, by an accident that call'd for all his fortitude to ſupport. Mr. *Ranger* ſen. had been inveigled, by ſome chimerical projectors, to fit out a ſhip for the interloping trade in the *South-Seas*, and, upon the hazard of ſucceſs, had ventured in her near 14000 pounds, keeping the matter a profound ſecret, and hugging himſelf, in his declining days, with reaping twenty-fold profit from his adventure; but, as ill fortune would have it, the veſſel, after meeting with conſiderable ſucceſs, was at length the ſport of the moſt ſtormy weather that ever reign'd to the ſouthward of the ſtraits of *Magellan*, and was, after riding thoſe ſtorms out, chas'd by the *Spaniards*, and taken in the height of *Payta*, all the goods confiſcated, and the crew ſent to the mines of *Baldivia*. This advice was the firſt harbinger, ſo

ſecret

ſecret he had been, to all but his wife and thoſe concern'd with him, that *Davy* received the news of the adventure from, and when he heard it, he never ſuppos'd that his father was ſo deeply and fatally concern'd, as he was, in the ſcheme; but ſoon after, the old gentleman, with tears and deploring ſighs, made him the confident of this ſecond miſtake, and his almoſt total ruin; the money he had thus wildly ſported away, being the bulk of his fortune. At firſt, *Davy* was ſtruck ſpeechleſs; but ſoon recovering himſelf, he flung his arms round his father's neck, and ſaid all that he could to comfort him, putting him in mind that, in a quarter of a year, he ſhould come to the poſſeſſion of the eſtate, *&c.* near *Tulla*, and proteſting that he would not receive the leaſt benefit from it, 'till his deceaſe; nay he went further, he ſooth'd and comforted his mother-in-law, by whoſe participation and curtain advice the ſcheme had been inforc'd, and ſaid all that the kindeſt and moſt tender ſon could have ſaid to the beſt belov'd of parents. Indeed, our hero, who was going to enter into the mercantile life upon his own bottom, was greatly diſappointed in the ſober rules of life he had laid down, and tho' he had a great ſhare of fortitude, he

was chagrin'd at the occurrence, which had almoſt ruin'd his father, and robb'd him of a plentiful fortune. In ſhort, dwelling upon theſe matters too intenſely, he became unhing'd to buſineſs, which he found he could not commence with the degree of reputation he had promiſed himſelf, and once more, his theatrical, wandering fancies crowded into his brain. He ſigh'd after *M'Kenſie*, and thought his native city a very fatal town to him, from which he, at once, reſolv'd to depart, and as he had not form'd any ſettled plan of future operations, determin'd to go to *Dublin* and conſult with his uncle, about his after deſtination. This ſettled with himſelf, he made over his eſtate and the produce of it, to that time, to his father, during life, and remainder to his mother-in-law, whoſe ſettlement or dowry, from the late project, was become of no value, and only reſerv'd for himſelf two hundred pounds, which he got chang'd into bills upon his uncle. The father and his wife, as well as all the friends of the family, were amaz'd at ſo ſtriking on inſtance of generoſity and filial duty; they ſtrain'd him in their embraces, call'd him their dear, guardian angel, wept at his departure, and he ſet out for *Dublin*, if not ſo rich himſelf, nor the heir

to ſuch expectations as when he entered *Cork* three years ago, yet more eaſy and happy, and full of a conſciouſneſs of having done his duty, and obey'd the calls of nature and religion.

CHAP. X.

Overtakes company.—Oddly accoſted.—His reply.—Diſcourſe of his companion.—They part.—He arrives at Dublin.*—How received by his uncle.—Is diſguſted.—His reſolutions thereupon.*

HE had not got above ten miles from *Cork*, and having, from his muſing diſpoſition, given his ſteed the reins, made pretty good ſpeed, when his horſe ſtarted, which awakened him from his reverie, and, caſting his eyes forward, and on each ſide, to ſee the occaſion of the ſurpriſe of his nag, he perceiv'd an old man, almoſt bending under the weight of years, and leaning upon a ſtaff, by the road-ſide, who was trudging on, with his wallet upon his back, with a ſlow and tottering pace; but, at every other ſtep, ſeemed to ſigh bitterly, and ſtrike his hand upon his breaſt, with greater violence than

his ſtrength and appearance ſeem'd to promiſe. There needed no more than ſuch an object, at once to excite the curioſity and the humanity of *Davy*, and, ſpurring his beaſt, he ſoon came up with him, and was going to call out to the old ſage; when the latter turning round holla'd out, with a deep, tho' melodious pipe, You muſt be a very ſilly, unexperienc'd fop, gazing at *Ranger*'s ſhewy dreſs, that you can't perceive your duſt offends me! For Godſake, what whim has juſt taken you in the pate, to ride faſter than you did before.—I ſuppoſe, like the reſt of your brother brutes of the world, to diſplay your own importance, by making a man unhappy, who cannot travel the road with your advantages;—but ſo I have ever found it—in my tedious journey. So ſaying, he turn'd his head away, with an action of contempt, and again ſet up his old pace; when *Ranger*, pleas'd with the venerable air of the old paſſenger, ſtruck with his voice, and ſurpriz'd with the oddity of his ſpeech, call'd out, Father! I had no deſign to incommode you; but hearing you ſigh frequently, and fearing you might be diſordered and want aſſiſtance, I was urg'd, by pity and humanity, to offer you my ſervice; and firſt ſhould be glad to know, whether

whether you diſcover theſe marks of anxiety, from any want that I am able to ſupply.—My purſe, or any other help, is at your ſervice. Young man, the old one reply'd, thou betrayeſt thy ignorance by thy oafiſh wonder, and thy conſequent queſtion —what folly, when thou perceiveſt a man juſt at the concluſion of a long journey, to be ſurpriz'd at his expreſſing ſome degree of pain and laſſitude, and what ſtupidity alſo, to offer aſſiſtance to a man before thou know'ſt whether he either requeſts it, or deſerves it.—But why do I talk to thee, thou ſeemeſt to be one of fortune's raree-ſhews, and unſeaſoned with affliction or a knowledge of thy own frailties. Sir, return'd *Davy*, you are too ſevere upon me. —Could I divine that you had come ſo tedious a journey, without being told it? Or could I conjecture from your ſordid appearance that you did not want relief, 'till I enquired? I fear you are too cynical in your diſpoſition; but my pity for you, ſprung from having frequently felt pain and misfortune myſelf, and from a thorough knowledge of my own natural wants and incapacities. At this concluſion the philoſopher burſting out into a loud laugh, retorted—Now, in order to get rid of thy troubleſome company, for I like no crea-

ture of thy whole tribe, I'll confute all you have ſaid. Was not it plain, that a man of my years and appearance had gone a very long, long journey, that has meaſured fourſcore and eight years, without being aſk'd the impertinent queſtion; and that no man can travel ſo long thro' the miry difficult paths of life, without feeling the greateſt anxiety, as well from the flaws and cracks in the machine nature has cloathed him with, as from the vices and follies of his fellow travellers? Again, my curious companion—are you ſo little acquainted with men and things, as to put truſt in appearances? 'Tis true, I am not ſo well dreſs'd as your ſelf; but who knows, but that may be either humour, or the effects of age and the ſcorn of vanity. Take my word, youth, that the people that make the leaſt ſhew, are thoſe that leaſt want aſſiſtance; temperance, frugality and modeſty will ever protect them from fictitious wants, and wiſdom, truth and rectitude will enable them to deſpiſe the falſe, affected offers of mankind, whilſt they know they are rich within, and have a friend above to whom they can recur for help in any time of diſtreſs. So that, you ſee, I have at once detected you of ignorance:—But I perceive there is ſtill more dullneſs

dullneſs about you than I at firſt apprehended—otherwiſe you'd have known more of yourſelf—have practis'd more of the *Noſce teipſum*, than to miſconſtrue a rank and idle curioſity, into pity and humanity for your fellow ſojourner, who wants nor will accept of either. Tho' pity and humanity are lovely principles of the human mind, they muſt riſe by reflection in the heart; reflection upon the miſerable ſtate we all undergo, the neceſſity we are under of each others aid and ſupport; and by making theſe calamities our own, we learn to ſhew compaſſion to others, ſo that ſelf-preſervation is greatly at the bottom of all this. Now it was ſo far from being this fix'd principle, that I am troubled with your company for; that it was merely the ſtrangeneſs of my dreſs, and manner that attracted your attention. In ſhort, I was older—ſtrange thing!—and more wretched then yourſelf, and you muſt needs aſſault me, and gratify the malignity of your breaſt, the native malevolence of your race, by diſplaying to me how much happier you was then I!—But, young man, know that I look upon thee as infinitely more wretched than I am; I am haſt'ning to the end of my tedious race; thou art but juſt ſetting out, and if thou travelleſt on horſeback or

on foot, and ſetteſt out in that tinſel coat inſtead of a plain one, thou may'ſt ſoon be diſmounted and tatter'd, and before thou reacheſt my age, may groan with painful anguiſh, without that ſupporting friend, a quiet conſcience, to uphold thy ſpirits or invigorate thy lagging ſteps; and ſo, Sir, a good journey to thee; this, as a chriſtian, I muſt wiſh you, and pray that no inſulting coxcomb may retard your lateſt ſteps. —But, now I bethink me, —as perhaps thou haſt, and indeed thou ſeemeſt to have, ſomewhat promiſing about thee, I'll beſtow a word or two more upon thee that may be of ſervice in the journey thou haſt undertaken.—Never make friendſhip, with any one, merely becauſe he humours thy foibles—nothing but good ſenſe and virtue will make it valuable and laſting. Believe no man 'till thou haſt try'd him. Never do any thing in an hurry. Think, ten minutes before you anſwer a queſtion.—Remember, nature has form'd our ears open; but enabled us to ſhut up our mouths. If you ever marry, make your wife your friend, and teach your children to love more than to fear you. Enter into no familiarities. Be conſtantly mild and calm; keep from anger and paſſion, and learn to ſhew no ſudden fear or ſorrow,

and

and thou'lt be maſter of all thou dealeſt with. Remember, 'tis dangerous to be too great with a ſuperior. In ſhort, bridle your appetites, rein your mind, guard your lips, and purify your ſoul, and perhaps you may not journey with ſo much pain as I do, at this late period of life. Whilſt *Davy* was wrapp'd up in contemplation of theſe wiſe maxims, and in admiration of the perſon and manner, by whom, and in which, they were ſpoken, they had, at this concluſion, got to the edge of a pretty thick wood, into which the Seer ſuddenly flung himſelf, and, before *Davy* could turn about his horſe's head, diſappeared, amongſt the trees, tho' he call'd after and only intreated one word more with him before he departed. In ſhort, at firſt he look'd upon this adventure as ſomewhat ſupernatural, and began to perſuade himſelf that he had been converſing with an inhabitant of the celeſtial regions. But, then, recollecting the miſanthropy he had obſerv'd in the old gentleman's diſcouſe, he ſet him down as a wiſe, cynical philoſopher, who, with all his reaſon and underſtanding, was very angry he was going to leave the world, and with every one in it. Happy, however, he cry'd, to himſelf, thrice happy indeed, the man that can profit by thy rules, that

can arrive at thy ſtage of life, with a clear heart, an unembaraſs'd mind, and ſerene conſcience: That, by temperance and exerciſe can preſerve thy roſy hue of countenance, to ſo advanc'd an age! Ah, *Ranger*, lay up theſe maxims in thy heart!—What haſt thou been doing thro' the firſt twenty years of thy life?—Haſt thou done ought to denominate thee a uſeful member of ſociety? On the contrary, have not thine own extravagant follies diſordered thy judgment, and polluted thy mind and underſtanding? Too truly, I may ſay yes. But let me begin to aſſume the character and temper of a reaſonable creature, that burns to be uſeful to the world, and let every foible be exil'd from my breaſt. Adieu, venerable ſage, I ſhall think of thee, to the lateſt moment of my life!

THUS he reflected, and thus he thought, and in this temper arriv'd, without any ſiniſter accident, at *Dublin*, and immediately repair'd to his uncle's, not at all doubting of the moſt gracious reception, as he never offended him, had lately, by letter, had ſuch affectionate promiſes, and at preſent wanted nothing of him but lodging and advice; but, alas! the old gentleman had receiv'd notice of his father's late misfortune, which had gall'd him ſevere-

ly;

ly; for this Mr. *Ranger*, was a mere man, and a mere merchant, his ſoul had never been touch'd by any other paſſion than that of getting money, the want of which argued with him the deficiency of every other qualification, and the poſſeſſion and expectation of it, that he knew his nephew had before, was what engag'd the kind uſage he beſtow'd upon him formerly, and the promiſe of making him his heir. He had heard of his generoſity to his parents, with indignation, and, inſtead of applauding ſuch an inſtance of filial piety, had ſet the ſon down, in his opinion, as a greater fool than the father. He was, my good readers, one of thoſe unfeeling mortals, a real old batchelor, and, as the fear of family expences had kept him from any matrimonial engagements, ſo the incapacity of applying to amours, without paying for them, had kept him chaſte all his days. Turning the penny to advantage, was his principal characteriſtic, and the poſſeſſions of thouſands his chief merit. In ſhort, when his nephew paid his complements to him, in his uſual polite and affectionate manner, he ſeem'd ſcarcely to know him, and invited him to reſide with him, rather in the ſtile of a ſuperior than a friend. Inſtead of the expected embrace, he

he cry'd, ſo *Davy!* what you have fool'd away your eſtate, I hear? I thought your father's indiſcreet marriage would have made you ſick of his follies—but—you have made over every thing to him for his life, —a kind ſon indeed!—Why what the devil doſt think to do with thyſelf—I have no room for thee in my compting-houſe—you have no money to venture in trade, otherwiſe I might have taken you into ſome ſmall ſhare of the buſineſs; but I expected all this; your father and you were of too romantick diſpoſitions—he has made ducks and drakes of his money, in a very idle manner—and you—have been ſtrolling and rambling about after wenches and ſtage-players.—I never expected much good would come of it—all your ſchemes have prov'd abortive. I believe I can recommend you to a correſpondent at the *Madeiras*, as clerk, if that will ſuit you; but nothing is to be done in the world without money—Why didn't you apply to Mr. *Simpſon*; perhaps he would have kept you in employment? I would have you think of ſome fix'd buſineſs, ſpeedily, for an idle life will never do—lounging here will be of no ſervice, I'm ſure.—Look out, look out, young man, and try to make your fortune ſome way or other, ſince you have

have ſo ſimply parted with that which was flung in your way.

NEVER was ſurprize equal to *Davy*'s at this cruel harangue; tho' he had ſeen enough of the world to know its unfeeling ſordidneſs and baſeneſs, he never thought his uncle of this caſt—he ſtar'd, and was, for ſometime, before he could anſwer; but, at length, reſuming his wonted preſence of mind, he reply'd, Sir, I came not here to be a burden to you, my ſoul was always ſuperior to ſo mean an intention; indeed I ſhould have aſk'd your advice as to the future deſtination of myſelf, which I thought I had a right to do, from your former kindneſs to me, and from ſome unaſk'd promiſes you have made in my favour. My father has indeed been unfortunate; but his misfortune aroſe from that very motive, by which you would have all our actions conducted, a motive of profit. If it did not ſucceed, 'twas from the ſame fatality, that ſometimes renders the beſt concerted ſchemes abortive. Indeed, had I been conſulted, I ſhould have adviſ'd him not to have embark'd in ſuch an adventure; but as he did, and ruin'd himſelf by it, as he was always a kind and tender father, could I ſee him in diſtreſs, without relieving him? No; and if I could have

done

done it no other way, I would have drudg'd at the meaneſt labour all the reſidue of my days for that end. As a ſon I can take no cognizance of my father's miſtakes; be they to himſelf; whatever I may think, I ſhall never give my tongue the licence to arraign any of his actions. He has thoſe virtues, and that amiable turn of mind, that will make him happy in himſelf, I hope, which is what all the riches of the univerſe, without, will never buy. Thank God, he is ſuperior to any proſpect of neceſſity, otherwiſe I fear his fate would be greatly to be pitied, ſince an own brother can ſo freely cenſure and condemn him. As to me, Sir, I have no doubt been guilty of ſome follies; but I hope they will meet with excuſe, from the conſideration of my youth and inexperience. I have lov'd, and nature has deny'd me that frame of mind you enjoy, to withſtand its attacks, nor would I deſire to poſeſs it, and my love has prov'd unfortunate. I have alſo, I confeſs, for diverſion, trod the ſtage; but I have ſince ſhewn that I am capable of buſineſs, and have an intention of being of ſome ſervice in my generation. I ſhall trouble you no longer than one week, and to diſcount me theſe bills, for two hundred pounds, when I will ſet out for *England*, and

and have no ſuch mean opinion either of my integrity or ability, as to think I ſhall be long at a loſs for ſome uſeful employment. The uncle was ſomewhat ſtruck at this ſenſible reply, and the ſight of the bills; for he had imagin'd things were worſe than they really were with his brother and nephew; and returned,—Why, *Davy*, I was really chagrin'd at my brother's loſſes, and might expreſs myſelf in a diſagreeable manner to you; but I meant nothing but your good, I will aſſure you. You are welcome to ſtay with me, as long as you think proper; nay, I'll ſee if I cannot put you in a way to employ your little ſtock to advantage, if you like it. Two hundred pounds may beget two hundred more, who knows? I perceive you have an head turn'd to buſineſs, and its pity it ſhould not meet with encouragement; perhaps I may add ſomewhat to your adventure, to ſend it into the world with greater advantage. *Davy* was full of indignation at this diſplay of his uncle's ſordid diſpoſition, and, tho' he reſolv'd not to affront him, conſidering what expectancies he had upon his death; yet he alſo determined to have no furher connexion, than neceſſary, with a man who could thus blow hot and cold with the ſame breath, and form his behaviour

behaviour to a man, by the weight he had in his pockets. He anſwer'd him, by acquainting him, that he would firſt take a tour to *London*, and at his return, if he did not ſettle there, he would conſider of his propoſal; but aſſur'd him he would never do any thing to gain his diſpleaſure. When the uncle left him, he fell into a profound contemplation upon what had occurr'd, and, again and again, deplor'd the mean temper of his uncle, who he found was a mere copy of the reſt of the ſordid and cenſorious world. He next lamented his loſs of *M'Kenſie*, and all his affection for the ſtage return'd, with freſh force upon his mind, and, now, politically, he reſolv'd to embrace the profeſſion, as one which nature had fitted him for, particularly; the entrance into which would moſt ſuit his preſent finances, and be the moſt likely to raiſe him to fame; and as he did not doubt ſucceeding, by the ſpecimen of the applauſe he had already had, even to riches, conſidering the natural prudence and parſimony of his diſpoſition. But then, he thought it would be to little purpoſe to exhibit his talents in *Ireland*, eſpecially as there were ſome conſiderable performers juſt then entered into the theatres; beſides, his ambition directed him to

London,

London, the metropolis of the three kingdoms, as the ſtage moſt ſuited to his abilities, and more replete with good judges of theatrical merit; and again, he was not yet ſo full of aſſurance in the matter, as not to bluſh at the thoughts of his name being publickly poſted up, as an actor, in his native country, where his family was well known, and under the noſe of his uncle, who had ſuch an hearty contempt of any thing that had not the ſanction of *cent per cent.* To *London*, then, he determined to bend his ſteps, and, thus fix'd in his reſolution, he began to enjoy the few moments he had to tarry in *Dublin*, as he imagined, and his uncle began again to ſmile upon him; for indeed he had ſuch an inſinuating addreſs, ſo much good nature, that brutality itſelf could ſcarcely hold out long againſt it. In ſhort, he ſo amus'd himſelf at the theatres, the coffee-houſes, and contracted ſo many agreeable acquaintance, that he began with ſome pain to think of quitting *Dublin*, which was become very pleaſant to him, he ſlacken'd in the reſolution he had made, and forgot that all this while he was treſpaſſing upon a relation, that had given him at firſt ſo coarſe and unnatural a reception.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Accident at a Coffee-houſe.—Applies to his uncle.—His anſwer.—Removes from his houſe.—Performs at the theatre.—Again waits on his uncle.—His reception and encouragement.—Writes to his father.—Meets with a ſtrange encounter.

THUS, enjoying the delights of the metropolis of *Ireland*, he continued for near a month, in ſuſpence as to his intended voyage; when, being one day at a noted coffee-houſe, in *Thomas-Street*, and the diſcourſe turning upon the action and accent of one of the celebrated performers of the day, *Davy* diſplay'd his knowledge of the theatre in ſo advantageous a point of view, that all the gentlemen preſent, were in admiration; but when, in confirmation of his ſentiments, he rehears'd ſeveral of the moſt ſtriking paſſages, from ſome of the beſt dramatick writers, with that voice and manner, that was peculiarly his own, they dwelt upon the ſounds with rapture. It happened, that, in an adjoining room, ſat, at this time, the manager of one of the theatres; who had never ſeen *Ranger* there before, but,

but, ſtruck with hearing him, and knowing moſt of the company, broke into the coffee-room, with G—d—n me, gentlemen, what have you got a *Powel* or a *Booth* amongſt you, or has *Betterton* once more reviſited theſe earthly manſions? Theſe words rais'd a loud laugh of applauſe, in thoſe who heard it, and drew bluſhes from poor *Ranger*, who had not yet forgot to crimſon his cheek, and he made a modeſt bow in return; but the bold comedian, not to be ſatisfy'd without further acquaintance, took him with great reſpect by the hand, told him he ſhould think it an honour and pleaſure to be his friend, and ſtruck into the converſation; during which his firſt admiration was ſo much rais'd, that he forc'd *Ranger*, by hearty and continued importunity, to take a dinner with him at his apartments, where he was regal'd with the ſplendor of a prince. After dinner, he addreſs'd our hero, in the following manner. If, my worthy friend, I could perſuade you to exhibit upon our ſtage, I am certain you would gain more applauſe than any actor has done for theſe twenty years; excuſe me, Sir, ſeeing him bluſh, I know you can be under no neceſſity in your circumſtances to turn player, I know your uncle too well,

and

and have heard too much of your family, to imagine ſo; and indeed, it is pity, that neceſſity, and not the powerful call of genius and inclination, ſhould ever direct any one to a profeſſion, that may be ſaid never to be ſucceſsfully executed, like poetry and painting, but by thoſe who are born to it: However, I have it in my power to offer you ſix guineas *per* week, and have ſome top characters in ſtore for you; and can only ſay further, that I will make your intereſt and reputation my own concern, upon all occaſions. *Davy* thanked him, in the warmeſt manner, for a propoſal, which he was ſo heartily inclined to accept; but that he fear'd injuring himſelf with his uncle, and grieving his father; however, he did not give a final anſwer, but told him he would take a few days to conſider of the propoſal, and that being, with pleaſure, allow'd, they took their leaves, quite enamoured of each other's ſociety. *Davy* could not help indulging ſome little vanity neither, upon the proſpect he had of making a theatrical figure in *Dublin*, and, in fine, determin'd to accept of the offer'd terms, which he thought very tempting; but firſt to propoſe the matter to his uncle, who, he had ſome hopes, would be tickled with the ſound of

ſix

ſix guineas *per* week; and accordingly, the next morning, at breakfaſt, he, in as prepared a way as poſſible, aſk'd his advice in the matter; but inſtead of meeting with his approbation, the old gentleman was all in a foam, talk'd of diſgrace to the family, vagabonds, ſtage-players, goals, debts, extravagancies, *&c.* and, finally, told his nephew, that, ſince his mind had taken ſo low a turn, he deſir'd him to quit his houſe, never to ſee him more, and threatned, that if ever he heard he trod upon the ſtage, he would leave every penny he had away from the family. *Ranger* was not a little nettled, at what he ſaid; but taking care to ſay nothing that might give him an unpardonable offence, he parted genteely with him, chang'd his lodging the next morning, and in the afternoon overjoy'd the manager, by waiting upon him with his conſent to enliſt in his company, at which he was in a perfect extacy. In a week afterwards, his name was poſted up in the bills, to perform a principal character, which he ſuſtain'd with ſuch ſurprizing *éclat*, that his fame was ſpread thro' all the purlieus of the city, and for three weeks afterwards, the theatre was ſo crowded, ſeats were with difficulty ſecur'd, after much attendance, even for the nobi-

lity

lity and gentry, with whom *Ranger* was now a great favourite, and the ladies died upon the melodious ſounds of his voice. He was, by this means, introduc'd to the beſt of company, was taken notice of by the lord lieutenant and his lady, and frequently attended the levee at the caſtle, and, having many conſiderable preſents made him, by his admirers, was in leſs than ten weeks maſter of four hundred pounds. If great things may be compar'd with ſmall ones, the famous duke of *Marlborough*, was not more prudent and parſimonious, than *Davy*, in this firſt flux of his fortune; he laid all carefully by, and, as he had no notion of loſing his uncle's favour and eſtate, entirely, tho' forbid the houſe; he, one day, bag'd up all his caſh, and, taking coach, drove to his houſe to execute a ſcheme, which he, with reaſon, thought would, probably, reſtore him to favour. 'Twas morning, and the old gentleman was at breakfaſt, and tho' he had ordered his ſervants to deny admittance to his nephew, whenever he came; yet he was ſo belov'd by them, that the minute one of them had opened the door, he left it wide, and, at the ſame time, pointing to the room where his old maſter was, *Davy* opened the door without any moleſtation,

tation, and found him poring over his ſchemes of traffick, and munching his butter toaſt. What now, young man, ſays he, I thought I had order'd you never more to enter my doors? What, I ſuppoſe you are now, with all your airy tricks and vain applauſe, reduc'd and want money to carry you back to *Cork?* But I'll have nothing to ſay to you! I ſhall deny my being related to you, I aſſure you! *Davy*, took no notice of this firſt harangue; but, taking his bags from under his coat, flung them upon the table before him, and thus addreſs'd the amaz'd merchant, who heard the pleaſing chink of the gold. My dear uncle, tho' I have diſoblig'd you, I came to conſult you, as my only friend, on whom with ſafety I can rely.—I have got four hundred pounds here, and would take it as a particular favour if you'll let me place it in your hands, that you may improve it as you pleaſe; for I have no notion of keeping money by me to no advantage. In about two months more, I hope to double the ſum; for a man muſt always make hay when the ſun ſhines. This was pronounc'd with great gravity and conſiderateneſs, whilſt the uncle ſtar'd with all his eyes, and was even tranſported with wonder. At length, he reply'd,

Four

Four hundred!—four hundred pounds! where did'ſt get it, *Davy?*—Haſt been robbing upon the highway? Four hundred pounds! Why 'tis a little eſtate!—*Davy*, finding his ſcheme had hit, reply'd, I got it, Sir, by acting, by the exerciſe of thoſe talents you deſpis'd, and have not the leaſt fear of adding ten thouſand more to 'em before I quit this city.—Gadzooks! return'd the old gentleman, his features quite ſmooth'd, by acting!—By acting! Well, what fools there are in the world!—But mum, for that;—well, well, act on *Davy*, then—I'll take care thy money ſhall not loſe any thing by my keeping, and ſo ſetting down, he gave him a receipt for it, 'till a bond could be properly executed, and they continued together ſo long, 'till *Davy* was again recogniz'd his heir, and was entirely reſtor'd to his good graces. And now old Mr. *Ranger* join'd the town, in applauding his nephew, went frequently to ſee him perform, and began to have very favourable thoughts of a profeſſion, by which a perſon could get ſo much money; ſo that it might be nearly ſaid of him, as the humourous *Butler* has it,

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About five hundred pounds a year.

And

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again? Five hundred more.

This knotty point got over, the next thing that lay upon *Davy*, was to reconcile his father to his preſent occupation; for he was delicately fearful, that he ſhould lay it to heart, as an alteration brought about in him, by the neceſſity his misfortunes had reduc'd him to, which cut him to the ſoul. To prevent this, he wrote him the following letter, incloſing alſo one from his uncle to the ſame purpoſe.

Moſt honoured Sir,

I HAD determined with myſelf to repair to *London*, not doubting of fixing advantageouſly with ſome or other of your's or my uncle's correſpondents, when an accident contributed to call me upon the ſtage, in this city, with ſo much profit and advantage, that you will excuſe me, if I did not heſitate to embrace it with the utmoſt pleaſure; as a profeſſion to which I ever had a prodigious bias; tho' before I never could meet an opportunity of practicing it. In doing this, Sir, I have chalk'd out a way to raiſe my fortune, and the inclos'd, from my uncle, who joys in my ſucceſs, will inform you how extenſive it

has been. Believe, me, honour'd Sir, that 'tis poſſible to be a player, and yet be an honeſt, moral man; and, allowing no publick utility in the profeſſion itſelf, a uſeful member of the community: However, 'tis my intention, by no action of my preſent or future life, to forfeit the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, or to diſgrace my family, or the good education you beſtow'd upon me, and then, what matters the ſphere of life I act in. My duty attends my mother, and yourſelf. I ſhall not, tho' careſs'd by all the great in *Dublin*, be perfectly happy, till I have your anſwer, and approbation of this conduct of, moſt honour'd Sir,

Your dutiful ſon,

And affectionate ſervant,

Dublin, &c. DAVID RANGER.

THE next poſt brought him the deſir'd reply; in which, after a great deal of good advice, the old gentleman profeſs'd his ſatisfaction in his ſucceſs, and told him, if he follow'd the conduct he had promis'd to do, in his letter, he ſhould be perfectly eaſy and tranquil. And thus *Davy* was at liberty, and freed from all manner of reſtraint in his new trade, in which he went

on with amazing applauſe; no one was ſuppos'd to have the leaſt taſte, that had not ſeen the young actor perform; his health was drank at every table, and he was perpetually fatigu'd with meſſages to dine and ſup with his ſuperiors, whilſt the regularity and polite gentility of his behaviour, engag'd every body to treat him with added reſpect. The manager, his friend, reap'd all the advantage he propos'd to himſelf, and *Ranger* found money flow in upon him in full tides, all which he, regularly, after deducting his neceſſary ſubſiſtence, put, once a month, into his uncle's hands. Perhaps his ambition would ſcarce ever have carry'd him from *Dublin*, and *England* had loſt the pleaſure of ſeeing the moſt finiſh'd actor that ever trod the ſtage, if, (after eight months reſidence in that city, during which he apply'd himſelf aſſiduouſly to improve in every branch of dramatic knowledge, had engag'd in few amours, nor one fray) one night, as he was returning late from the theatre to his lodging, alone and unarm'd, he had not met with a very ſtrange and unexpected encounter. He had turn'd the corner, into *Capel-Street*, when three ſtout-fellows, ſuddenly fell upon him, and, notwithſtanding all the reſiſtance he could make, in

action,

action, for the ſurprize had robb'd him of his voice, they flung a large cloak over him, at the ſame time that one of them ſaid, Sir, don't be fearful, nor make any more work for us, we are going to do you no damage. They hurry'd him thro' ſeveral ſtreets and lanes, till they brought him to the water ſide, at the *Merchant's-Key*, where, a boat lying ready, they clap'd him on board her, and ſtood away to a ſhip that rode in the harbour, and hoiſted him up her ſide in a chair, whilſt, all the way, they were ſo lucky as to meet with none, the leaſt moleſtation, from watermen, ſtraggling paſſengers, or any thing elſe.

WHEN he was unmuffled, and freed from his durance, which he had born with great impatience, he found himſelf in a very gay and handſome cabin, which was lighted with wax lights, and ſhone with gilding and carving, and, to finiſh his wonder at all this, his conductors, before he could recover his ſpeech, making him very low bows, ſilently withdrew, and faſtened the door after them, leaving him in a ſituation that it is very difficult to deſcribe, and puzzled all the wits he had to account for.

The END *of* VOL. I.

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